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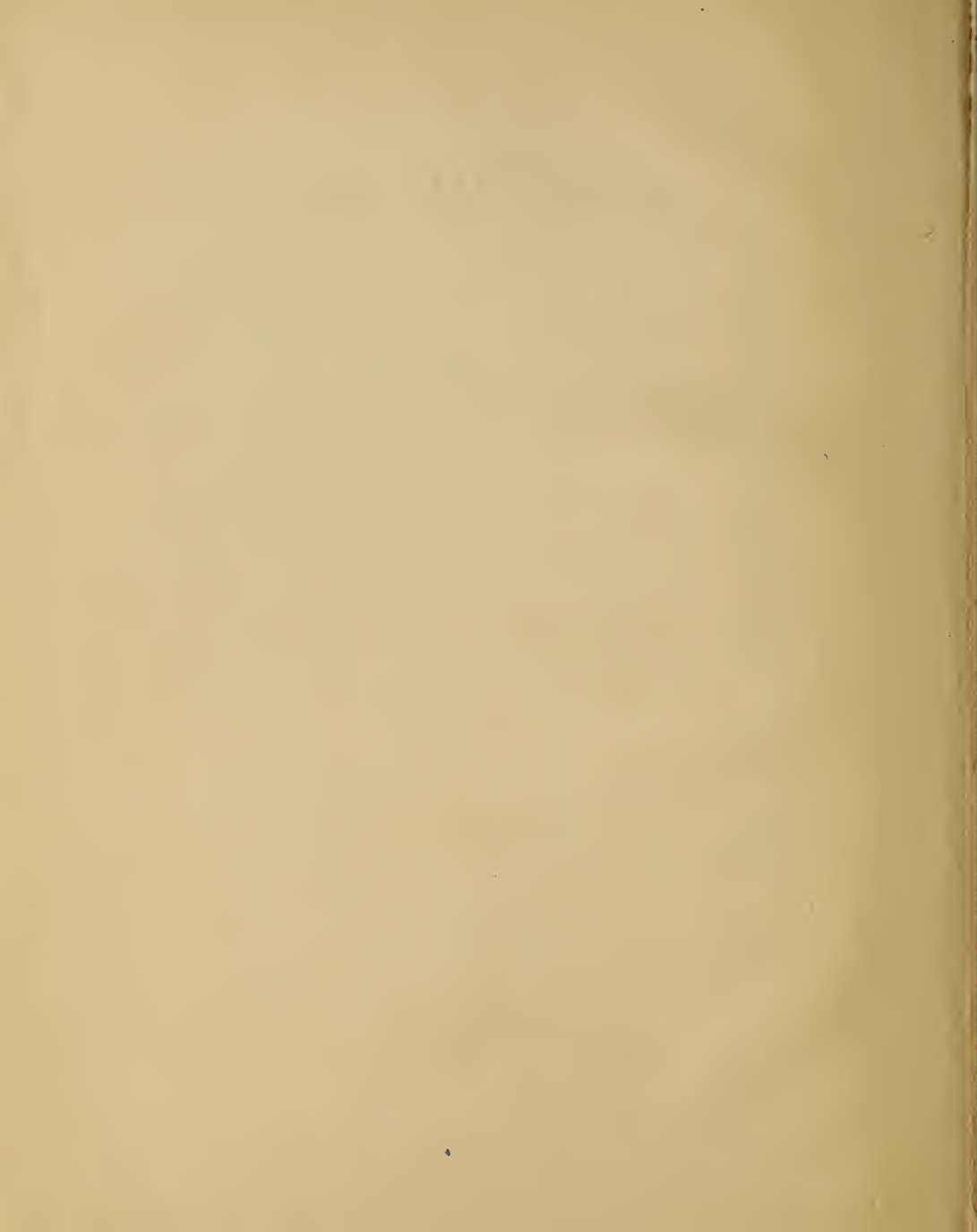
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Pastor











# AUGSBURG SONGS

FOR

# SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

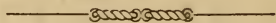
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# PREFACE.



A GOOD book commends itself. This book is expected to commend itself. But, to do this, it must first secure attention and be used. To this end, as a stranger, it may seek an introduction; and here we give one, hoping that thousands of families, schools, and social religious gatherings will give it another and a better one. It is called "Augsburg Songs," as a good historic name, and as belonging to the Augsburg Series of family and Sunday School helps.

Originally designed for Sunday Schools, it is well adapted to other devotional meetings. Hence there will be found here not only an Order of Service for Sunday Schools, but also a Matin and a Vesper Service, as handed down by the Church of the Augsburg Confession.

This book was compiled and edited by a Committee appointed by the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States, with a view to a song-book not alien to the genius and spirit of our church; and the Committee offers it with strong confidence to our own church and to the Christian public.



# AUGSBURG SONGS.

## Order of Service.

(*All standing, the Superintendent says,*)  
O Lord, open Thou my lips,  
(*School responds,*) And my mouth shall  
show forth Thy praise.

(*Supr.*) Let the words of my mouth and  
the meditation of my heart be acceptable in  
Thy sight,  
(*School.*) O Lord, my strength and my  
Redeemer.

(*All sing, or say,*)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning,  
is now, and..... ev - er shall be, World with - out end. A - - men.

(*Supr. says,*) If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

(*School responds,*) If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

(*Supr.*) Let us therefore draw near with a true heart, and confess our sins unto God our Father, beseeching Him, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to grant us forgiveness.

(*All say,*) Almighty God, our Maker and Redeemer, we poor sinners confess unto Thee, that we are by nature sinful and unclean,

and that we have sinned against Thee by thought, word, and deed. Wherefore we flee for refuge to Thine infinite mercy, seeking and imploring Thy grace, for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ.

O most merciful God, who hast given Thine Only-begotten Son to die for us, have mercy upon us, and for His sake grant us forgiveness of all our sins: and by Thy Holy Spirit increase in us true knowledge of Thee, and of Thy will, and true obedience to Thy word, to the end that by Thy grace we may come to everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord.



## Order of Service.—Continued.

(All sing,)

O God, the Father in heav'n, have mer-cy  
 O God, the Son, Re -  
 deemer of the world, have mer-cy } up - on us! and grant us Thy peace! A - men.  
 O God, the Holy Ghcst, have mer-cy

(School seated.) Hymns, Psalms, or Canticles, (one, two, or three,) may here be sung.

(All, standing, say the Apostles' Creed.)

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into\* the place of departed spirits; The third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church, the communion of saints; The forgiveness of sins; The resurrection of the body; And the life everlasting. Amen.

(In place of the Creed, may be said the Ten Commandments.)

I. I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and

fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

II. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

III. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

IV. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

V. Thou shalt not kill.

VI. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VII. Thou shalt not steal.

VIII. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

\* (The original word here is *Ha-des*, formerly translated "hell" a rendering much preferred by many.)

# Order of Service.—Concluded.

(Then shall follow) Prayer.

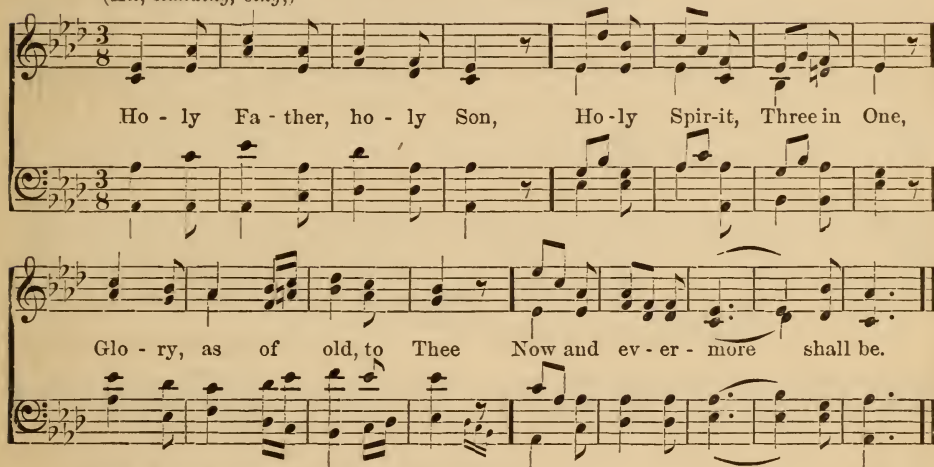
(School seated.) Reading of the Lesson.

Class Instruc-  
tion in the  
Lesson. { I. Preliminary lesson. (Reci-  
tation of Catechism, Script-  
ure, or hymns, from memory.)  
II. International lesson.

(All, standing, sing,)

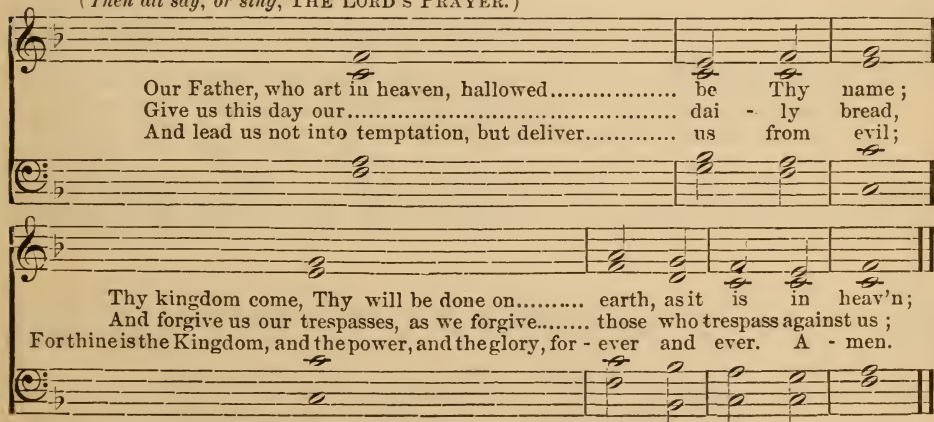
Lesson Hymn.

Lesson Review. (By Superintendent or  
Pastor.)



Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One,  
Glo - ry, as of old, to Thee Now and ev - er - more shall be.

(Then all say, or sing, THE LORD'S PRAYER.)



Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed..... be Thy name;  
Give us this day our..... dai - ly bread,  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver..... us from evil;  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on..... earth, as it is in heav'n;  
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive..... those who trespass against us;  
For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever and ever. A - men.

(Supr. says,) Sanctify them, O Lord, by heart, that I might not sin against Thee.  
Thy truth.

(School responds,) Thy word is truth.

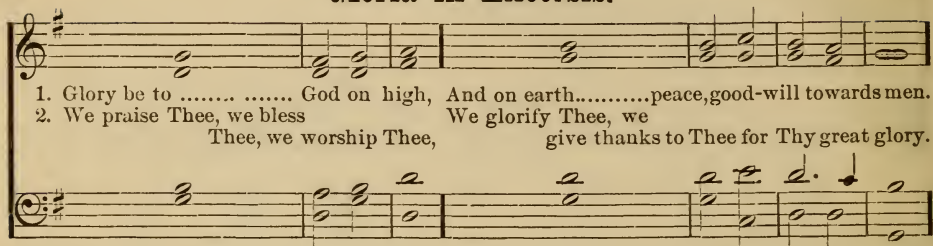
(All say,) Thy word have I hid in my missal.)

Benediction by the Pastor.

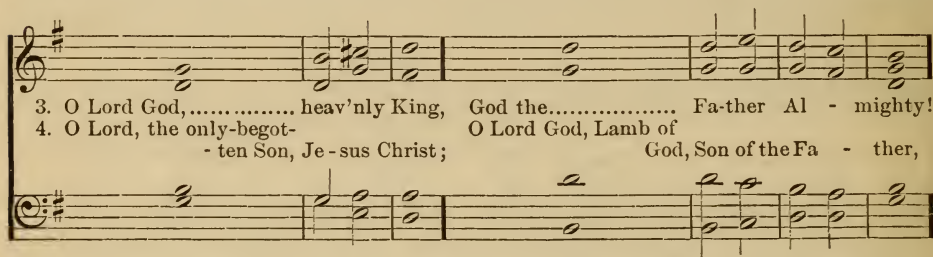
(Distribution of library books, and dis-

# PSALMS AND CANTICLES.

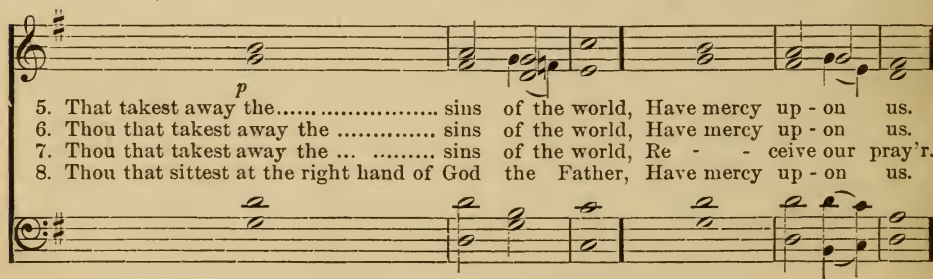
## Gloria in Excelsis.



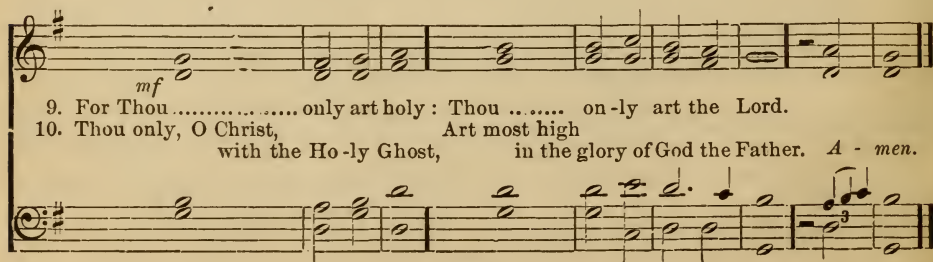
1. Glory be to ..... God on high, And on earth.....peace,good-will towards men.  
 2. We praise Thee, we bless We glorify Thee, we  
 Thee, we worship Thee, give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.



3. O Lord God,..... heav'nly King, God the..... Fa-ther Al - mighty!  
 4. O Lord, the only-begot- O Lord God, Lamb of  
 - ten Son, Je-sus Christ; God, Son of the Fa - ther,



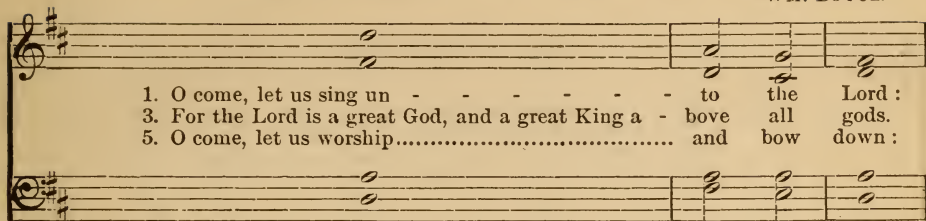
5. That takest away the..... sins of the world, Have mercy up - on us.  
 6. Thou that takest away the ..... sins of the world, Have mercy up - on us.  
 7. Thou that takest away the ... ..... sins of the world, Re - - ceive our pray'r.  
 8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, Have mercy up - on us.



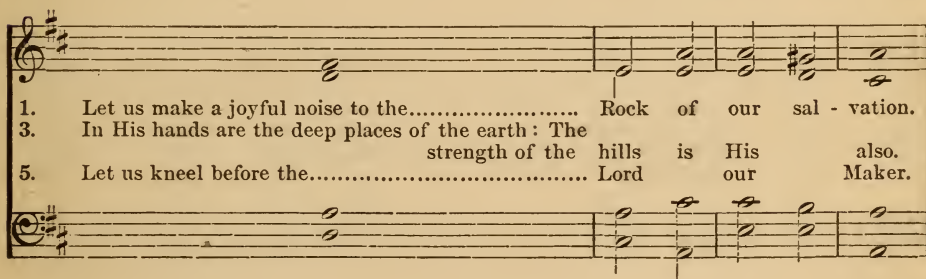
9. For Thou..... only art holy : Thou ..... on-ly art the Lord.  
 10. Thou only, O Christ, Art most high  
 with the Ho-ly Ghost, in the glory of God the Father. A - men.

# Venite Exultemus Domino. Ps. 95.

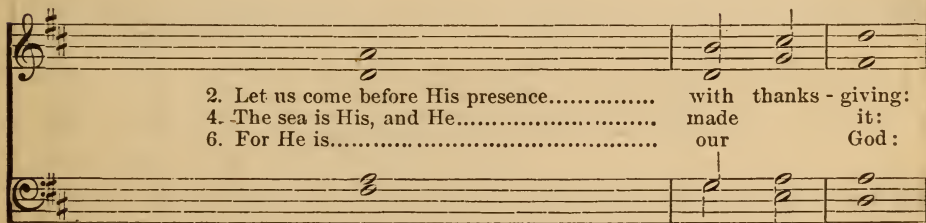
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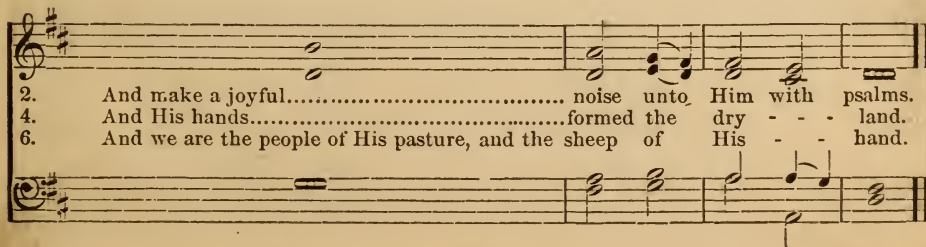
1. O come, let us sing un - - - - - to the Lord :  
 3. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King a - bove all gods.  
 5. O come, let us worship..... and bow down :



1. Let us make a joyful noise to the..... Rock of our sal - vation.  
 3. In His hands are the deep places of the earth : The strength of the hills is His also.  
 5. Let us kneel before the..... Lord our Maker.



2. Let us come before His presence..... with thanks - giving:  
 4. The sea is His, and He..... made it:  
 6. For He is..... our God :

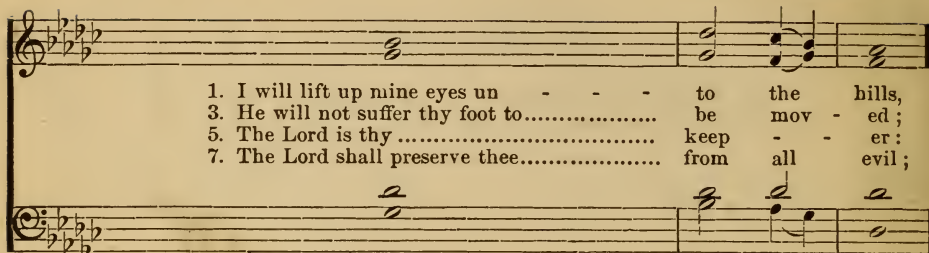


2. And make a joyful..... noise unto Him with psalms.  
 4. And His hands.....formed the dry - - - land.  
 6. And we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His - - - hand.

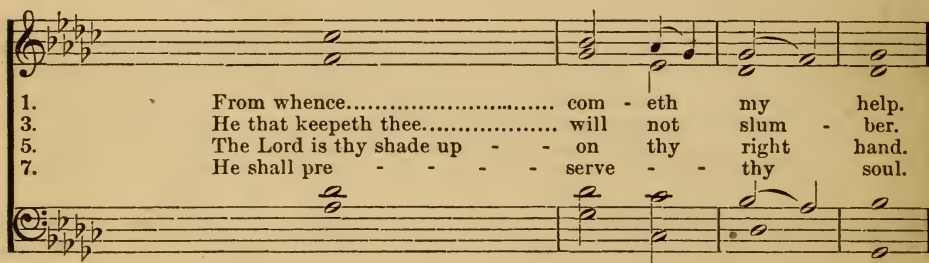


# Levabo Oculos Meos. Ps. 121.

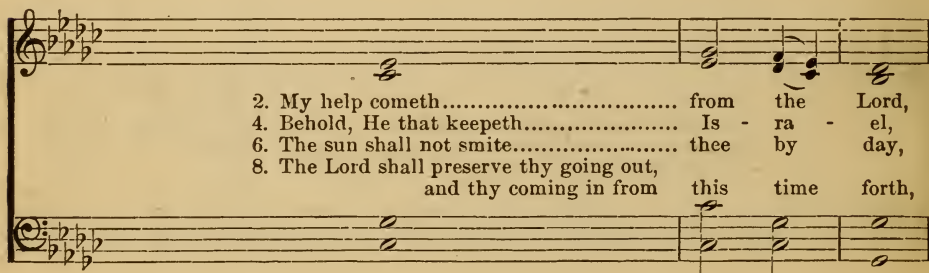
Rev. W. L. REMSBERG.



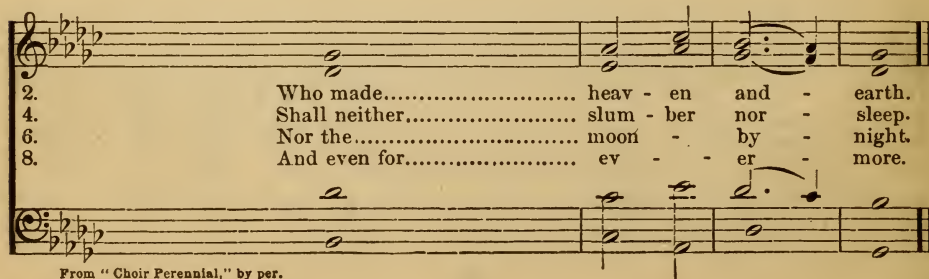
1. I will lift up mine eyes un - - - to the hills,  
 3. He will not suffer thy foot to..... be mov - ed;  
 5. The Lord is thy ..... keep - - er;  
 7. The Lord shall preserve thee..... from all evil;



1. From whence..... com - eth my help.  
 3. He that keepeth thee..... will not slum - ber.  
 5. The Lord is thy shade up - - on thy right hand.  
 7. He shall pre - - - serve - - thy soul.



2. My help cometh..... from the Lord,  
 4. Behold, He that keepeth..... Is - ra - el,  
 6. The sun shall not smite..... thee by day,  
 8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out,  
 and thy coming in from this time forth,



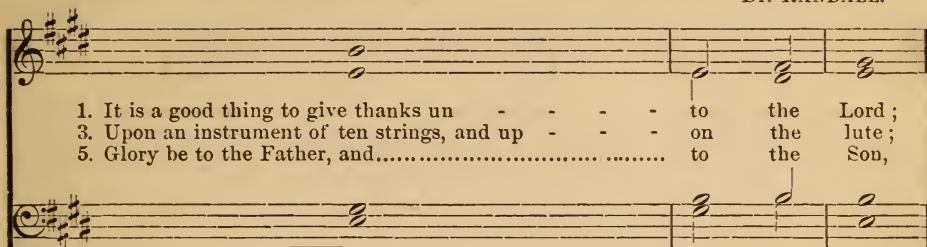
2. Who made..... heav - en and - earth.  
 4. Shall neither..... slum - ber nor sleep.  
 6. Nor the..... moon - by - night.  
 8. And even for..... ev - - er - more.

From "Choir Perennial," by per.

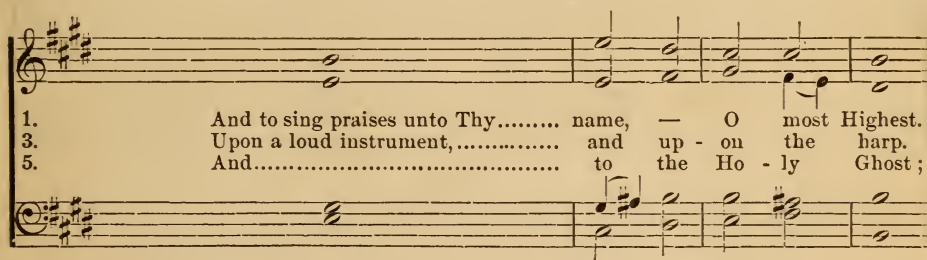


# Bonum est Confiteri. Ps. 92.

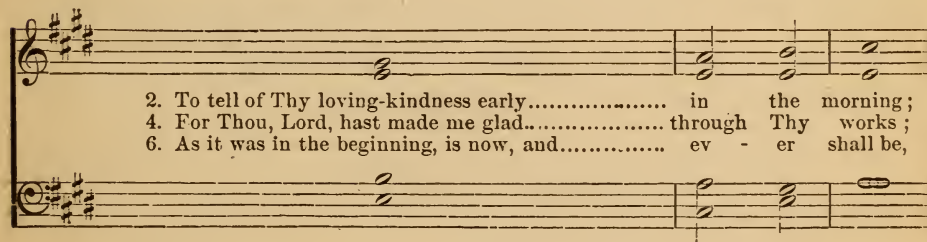
Dr. RANDALL.



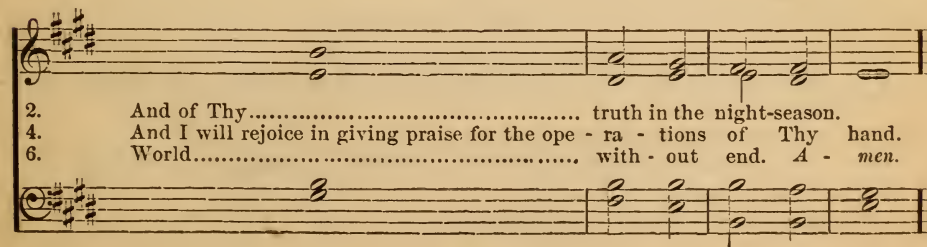
1. It is a good thing to give thanks un - - - to the Lord ;  
 3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up - - - on the lute ;  
 5. Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son,



1. And to sing praises unto Thy..... name, — O most Highest.  
 3. Upon a loud instrument,..... and up - on the harp.  
 5. And..... to the Ho - ly Ghost ;



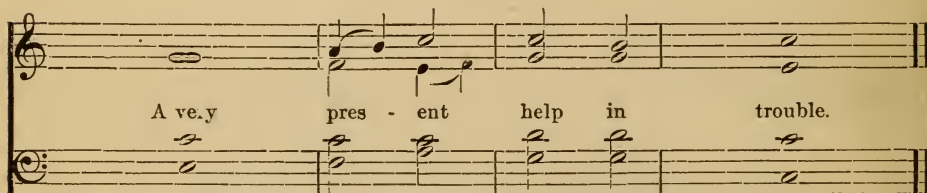
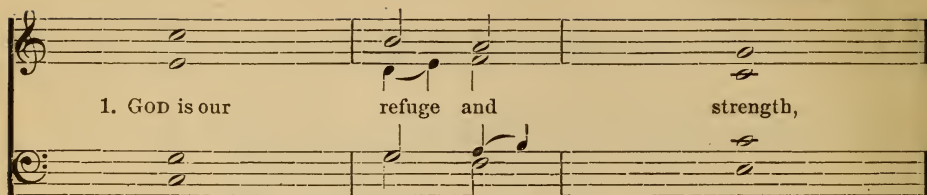
2. To tell of Thy loving-kindness early..... in the morning ;  
 4. For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad..... through Thy works ;  
 6. As it was in the beginning, is now, and..... ev - er shall be,



2. And of Thy..... truth in the night-season.  
 4. And I will rejoice in giving praise for the ope - ra - tions of Thy hand.  
 6. World..... with - out end. A - men.

# Psalm 46.

Dr. T. AYLWARD.



- 2 Therefore will not we fear, though the|earth be|removed,||  
And though the mountains be carried|into the|midst of the|sea ; ||
- 3 Though the waters thereof|roar and be|troubled, ||  
Though the mountains|shake with the|swelling there-|of. ||
- 4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the|city of |God, ||  
The holy place of the tabernacles|of the|Most|High. ||
- 5 God is in the midst of her, she|shall not be|moved : ||  
God shall help her,|and that|right|early. ||
- 6 The heathen raged, the|kingdoms were|moved : ||  
He uttered His|voice, the|earth|melted. ||
- 7 The LORD of |hosts is|with us ; ||  
The God of |Jacob|is our|refuge. ||
- 8 Come, behold the|works of the|LORD, ||  
What desolations|He hath|made in the|earth. ||
- 9 He maketh wars to cease unto the|end of the|earth ; ||  
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ; He burneth the|chariot|in the|fire. ||
- 10 Be still, and know that|I am|God : ||  
I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex-|alted|in the|earth. ||
- 11 The LORD of hosts|is with|us ; ||  
The God of |Jacob|is our|refuge. ||

# Psalm 51.

FELTON.

1. Have mercy up - - - on me, O God,  
according to Thy lov - ing - kindness:

- 2 According unto the multitude of Thy | ten-der | mercies || blot | out my | trans- |  
gressions. ||
- 3 Wash me thoroughly from mine in- | i-qui- | ty, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin. ||
- 4 For I acknowledge | my trans- | gressions : || and my | sin is | ever be- | fore me. ||
- 5 Against Thee, Thee only, | have I | sinned, || and done this | e-vil | in Thy | sight : ||
- 6 That Thou mightest be | justified | when Thou | speakest, || and be | clear — | when  
Thou | judgest. ||
- 7 Behold, I was shapen in in- | i-qui- | ty ; || and in | sin did my | mother con- | ceive me. ||
- 8 Behold, Thou desirest truth in the | in-ward | parts : || and in the hidden part Thou  
shalt | make me to | know — | wisdom. ||
- 9 Purge me with hyssop, and | I shall be | clean : || wash me, and | I shall be | whiter  
than | snow. ||
- 10 Make me to hear | joy and | glad-ness ; || that the bones which Thou hast | bro-ken |  
may re- | joice. ||
- 11 Hide Thy face | from my | sins, || and blot out | all mine in- | i-qui- | ties. ||
- 12 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God ; || and re- | new a right | spirit with- | in me. ||
- 13 Cast me not away | from Thy | presence ; || and take not Thy | Ho-ly | Spirit | from me. ||
- 14 Restore unto me the joy of | Thy sal- | vation ; || and uphold me | with Thy | free — |  
Spirit. ||
- 15 Then will I teach trans- | gressors Thy | ways, || and sinners shall be con- | vert-ed |  
un-to | Thee. ||
- 16 O Lord, open | Thou my | lips ; || and my | mouth shall show | forth Thy | praise. ||
- 17 For Thou desirest not sacrifice ; | else would I | give it : || Thou delightest not | in  
burnt | offer- | ings. ||
- 18 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit : || a broken and a contrite heart, O God, |  
Thou wilt | not de- | spise. ||
- Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost ; ||
- As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be, || world without | end. — |  
A — | men. ||

# Psalm 67.

ALDRICH.

1. GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us;

and cause His face to shine up - - on us;

Or this.

BARNBY.

1. GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us;

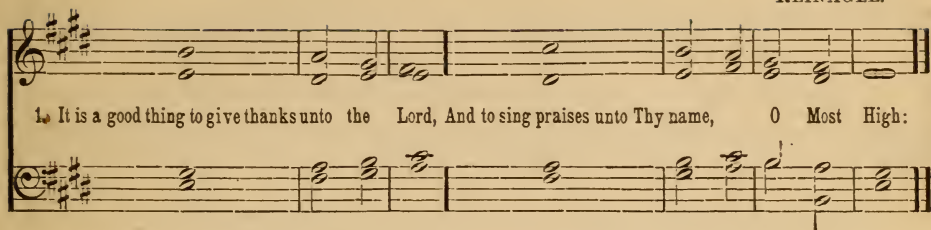
and cause His face to shine up - - on us;

- 2 That Thy way may be known upon earth, || Thy saving health among all nations. ||
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, O God; || let all the people praise Thee. ||
- 4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: || for Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. ||
- 5 Let the people praise Thee, O God; || let all the people praise Thee. ||
- 6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; || and God, even our own God, shall bless us. ||
- 7 God shall bless — us; || and all the ends of the earth shall fear — Him. ||



# Psalm 92.

REINAGLE.



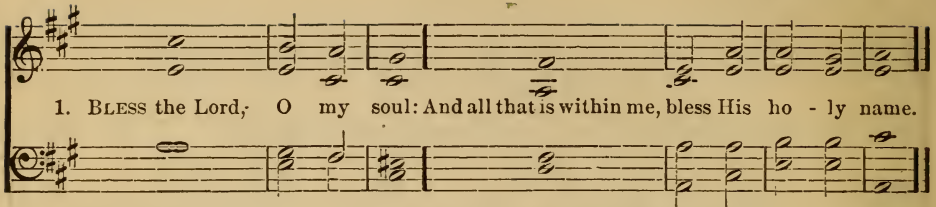
1. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, And to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High:

- 2 To shew forth Thy loving-kindness | in the | morning, ||  
And Thy | faithfulness | every | night, ||
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | on the | psaltery; ||  
Upon the | harp with a | solemn | sound. ||
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | work: ||  
I will triumph | in the | works of Thy | hands. ||
- 5 O Lord, how great | are Thy | works! ||  
And Thy | thoughts are | very | deep. ||
- 6 A brutish man | knoweth | not; ||  
Neither doth a | fool | understand | this. ||
- 7 When the wicked spring | as the | grass, ||  
And when all the workers | of in- | iquity do | flourish; ||
- 8 It is that they shall be de- | stroyed for- | ever: ||  
But Thou, Lord, art most | high for | ever- | more. ||
- 9 For, lo, Thine enemies, | O | Lord, ||  
For, lo, Thine enemies shall perish; |  
All the workers of iniquity | shall be | scattered. ||
- 10 But my horn shalt Thou exalt like the | horn of an | unicorn: ||  
I shall be | anointed | with fresh | oil. ||
- 11 Mine eye also shall see my desire | on mine | enemies, ||  
And mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that | rise | up a- | gainst me. ||
- 12 The righteous shall flourish | like the | palm-tree: ||  
He shall grow like a | cedar in | Leba- | non. ||
- 13 Those that be planted in the | house of the | LORD ||  
Shall flourish in the | courts | of our | God. ||
- 14 They shall still bring forth fruit | in old | age; ||  
They shall be | fat | and | flourishing; ||
- 15 To shew that the | LORD is | upright: ||  
He is my rock, and there is | no un- | righteousness in | Him. ||



# Psalm 103.

Dr. W. CROTON.



1. BLESS the Lord, O my soul: And all that is within me, bless His ho - ly name.

2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || And for- | get not | all His | benefits: ||

3 Who forgiveth all | thine in- | iquities; || Who | heale<sup>th</sup> | all thy dis- | eases; ||

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de- | struction; ||

Who crowneth thee with loving- | kindness and | tender | mercies; ||

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with | good | things; ||

So that thy youth is re- | newed | like the | eagle's. ||

6 The Lord executeth | righteous- | ness || And judgment for | all that | are op- | pressed. ||

7 He made known His | ways unto | Moses, || His acts unto the | children of | Isra- | el. ||

8 The Lord is merciful and | gra- | cious, || Slow to anger, and | plen- | teous in | mercy. ||

9 He will not | always | chide: || Neither will He | keep His | anger for- | ever. ||

10 He hath not dealt with us | after our | sins; ||

Nor rewarded us according to | our in- | iqui- | ties. ||

11 For as the heaven is high a- | bove the | earth, ||

So great is His mercy toward | them that | fear | Him. ||

12 As far as the east is | from the | west, ||

So far hath He removed | our trans- | gressions | from us. ||

13 Like as a father | pitieth his | children, || So the Lord | pitieth | them that | fear Him. ||

14 For He | knoweth our | frame; || He re- | membereth that | we are | dust. ||

15 As for man, his | days are as | grass; || As a flower of the | field, | so he | flourisheth. ||

16 For the wind passeth over it, and | it is | gone; ||

And the place thereof shall | know it | no | more. ||

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear Him, || And His righteousness | unto | children's | children; ||

18 To such as | keep His | covenant, || And to those that remember His com- | mandments | to | do | them. ||

19 The Lord hath prepared His throne | in the | heavens; ||

And His kingdom | ruleth | over | all. ||

20 Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that | do His com- | mandments, ||  
Hearkening unto the | voice | of His | word. ||

21 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye His | hosts; || Ye ministers of | His, that | do His | pleasure. ||

22 Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of | His do- | minion: ||

Bless the | Lord, | O my | soul. ||

# Benedictus.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

1. Blessed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el;

for He hath visited and re - deemed His people.

From "Choir Perennial," by per.

- 2 And hath raised up a mighty sal-va-tion for us || in the house of His servant Da-vid ; ||
- 3 As He spake by the mouth of His ho-ly prophets, || which have been since the world be-gan, ||
- 4 That we should be saved from our en-e-mies, || and from the hand of all that hate — us. ||

# Magnificat.

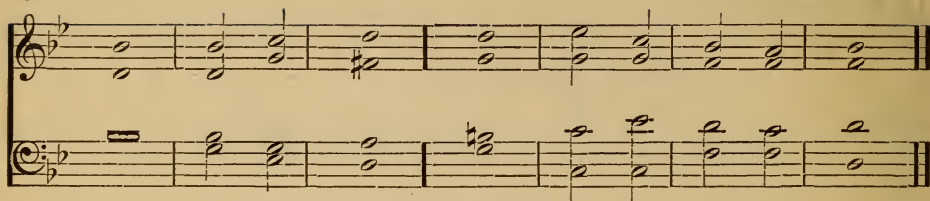
Dr. S. ARNOLD.

1. My soul doth magni-fy the Lord; and my spirit hath re-joiced in God my Saviour.

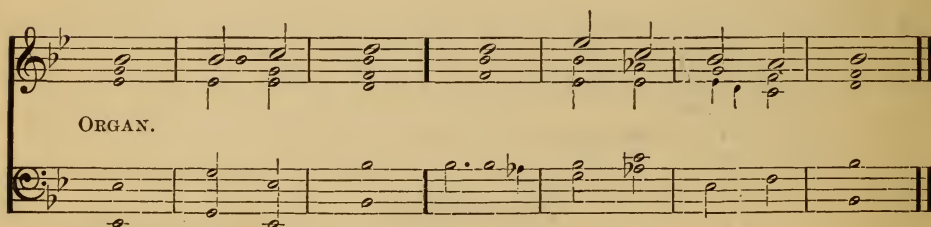
- 2 For He hath re-garded || the low es-tate of His hand-maiden ; ||
- 3 For behold, from hence-forth || all gene-rations shall call me blessed. ||
- 4 For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name ; || and His mercy is on them that fear Him, from generation to gene-ration ||
- 5 He hath showed strength with His arm ; || He hath scattered the proud in the im-agi-nation of their hearts. ||
- 6 He hath put down the mighty from their seats, || and exalted them of low de-gree. ||
- 7 He hath filled the hungry with good things, || and the rich He hath sent empty a-way. ||
- 8 He hath holpen His servant Israel in remembrance of His mercy ; || as He spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to His seed, for-ever. ||

# Te Deum Laudamus.

Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN.



- 1 We praise Thee, O God, || we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. ||  
 2 All the earth doth worship Thee, || the Father ever-lasting. ||  
 3 To Thee all Angels cry a-loud, || the Heavens, and all the Powers there-in. ||  
 4 To Thee Cherubim, and Sera-phim || con-tinual-ly do cry, ||

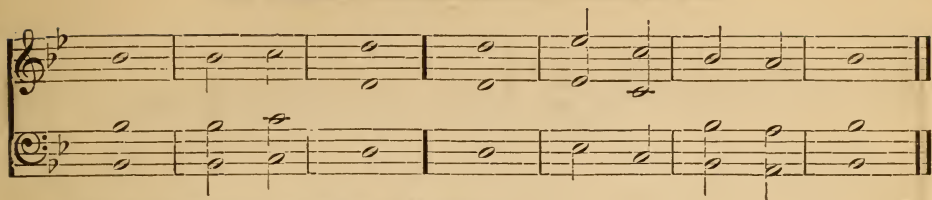


- 5 Holy, | Holy, | Holy, || Lord | God of | Saba-oth; ||  
 6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes-ty || of | — | Thy | Glory. ||

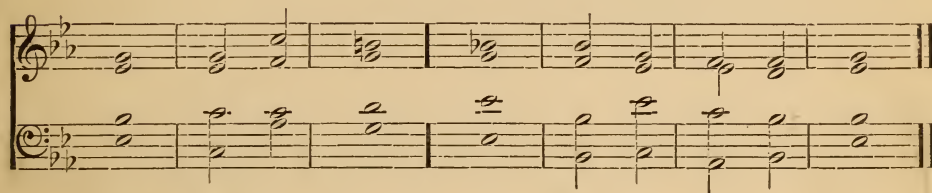


- 7 The glorious company of the A-postles || praise | — | Thee. ||  
 8 The goodly fellowship of the | Prophets || praise | — | Thee. ||  
 9 The noble | ar—my of | Martyrs || praise | — | Thee. ||  
 10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world || doth | —ac—knowledge | Thee; ||

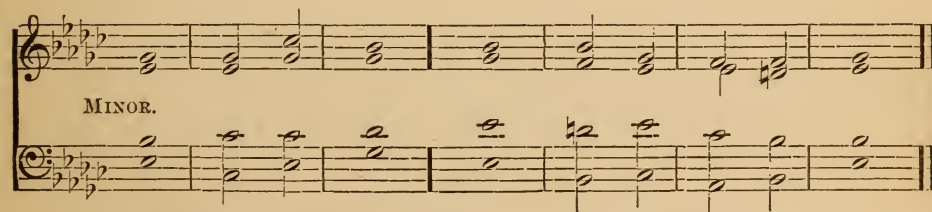
# Te Deum Laudamus.—Continued.



- 11 The| Fa-| ther || of an| infi-nite| Majes-| ty ; ||  
 12 Thine ador-| able, | true || and | on— — -ly | Son ; ||  
 13 Also the| Holy | Ghost || the | Com-| — -fort-| cr. ||



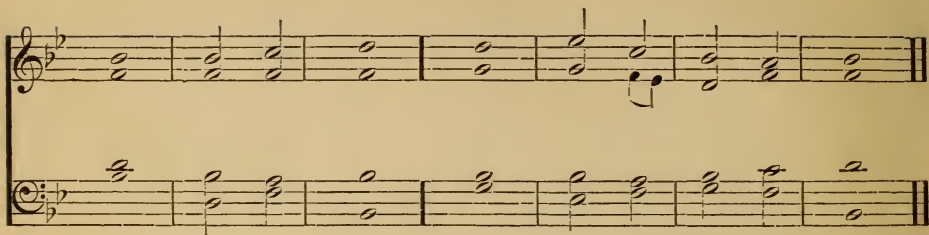
- 14 Thou art the| King of | Glory, || O | — — | Christ. ||  
 15 Thou art the ever-| lasting | Son || of | — the | Fa-| ther. ||  
 16 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de-| liver | man || Thou didst humble Thyself to |  
 be born | of a | virgin. ||  
 17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharp-ness of | death, || Thou didst open the King-  
 dom of | Heaven to all be-| lievers. ||  
 18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | Glory | of the | Father. ||  
 19 We believe that | Thou shalt | come || to | be | our | Judge. ||



- 20 We therefore pray Thee, | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast redeemed | with  
 Thy | precious | blood. ||  
 21 Make them to be numbered | with Thy | saints || in | glory | ever-| lasting. ||  
 22 O Lord, | save Thy | people || and | bless Thine | heri-| tage. ||  
 23 Go-| — -vern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever. ||

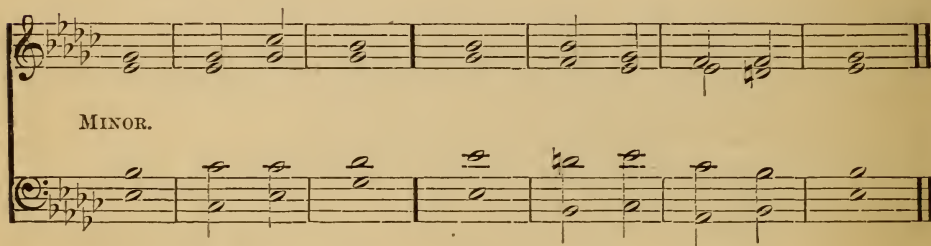


# Te Deum Laudamus.—Concluded.



24 Day | by | day || we | magni- | fy | Thee ; ||

25 And we | worship Thy | Name || ever, | world with- | out | end. ||



MINOR.

26 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with- | out | sin. ||

27 O Lord, have | mer- cy up- | on us, || have | mer- cy up- | on | us. ||

28 O Lord, let Thy mercy | be up- | on us || as our | trust | is in | Thee. ||



ORGAN.

*Lento.*

*rall.*

29 O Lord, in Thee | have I | trusted, || let me | never | be con- | founded. ||



# HYMNS.

1.

## To God be the Glory.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So lov'd He the  
 2. O per - fect re - demption, the pur - chase of blood, To ev' - ry be -  
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re -

world that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life an a - tonement for  
 liev - er the prom - ise of God; The vil - est of - fend - er who tru - ly be -  
 joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and great - er will  
*D.S.—O* come to the Fa - ther, thro' Je - sus the

*FINE.*  
 sin, And open'd the Life - Gate that all may go in.  
 lieves, That moment from Je - sus a par - don re - ceives. } Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,  
 be Our won - der, our transport when Je - sus we see. }  
*Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.*

*D.S.*  
 Let the earth hear His voice, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice.

## 2.

## O Come Let us Sing to the Lord.

MONTGOMERY.

B. F. ALLEMAN, D.D., by per.

1. O come let us sing to the Lord, In God our sal - va - tion re - joice;  
 2. The sea is Je - ho - vah's; He made The tide its do - min - ion to know;  
 3. As Mos - es the fa - thers of old Through the sea and the wilderness led,

In psalms of thanksgiving re - cord His praise with one Spir - it, one voice!  
 The land is Je - ho - vah's; He laid Its sol - id foun - da - tions be - low;  
 His won - der - ful works we be - hold, With man - na from heaven are fed;

For Je - ho - vah is King, and He reigns, The God of all gods on His throne,  
 O come let us worship, and kneel Be - fore our Cre - a - tor, our God!  
 To - day, let us hearken, to - day, To the voice that yet speaks from above,

The strength of the hills He main - tains, The ends of the earth are His own.  
 The peo - ple who serve Him with zeal, The flock whom He guides with His rod.  
 And all His commandments o - bey, For all His commandments are love.

3.

## What are We For?

S. L. HARKEY, D.D.

1. Why have we lips if not to sing The prais-es of our heav'nly King?  
 2. Why have we life if not to gain Im - mor-tal life, 'tis worse than vain;

Why have we hearts if not to love Our Fa-ther and our Friend a - bove?  
 This is the end for which 'twas giv'n, We live on earth, to live in heav'n.

REFRAIN. *Bold.*

What are we for? Oh, What are we for? Oh, What are we for?  
*Bass prominent.*

What are we for, but to serve the Lord, With ev' ry deed, and thought and word?

From "Songs of Beulah," by per.

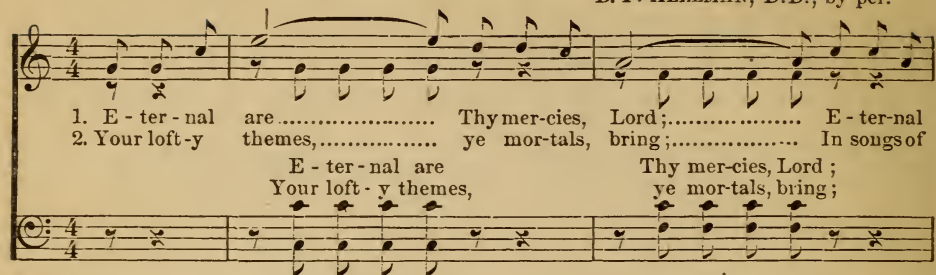
3 Why did the Saviour leave the sky,  
 Hang on a cross and bleed and die?  
 And why are kind persuasions sent  
 To call and win us to repent?—REF.

4 Surely it is, that robed in white,  
 And made well pleasing in his sight;  
 Our souls may join the happy throng,  
 And sing the everlasting song.—REF.

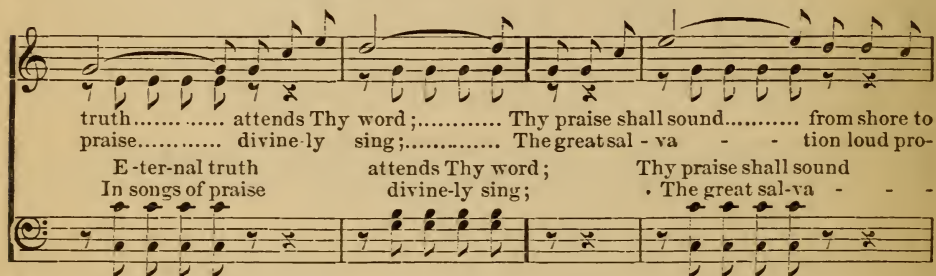


# 4. Eternal are Thy Mercies, Lord.

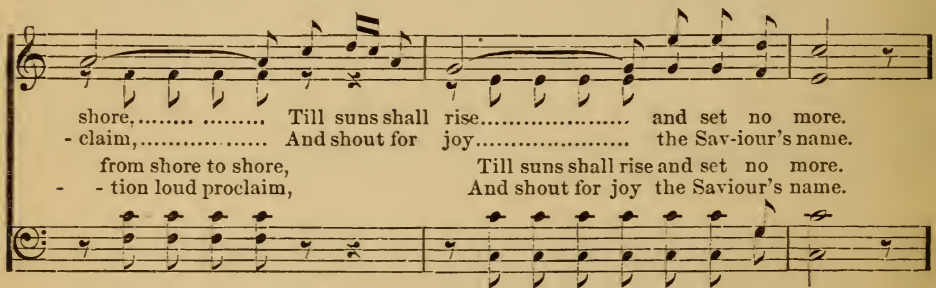
B. F. ALLEMAN, D.D., by per.



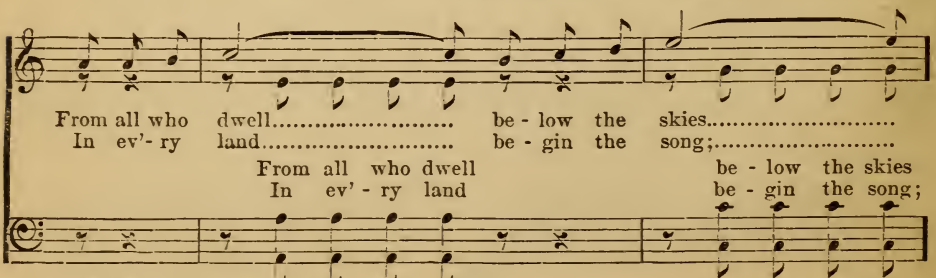
1. E - ter - nal are..... Thy mer - cies, Lord;..... E - ter - nal  
 2. Your loft - y themes,..... ye mor - tals, bring;..... In songs of  
     E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord;  
     Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring;



truth..... attends Thy word;..... Thy praise shall sound..... from shore to  
 praise..... divine ly sing;..... The great sal - va - - - tion loud pro -  
     E - ter - nal truth attends Thy word; Thy praise shall sound  
     In songs of praise divine - ly sing; The great sal - va - - -



shore,..... Till suns shall rise..... and set no more.  
 - claim,..... And shout for joy..... the Sav - iour's name.  
     from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
 - - tion loud proclaim, And shout for joy the Saviour's name.



From all who dwell..... be - low the skies.....  
 In ev' - ry land be - gin the song;.....  
     From all who dwell be - low the skies  
     In ev' - ry land be - gin the song;

# Eternal are Thy Mercies, Lord.—Concluded.

Let the Cre - a - - - tor's praise a - rise;..... Let the Re -  
To ev'-ry land..... the strains be-long;..... In cheer-ful

Let the Cre - a - - - tor's praise a - rise;  
To ev'-ry land the strains be-long;

- deem - - - er's name be sung,..... Through ev'-ry  
sounds..... all voice - es raise,..... And fill the

Let the Re - deem - - - er's name be sung,  
In cheer-ful sounds all voice - es raise,

land,..... by ev'-ry tongue,..... Through ev'ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.  
world ..... with loudest praise,..... And fill the world with loud - est praise.

Through ev'ry land, by ev'-ry tongue.  
And fill the world with loudest praise.

## 5. Tune—STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.

- 1 God is love; His mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove;  
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth,  
Will His changeless goodness prove;  
From the gloom His brightness streameth,  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwined  
Hope and comfort from above:  
Everywhere His glory shineth;  
God is wisdom, God is love.

# 6. Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and worship  
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the U-ni-verse, Thy home, Gather us who

while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.  
seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art high.

## CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent.

## 7. Tune—CORONATION. C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

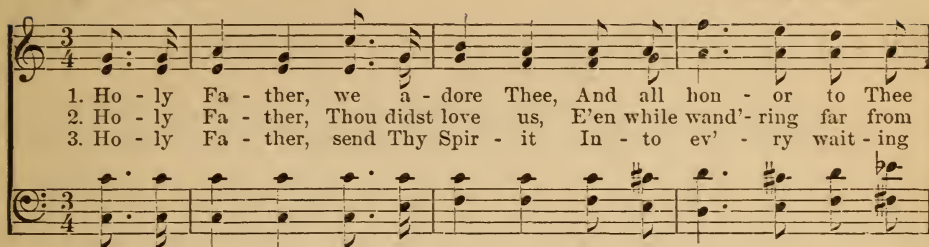
- 4 Oh that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at His feet may fall!  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!



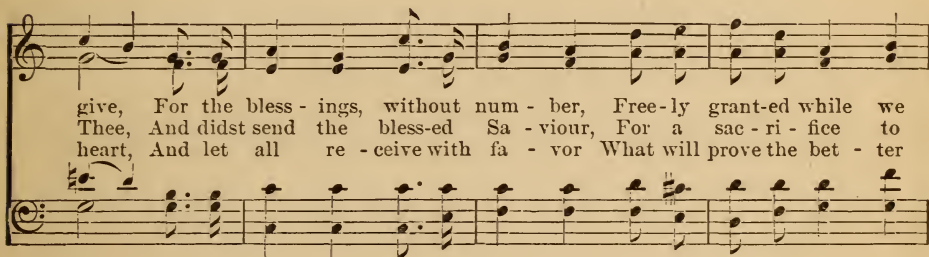
# 8. Holy Father we Adore Thee.

E. F. STEWART.

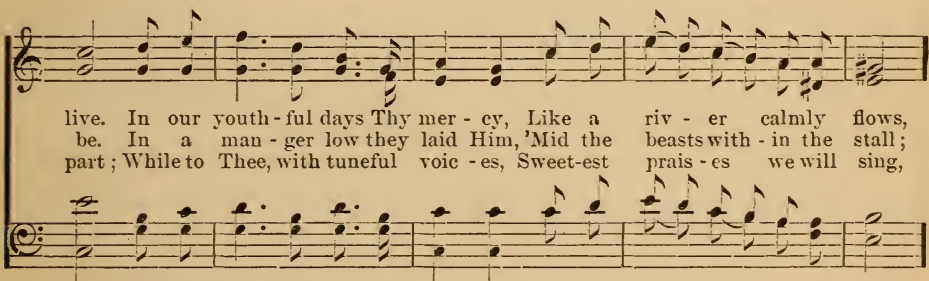
ADAM GEIBEL.



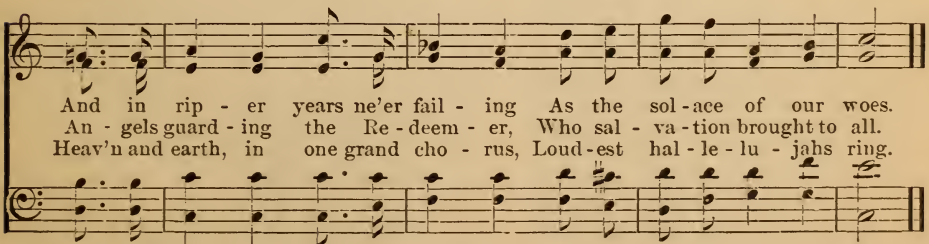
1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, we a - dore Thee, And all hon - or to Thee  
 2. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou didst love us, E'en while wand' - ring far from  
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, send Thy Spir - it In - to ev' - ry wait - ing



give, For the bless - ings, without num - ber, Free - ly grant - ed while we  
 Thee, And didst send the bless - ed Sa - viour, For a sac - ri - fice to  
 heart, And let all re - ceive with fa - vor What will prove the bet - ter



live. In our youth - ful days Thy mer - cy, Like a riv - er calmly flows,  
 be. In a man - ger low they laid Him, 'Mid the beasts with - in the stall;  
 part; While to Thee, with tuneful voic - es, Sweet - est prais - es we will sing,



And in rip - er years ne'er fail - ing As the sol - ace of our woes.  
 An - gels guard - ing the Re - deem - er, Who sal - va - tion brought to all.  
 Heav'n and earth, in one grand cho - rus, Loud - est hal - le - lu - jahs ring.

## 9.

## Angel Voices.

FRANCIS POTT.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces ev - er singing Round Thy throne of light, An - gel harps for -  
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Men - tal eye can scan, Can it be that  
 3. Yea, we know Thy love re - joice - es O'er each work of Thine, Thou didst ears and

- ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee,  
 Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
 hands and voi - ces For Thy praise combine! Craftsman's art and mu - sic's measure

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
 Of Thine own to Thee;  
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest melody.

## 10. Tune—NETTLETON. 8s, 7s.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Teach me some melodious measure,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
 While I sing redeeming love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I've come,  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee!  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

## 11.

## Oh, Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Oh, wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, Oh! grate-ful-ly  
 2. Oh, tell of His might, oh! sing of His grace, Whose robe is the  
 3. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite! It breathes in the  
 4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His pow-er and love, Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of  
 light, whose can-o-py space; His chariots of wrath the deepthunder-clouds  
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the  
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der, how firm to the

days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.  
 form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.  
 plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.  
 end, Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend. A - men.

## 12.

Tune—LYONS. 10s, 11s.

- 1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;  
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
His kingdom is glorious; He rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
And still He is nigh; His presence we have:  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,  
All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

## 13.

Tune—PLEYEL'S HYMN, 7s.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be Thy glorious Name adored:  
Lord, Thy mercies never fail;  
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,  
Deign our humble songs to hear;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 There no tongue shall silent be;  
All shall join in harmony;  
That through heaven's capacious round  
Praise to Thee may ever sound.



14.

## O Day of Rest and Gladness.

L. MASON.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }  
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright; }  
 2. { To-day on wea-ry na-tions The heav'n-ly man-na falls; }  
 { To ho-ly con-vo-ca-tions The sil-ver trum-pet calls, }  
 3. { New gra-cies ev-er gain-ing From this our day of rest, }  
 { We reach the rest re-main-ing To spir-its of the blest: }

On Thee, the high and low-ly, Bend-ing be-fore the throne,  
 Where gos-pel light is glow-ing With pure and ra-diant beams,  
 To Ho-ly Ghost be prais-es, To Fa-ther and to Son;

Sing, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, To the Great Three in One.  
 And liv-ing wa-ter flow-ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams.  
 The Church her voice up-rai-s-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

## 15. Tune—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

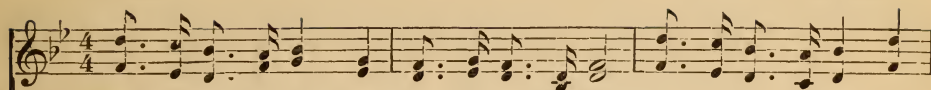
- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone:  
 He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men,  
 And, when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,  
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:

What lasting honors shall we rear  
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name!

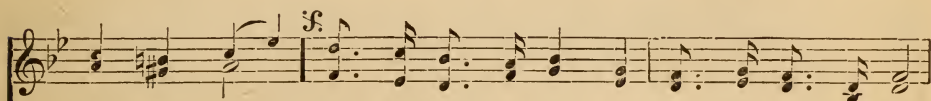
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command;  
 Vast as eternity Thy love;  
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

G. F. ROOT.

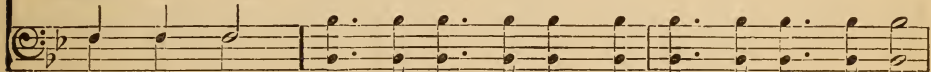
Miss J. W. SAMPSON.



1. Oh, the Sabbath morn - ing, beau - ti - ful and bright, Joy - ful - ly we hail its  
 2. All the days of la - bor end - ed one by one, Glad are we the six days'  
 3. Let us spend the mo - ments of this ho - ly day So that, when they all have

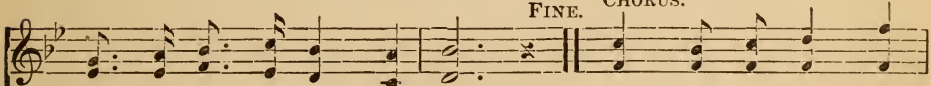


gold - en light, All the gloom - y shad - ows chas - ing far a - way,  
 work is done; Glad to have a day of sweet and ho - ly rest;  
 pass'd a - way, Sweet 'twill be to think, the qui - et Sab - bath ev'n



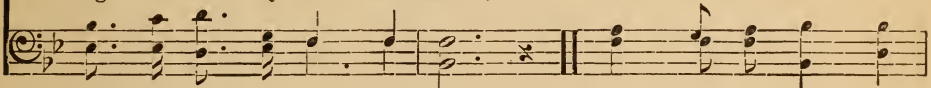
D.S.—Oh, the Sab - bath morn - ing, beau - ti - ful and bright,

## FINE. CHORUS.

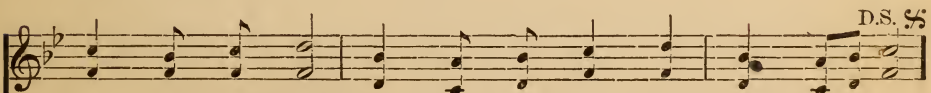


Bring - ing us the pleas - ant day.  
 'Tis the day that God has blest.  
 Brings us one day near - er heav'n.

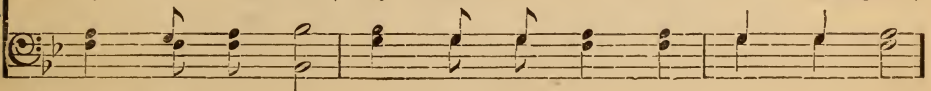
Day calm and ho - ly,



Glad we hail its gold - en light.



day near - est heav'n, Day which a Fa - ther's love has giv'n;





17.

## Welcome, Sweet day of Rest.

DANIEL REED.

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;  
 2. The King him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day;  
 3. One day a - mid the place Where Christ, my Lord, has been,  
 4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes.  
 Here we may sit and see Him here, And love and praise and pray.  
 Is sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of plea - sure and of sin.  
 Till call'd to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

18.

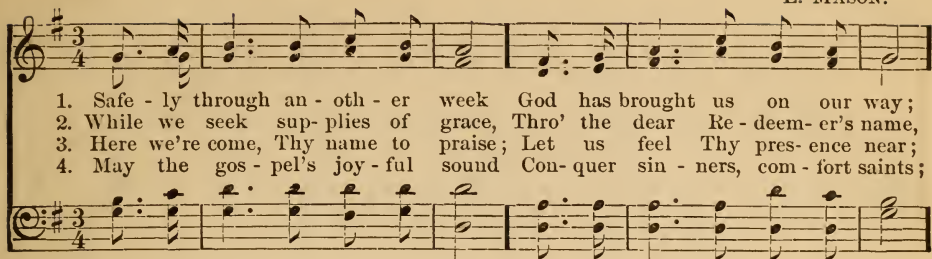
## This is the Day the Lord hath made.

THOS. A. ARNE.

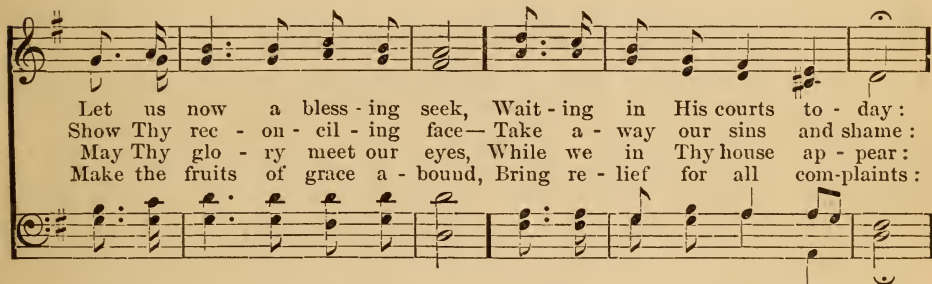
1. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours His own:  
 2. Blest be the Lord, who came to men With mes - sa - ges of grace;  
 3. Ho - san - na in the high - est strains The Church on earth can raise!

Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.  
 Who came in God His Fa - ther's name To save our sin - ful race.  
 The high - est heav'n's in which He reigns, Shall give Him no - bler praise.

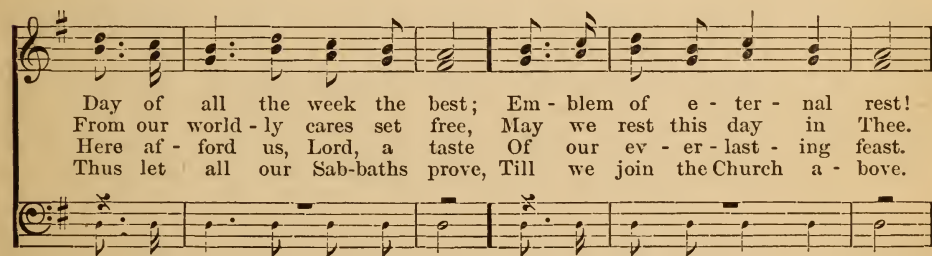
L. MASON.



1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;  
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,  
 3. Here we're come, Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;  
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:  
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face—Take a - way our sins and shame:  
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:  
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:



Day of all the week the best; Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest!  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.



Day of all the week the best; Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest!  
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.  
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.  
 Thus let all our Sab - baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the  
 2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of

fall; Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.  
 God; Re - demption by His death I find, And cleans - ing through His blood.

## CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,  
 And to His saints makes known  
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
 Through faith in Christ alone.—CHO.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;  
 There shall to you be given  
 A glorious foretaste, here below,  
 Of endless life in heaven.—CHO.

S. A. WILSON, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. How pre - cious is the sto - ry Of our Redeemer's birth, Who left the realms of  
 2. He came to earth from heaven, To weep and bleed and die, That we might be for -  
 3. Oh, may I love this Sav - iour, So good, so kind, so mild! And may I find His

glo - ry, And came to dwell on earth. He saw our lost con - dition, Our guilt and sin and  
 - giv - en, And raised to God on high; His kindness and compassion, To children then were  
 fa - vor, A young though sinful child; And in His blissful heaven, May I at last ap -

shame, To save us from per - di - tion, The blessed Je - sus came.  
 shown, The heirs of His salvation, He claim'd them for His own. } O pre - cious  
 - pear. With all my sins forgiven, To know and praise Him there. }  
 O precious, precious

sto - ry, O pre - cious name, To save our lost and guilty race, The blessed Jesus came.  
 O precious, precious name,



# 22. Wake, Awake! for Night is flying.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

1. Wake, a - wake! for night is fly - ing, The watch-men on the  
 2. Zi - on hears the watch-men sing - ing, And all her heart with  
 3. Now let all the heav'n's a - dore Thee, And men and an - gels

heights are cry-ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Mid-night hears the  
 joy is springing, She wakes, she ris - es from her gloom, For her Lord comes  
 sing be - fore Thee, With harps and cym-bal's clear - est tone; Of one pearl, each

wel - come voic-es, At the thrilling cry re - joic - es: Come forth, ye vir - gins,  
 down all - glorious, Strong in grace, in truth vic - to - rious, Her star is risen, her  
 shin - ing por - tal, Where we're with the choir im - mor - tal Of an - gels' round thy

night is past; The bridegroom comes, a - wake, Your lamps with glad-ness take;  
 light is come; O come, Thou blessed Lord, O Je - sus, Son of God;  
 daz-zling throne; Nor eye hath seen, nor ear Hath yet attain'd to hear



# Wake, Awake! for Night is flying.—Concluded.

*m*

Hal - le - lu - jah! And for His mar-riage feast pre - pare,..... For  
 Hal - le - lu - jah! We fol - low till the halls we see,..... Where  
 What there is ours, But we re-joice, and sing to Thee,..... Our

*rit.*

ye must go to meet Him there, For ye must go to meet Him there.  
 Thou hast bid us sup with Thee, Where thou hast bid us sup with Thee.  
 hymn to Thee e - ter - nal - ly, Our hymn to Thee e - ter - nal - ly.

## 23. Come, Thou long-expected Jesus.

C. WESLEY.

German.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou long-ex - spect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free; }  
 { From our fears and sins re-lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee; }  
 2. { Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er; Born a child, yet God our King; }  
 { Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious kingdom bring; }

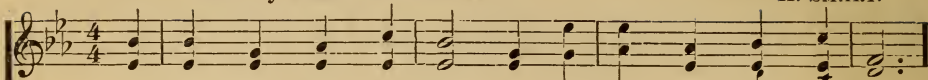
D.C.—Dear De - sire of ev' - ry na - tion, Joy of ev' - ry long - ing heart.  
 D.C.—By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo - rious throne.

D.C.

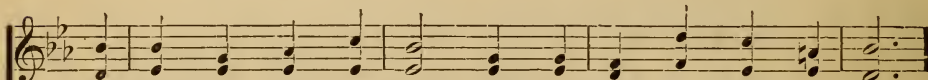
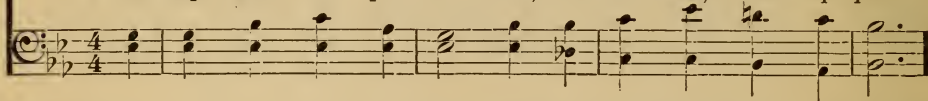
Is-rael's Strength and Con-so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
 By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

LAURENTI. Trans. by Miss JANE BORTHWICK.

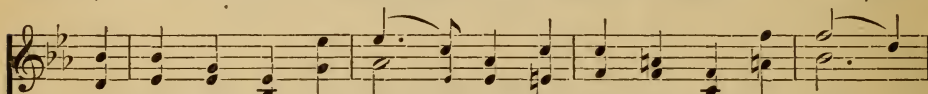
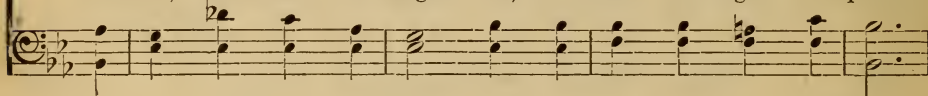
H. SMART.



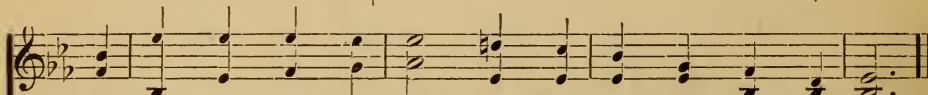
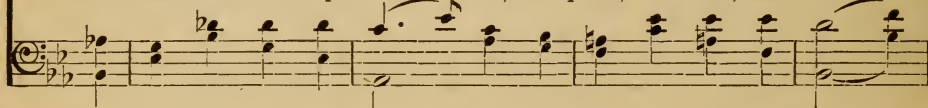
1. Re - joice, re - joice, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap - pear;
2. See that your lamps are burn - ing, Re - plen - ish them with oil;
3. O wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voices high - er,
4. Our Hope and Ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear!



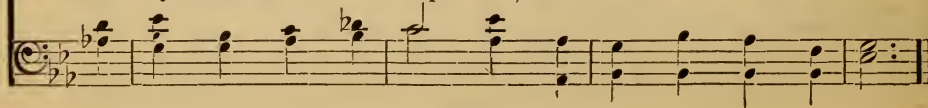
The shades of eve are thick - 'ning, And dark - er night is near;  
 Look now for your sal - va - tion, The end of sin and toil.  
 Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions, Ye meet the an - gel - choir.  
 A - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere!



The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh:  
 The watch - ers on the mount - ains Pro - claim the Bride-groom near,  
 The mar - riage-feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;  
 With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see



Up! pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At mid - night comes the cry.  
 Go, meet Him, as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.  
 Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bride-groom is at hand.  
 The day of earth's re - demp - tion, And ev - er be with Thee.

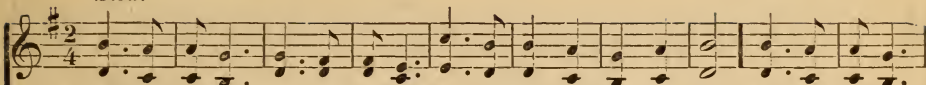


## 25.

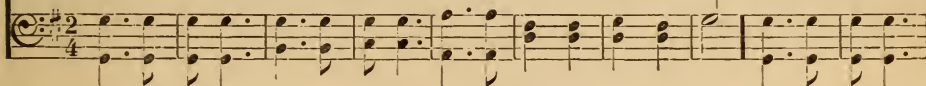
## Beauteous Day.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.  
*Slow.*

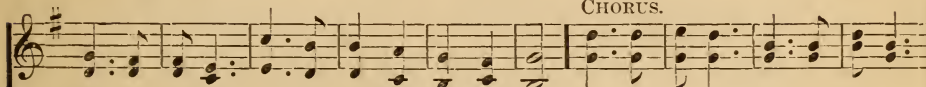
GEO. F. ROOT.



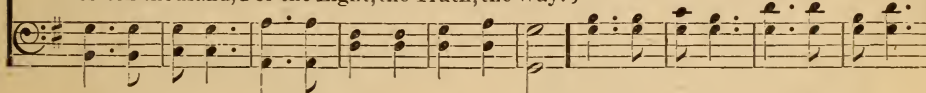
1. We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright, prophetic day, When the shadows,  
 2. We are watching, we are waiting, For the star that brings the day, When the night of  
 3. We are watching, we are waiting, For the beauteous King of day, For the Chiefest



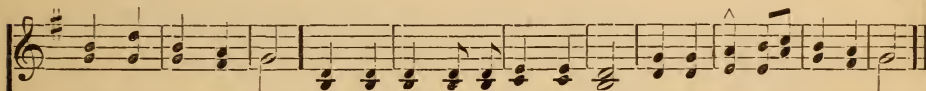
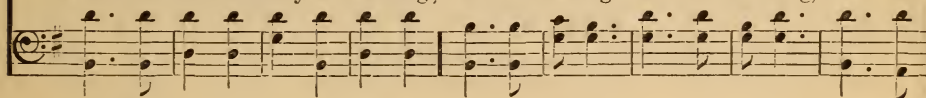
## CHORUS.



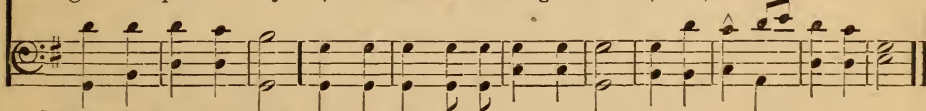
- wea-ry shadows, From the world shall roll a-way.  
 sin shall van-ish, And the shad-ows melt a-way. } We are waiting for the morning,  
 of ten thousand, For the Light, the Truth, the Way.



When the beauteous day is dawn-ing; We are waiting for the morning, For the



gold-en spires of day. Lo, He comes! see the King draw near; Zion, shout, the Lord is near.



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## 26.

- 1 We are living, we are dwelling,  
 In a grand and awful time,  
 In an age on ages telling;  
 To be living is sublime.

- 2 Oh! let all the soul within you  
 For the truth's sake go abroad,  
 Strike, let every nerve and sinew  
 Tell on ages, tell for God.



27.

## Let your Lamps be Bright.

St. Alban's Tune Book.

1. Ye serv-ants of the Lord, Each in his of- fice wait,  
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold- en flame;

Ob- serv- ant of His heav'n-ly word And watch-ful at His gate,  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight, For aw- ful is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crown'd.

28.

## Hark, the Glad Sound.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Hark, the glad sound, the Sav- iour comes, The Sav- iour prom- - ised long!  
2. On Him the Spir - it, large- ly pour'd, Ex- erts His sa - cred fire;

Let ev'-ry heart pre- pare a throne, And ev'-ry voice a song.  
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love, His ho- ly breast in - spire.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!  
Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

## 29.

## Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

C. WESLEY.

F. B. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and  
 2. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to

mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con-ciled;" Joyful, all ye na - tions rise,  
 all He brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in His wings; Let us then with an - gels sing,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'angel - ic host proclaim, Christ is born in  
 "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sin - ners

Bethlehem; With th'angel - ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le - hem.  
 re-conciled; Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con-ciled." Amen.



## Our Royal Christmas Gift.

KARL REDEN.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. This was the roy - al gift to men—A sweet and ten - der Child, Re -  
 2. A Son to us was giv'n, and He A child to man-hood grew, A  
 3. He came with-out His crown, and took On earth the low - est place, That

*mf*

pos - ing in His moth-er's arms, In beau - ty un - de - filed. A  
 King - ly Broth - er to us all, Di - vine, and strong, and true. A  
 He might lead tri - umph-ant home A roy - al, ran - somed race. Our

Child, yes, He was born to us, Our Babe of Beth - le - hem, Who,  
 roy - al, prince - ly Child He came, The heir to realms un - known, He  
 Child, our Broth - er, and our King, Our treas - ure and our love, Our

com - ing to our low es - tate, Laid off His di - a - dem.  
 came to bend our hearts to His, And take us to His throne.  
 Guide a - mid these des - ert sands, Our Ad - vo - cate a - bove.

# Our Royal Christmas Gift.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

He is our roy - al Christmas gift, And as we now be - lieve, We  
take the treasure to our hearts, And all His love re - ceive.

31.

## Christ is Born!

JOHN CAWOOD.

C. M. V. WEBER.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?  
2. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant, in hymns of joy,  
3. "Peace on earth, good - will from heav - en, Reach - ing far as man is found;  
Lo! th'an - gel - ic host re - joic - es; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.  
"Glo - ry in the high - est - glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!  
Souls re - deem'd, and sins for - giv - en! Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth His praises sing!  
Oh, receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name, and taste His joy:  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high!"

32.

## Unto Him be Glory.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

I. J. HEFFLEY, by per.

*Cheerfully.*

1. O'er Bethlehem's bright and sun-ny plain, There comes a ho - ly calm,  
 2. Be glo - ry, hon - or un - to Him, Who on this day was born,  
 3. All na - tions catch the glo - ry theme, And our Mes - si - ah praise,  
 4. Far on the list' - ning ear of night, Comes sweet and sa - cred song,

In sol - emn tones there Sha - ron waves Her beauteous trees of palm.  
 With heart and voice join in the strain, This ho - ly sa - cred morn.  
 Let ev' - ry tongue His hon - or speak, And sing in joy - ful lays.  
 The an - gels from their loft - y height, The might - y strain pro - long.

## CHORUS.

Let hills, let hills and vales their voice u-nite, And greet, and  
 Let hills, let hills and vales And greet,

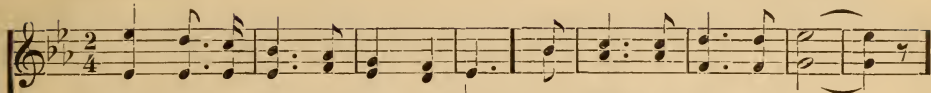
greet with us in loft-y praise, And greet with us in loft - y praise, the  
 And greet

Day-Spring from on high, Be glo - ry, hon - or un - to Him, Who on this day was born.

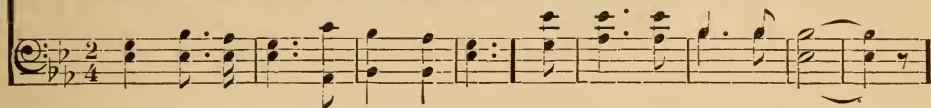
# 33. Joy to the World! the Lord has Come!

ISAAC WATTS.

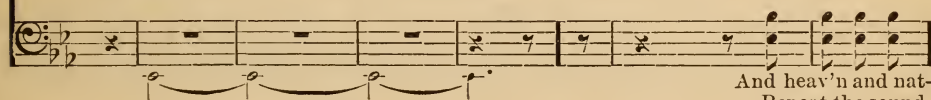
G. F. HANDEL.



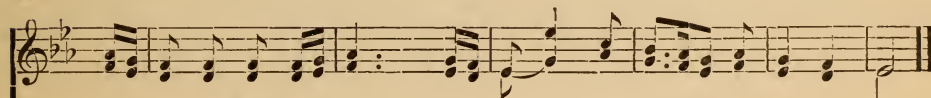
1. Joy to the world! the Lord has come! Let earth re-ceive her King:
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav-iour reigns! Let men their songs em-ploy;
3. No more let sins and sor-rows grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground;
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove



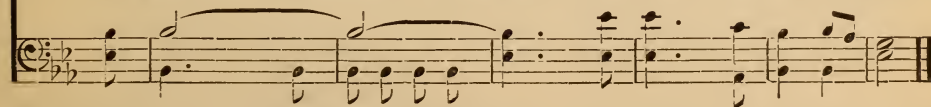
Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare Him room,	And heav'n and nat-ure sing;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,	Re-peat the sound-ing joy;
He comes to make His bless-ings flow,	Far as the curse is found;
The glo-ries of His right-eous-ness,	And won-ders of His love;



And heav'n and nat-  
Repeat the sound-  
Far as the curse  
And wonders of



Let ev'-ry heart pre-pare	Him room,	And heav'n and nat-ure sing.
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,	Re-peat the sounding joy.	
He comes to make His bless - - ings flow,	Far as 'the curse is found.	
The glo-ries of His right - - eous-ness,	And won - ders of His love.	



- ure sing,	And heav'n and nature sing,
- ing joy,	Re-peat the sounding joy,
is found,	Far as the curse is found,
His love,	And wonders of His love,

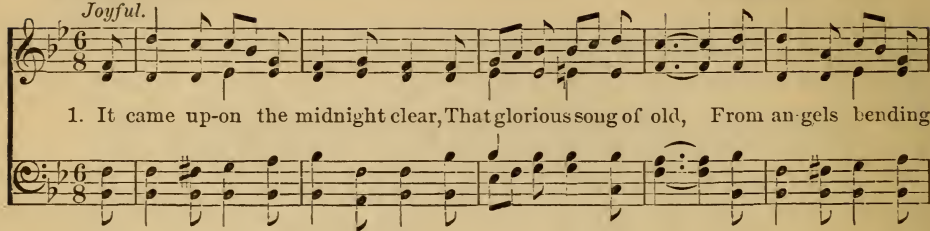


# 34. It came upon the Midnight clear.

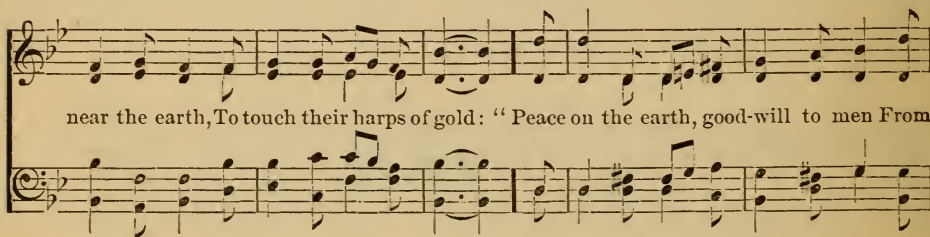
Rev. E. H. SEARS.

R. STORRS WILLIS.

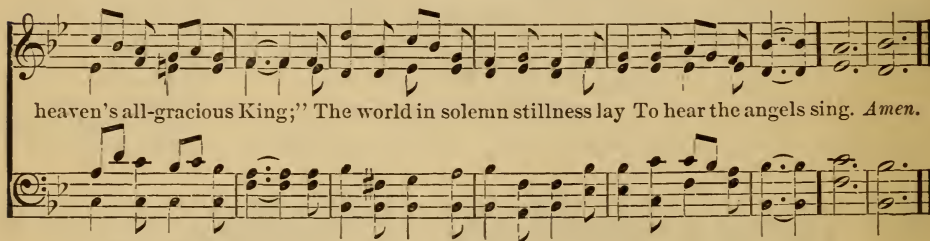
*Joyful.*



1. It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an-gels bending



near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men From



heaven's all-gracious King;" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the angels sing. *Amen.*

From "Select Songs for S. S.," by per.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come  
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds  
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow!

Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

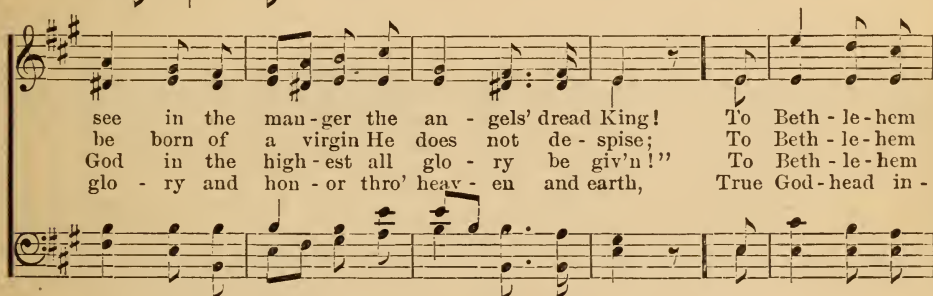
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

## Triumphantly Sing.

J. READING.



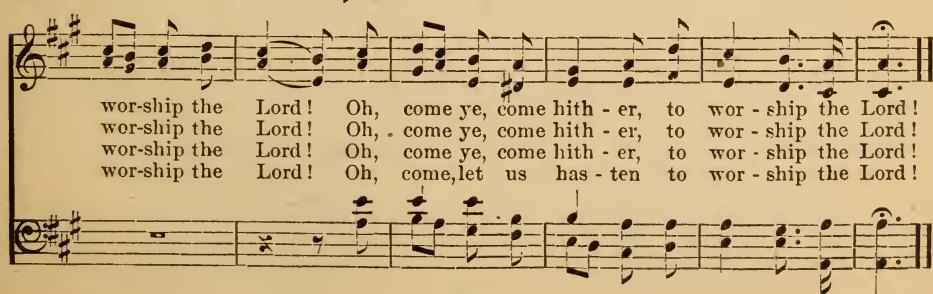
1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - umph-ant - ly sing! Come  
 2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; To  
 3. Hark! hark to the an - gels, all sing - ing in heav'n, "To  
 4. To Thee then, O Je - sus, this day of Thy birth, Be



see in the man-ger the an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le-hem  
 be born of a virgin He does not de - spise; To Beth - le-hem  
 God in the high-est all glo - ry be giv'n!" To Beth - le-hem  
 glo - ry and hon - or thro' heav - en and earth, True God-head in -



has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord; Oh, come ye, come hith - er, to  
 has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord; Oh, come ye, come hith - er, to  
 has - ten with joy - ful ac - cord; Oh, come ye, come hith - er, to  
 car - nate, om - nip - o - tent Word! Oh, come, let us has - ten to



wor-ship the Lord! Oh, come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!  
 wor-ship the Lord! Oh, - come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!  
 wor-ship the Lord! Oh, come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!  
 wor-ship the Lord! Oh, come, let us has - ten to wor - ship the Lord!

Dr. GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav - en, The name before His  
 2. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote this name above Him, That all might see the  
 3. So now, upon His Father's throne, Al-mighty to re-lease us From sin and pains, He  
 4. O Jesus! by that matchless name Thy grace shall fail us nev-er; To-day as yes-ter-

## REFRAIN.

wondrous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.  
 rea-son we For - ev - er-more must love Him.  
 ev - er reigns, The Prince and Sav-iour Je - sus. } We love to sing a-round our King,  
 - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er.

All hail Him blessed Jesus; For there's no word ear ever heard So dear, so sweet as "Jesus."

Copyright, 1861, in "Golden Chain." By per.

Tune—DORT. 6s, 4s.

- 1 Glory to God on high!  
 Let heaven and earth reply,  
 "Praise ye His name!"  
 His love and grace adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore;  
 Sing loud forevermore,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

- 2 Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless:  
 Praise ye His name!  
 In Him we will rejoice,  
 And make a joyful noise,  
 Shouting with heart and voice,  
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

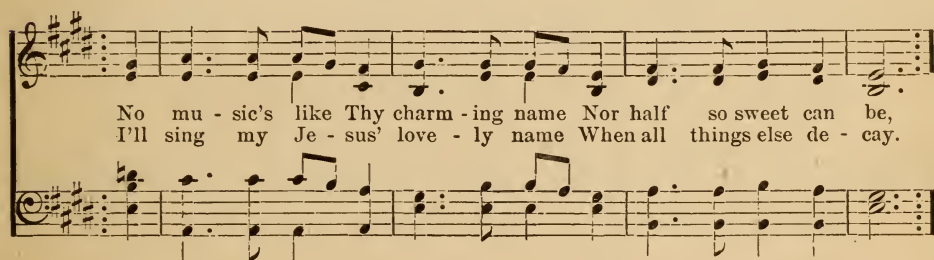
# 38. Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!

Rev. JOHN CERNICK.

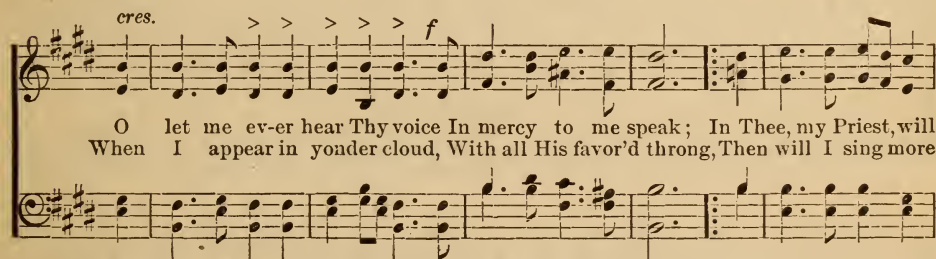
Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.



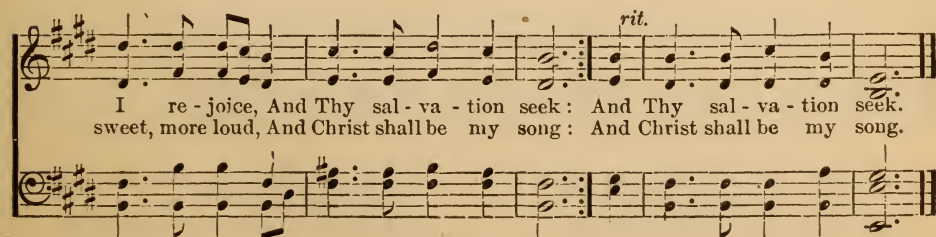
1. Thou dear Re - deem-er, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of Thee;  
2. My Je - sus shall be still my theme While on this earth I stay;



No mu - sic's like Thy charm - ing name Nor half so sweet can be,  
I'll sing my Je - sus' love - ly name When all things else de - cay.



O let me ev-er hear Thy voice In mercy to me speak; In Thee, my Priest, will  
When I appear in yonder cloud, With all His favor'd throng, Then will I sing more



I re - joice, And Thy sal - va - tion seek: And Thy sal - va - tion seek.  
sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song: And Christ shall be my song.



39.

## Thy Name alone can Save.

Arranged for this work.

1. There is a name di - vine - ly sweet, That melts the heart to love,  
2. That name, de - vo - tion's flame in - spires In ev' - ry grate - ful breast;

Sav - iour, Thine the pre - cious name That melts the hearts to love;

FINE.

And wakes the high - est note of praise From an - gel choirs a - bove;  
And through its all - pre - vail - ing pow'r We hope and look for rest;

And wakes the high - est note of praise From an - gel choirs a - bove.

It guides the mourn - ing wand'rer home, It calms the troub - led wave;  
It brings us near the throne of grace By faith and earn - est prayer;

In all the realms, be - low the skies, No oth - er name can save.  
It brings to ev' - ry wait - ing soul A Fa - ther's bless - ing there. Dear

3 The saints redeemed with one accord  
Thy name in glory sing;  
And o'er the radiant field of light  
Their loud hosannas ring.

Eternal Father, Source of Light,  
Inspire our grateful lays;  
And teach our hearts in nobler strains,  
That blessed name to praise.

S. L. HARKEY, D.D.

*Slow.*

1. Je - sus! name of won-drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove;  
 2. Je - sus! name of price - less worth, To the fall - en sons of earth,  
 3. Je - sus! name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child,

Name at which must ev' - ry knee, Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.  
 For the prom - ise that it gave, — Je - sus shall His peo - ple save.  
 When the cup of hu - man woe, First He tast - ed here be - low.

REFRAIN. *A little faster.*

Sound the name sweetly, ye seraphs a - bove! Sing it a - bove, sing it a - bove;

Let the whole u - ni - verse tell of His love, Tell of the Saviour's love.

From "Songs of Beulah," by per.

4 Jesus! only name that's given  
 Under all the mighty heaven,  
 Whereby man to sin enslaved,  
 Bursts his fetters and is saved. — REF.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love,  
 Human name of Him above;  
 Pleading only this we flee,  
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee. — REF.

## 41.

## The Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.  
 If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.

## CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of  
 Precious name, O how sweet!

heav'n, Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

Copyright, 1871, by Biglow &amp; Main. By per.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
 How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 When His loving arms receive us,  
 And His songs our tongues employ!—CHO

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
 Falling prostrate at His feet;  
 King of Kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,  
 When our journey is complete.—CHO.

42.

## Jesus, Thy Name I love.

J. G. DECK.

J. P. HOLBROOK.

4/4

1. Je-sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names a-bove, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art  
 2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, how great  
 3. When un-to, Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref-uge be, Je-sus, my Lord! What need I  
 4. Soon Thou wilt come again! I shall be hap-py then, Je-sus, my Lord! Then Thine own

all to me! Noth-ing to please I see, Noth-ing apart from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord!  
 is Thy love, All oth-er loves a-bove, Love that I dai-ly prove, Je-sus, my Lord!  
 now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ev-er near? Je-sus, my Lord!  
 face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then evermore with Thee, Je-sus, my Lord!

43.

## Sweet Name of Jesus.

G. KINGSLEY.

3/2

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!  
 2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the troub-led breast;  
 3. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid-ing-place;

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.  
 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.  
 My nev-er-fail-ing Treas-ury, filled With boundless stores of grace.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought;  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,  
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;  
 And may the music of Thy name  
 Refresh my soul in death.

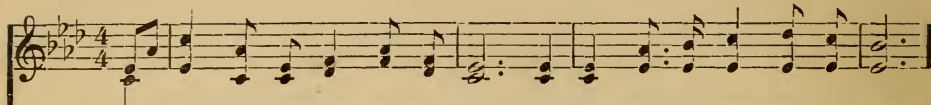


44.

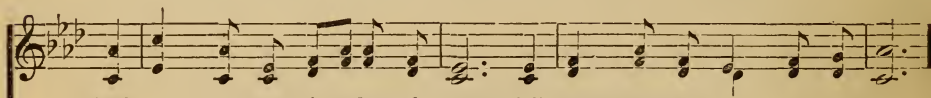
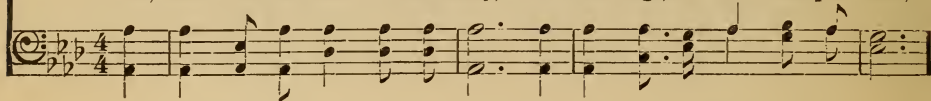
## The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

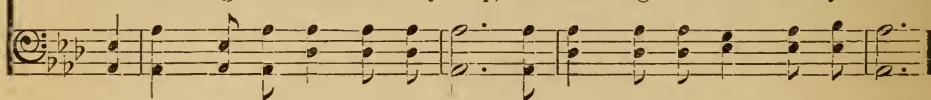
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



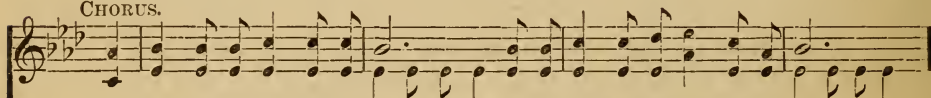
1. Oh, sometimes the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,  
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea - ry my feet;  
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or bless-ings, or sor - rows pre - vail;



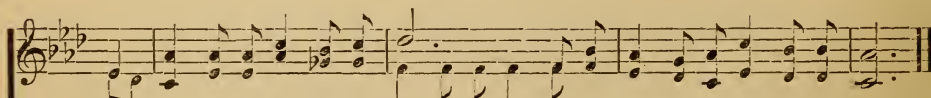
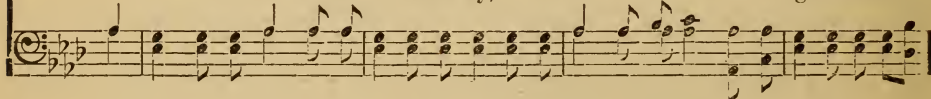
- And sor - rows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down o - ver the soul.  
 But toil - ing in life's dust - y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad - ow, how sweet!  
 Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.



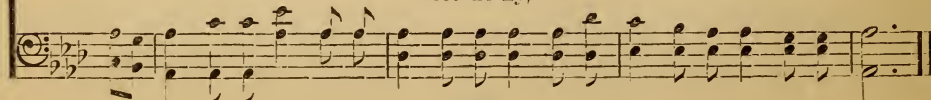
## CHORUS.



- Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I:  
 let me fly, high-er than I:



- Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high er than I.  
 let me fly,



45.

## Jesus! Name of Wondrous Love!

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Je - sus! Name of wondrous love! Name all oth - er names a - - bove!  
 2. Je - sus! Name of price- less worth To the fall - en sons of earth,  
 3. Je - sus! Name of mer - cy mild, Giv - en to the ho - ly Child,

Un - to which must ev' - ry knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty.  
 For the prom - ise that it gave— "Je - sus shall His peo - ple save."  
 When the cup of hu - man woe First He tast - ed here be - low.

4 Jesus! only Name that's given  
 Under all the mighty heaven,  
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
 Human name of God above;  
 Pleading only this we flee,  
 Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

46.

- 1 Jesus, save my dying soul,  
 Make the broken spirit whole;  
 Humbled in the dust I lie;  
 Saviour, leave me not to die.
- 2 Jesus, full of ev'ry grace,  
 Now reveal Thy smiling face;  
 Grant the joy of sin forgiven,  
 Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.
- 3 All my guilt to Thee is known—  
 Thou art righteous, Thou alone;  
 All my help is from Thy cross;  
 All besides I count but loss.
- 4 Lord, in Thee I now believe;  
 Wilt Thou—wilt Thou not forgive?  
 Helpless at Thy feet I lie;  
 Saviour, leave me not to die.

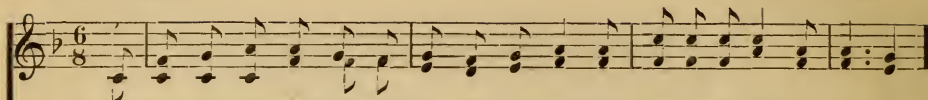
47.

- 1 Sing, my soul, His wondrous love,  
 Who, from yon bright throne above,  
 Ever watchful o'er our race,  
 Still to man extends His grace.
- 2 Heaven and earth by Him were made,  
 All is by His sceptre swayed;  
 What are we that He should show  
 So much love to us below!
- 3 God, the merciful and good,  
 Bought us with the Saviour's blood;  
 And, to make our safety sure,  
 Guides us by His Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore His name,  
 Let His glory be thy theme;  
 Praise Him till He calls thee home,  
 Trust His love for all to come.

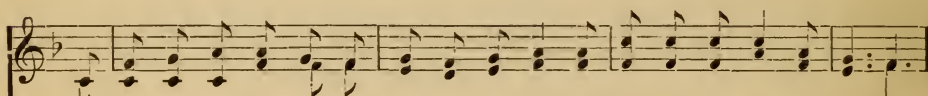
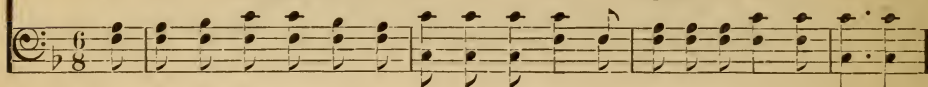
# 48. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. BLISS.

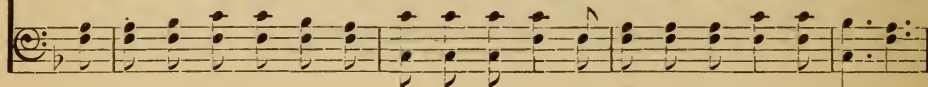
P. P. BLISS.



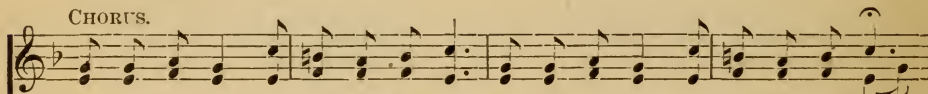
1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Je - sus.
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a-bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
3. Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the world is Je - sus.



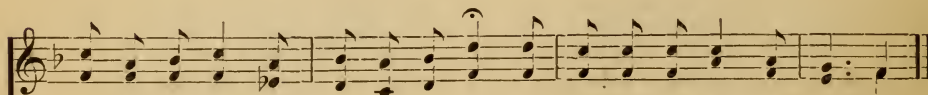
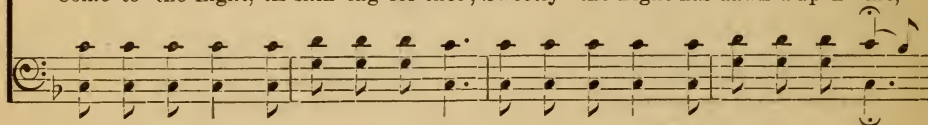
Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
Go, wash, at His bid-ding, and light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
The Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold, The Light of the world is Je - sus.



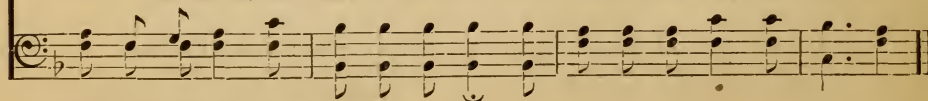
## CHORUS.



Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me,



Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.



49.

## As with Gladness Men of old.

W. C. DIX.

CONRAD KOCHER.

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold ;  
 2. As they of-fered gifts most rare At that man-ger, rude and bare,  
 3. Ho-ly Je-sus, ev'-ry day Keep us in the nar-row way ;

As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright :  
 So may we with ho-ly joy, Pure and free from sin's al-loy,  
 And, when earth-ly things are past, Bring our ran-somed souls at last

So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee.  
 All our cost-liest treasures bring, Christ! to Thee, our heav'nly King.  
 Where they need no star to guide, Where no clouds Thy glo-ry hide. *A - men.*

50.

Tune—ALEXANDER. L. M.

- 1 O Christ, our true and only Light,  
 Illumine those who sit in night ;  
 Let those afar now hear Thy voice,  
 And in Thy fold with us rejoice.
- 2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace  
 The souls new lost in error's maze,  
 And all, O Lord, whose secret minds  
 Some dark delusion hurts and binds.

- 3 And all who else have strayed from Thee,  
 O gently seek! Thy healing be  
 To every wounded conscience given,  
 And let them also share Thy heaven.
- 4 So they with us may evermore  
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore,  
 And endless praise to Thee be given,  
 By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

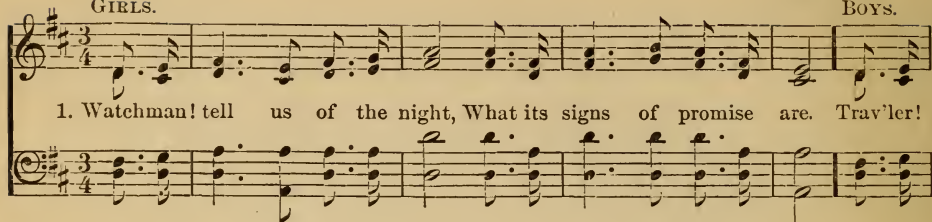


# 51. Watchman! Tell us of the Night.

L. MASON.

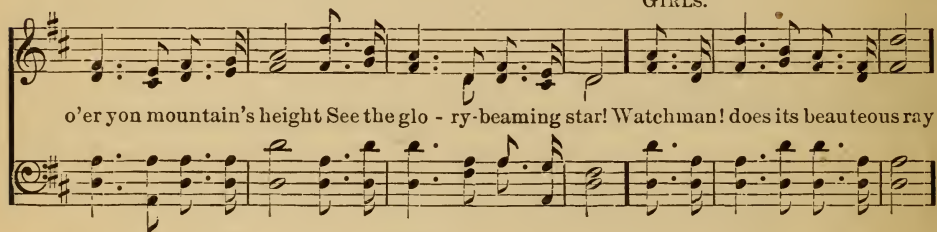
GIRLS.

BOYS.



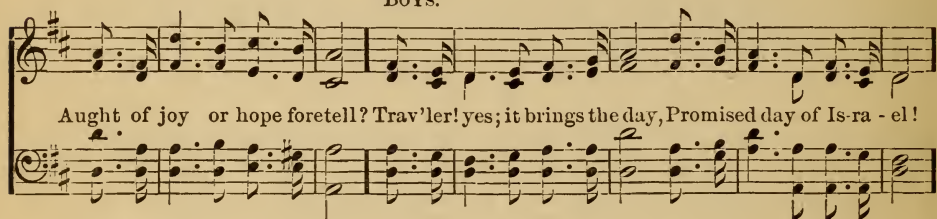
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler!

GIRLS.



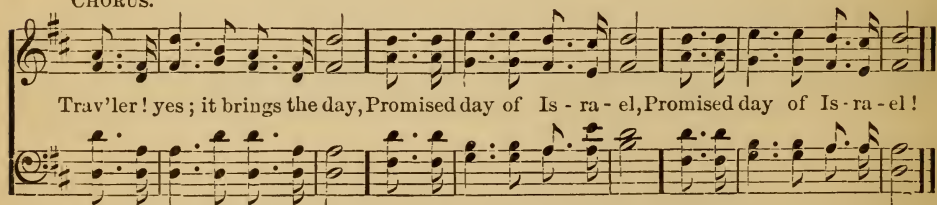
o'er yon mountain's height See the glo - ry-beaming star! Watchman! does its beauteous ray

BOYS.



Aught of joy or hope foretell? Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el!

CHORUS.



Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el, Promised day of Is-ra-el!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends.  
Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Trav'ler! ages are its own;  
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God, is come!

## Brightest and Best.

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our  
 2. Cold on His era - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies His  
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of

dark - ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -  
 head with the beasts of the stall: An - gels a - dore Him in  
 E - dom, and off' - rings di - vine? Gems of the mount - ain, and

ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.  
 slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all!  
 pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

# 53. Bright was the Guiding Star that Led.

F. J. HAYDN.

1 Bright was the guid - ing star that led, With mild, be - nig - nant ray,  
 2. But lo! a bright - er, clear - er light Now points to His a - bode;  
 3. O haste to fol - low where it leads, His gra - cious call o - bey!  
 4. O glad - ly tread the nar - row path, While light and grace are giv'n!

The Gen - tiles to the low - ly shed Where the Re - deem - er lay.  
 It shines thro' sin and sor - row's night, To guide us to our God.  
 Be rug - ged wilds, or flow' - ry meads, The Chris - tian's des - tined way.  
 For those who fol - low Christ on earth Shall reign with Him in heav'n.

## 54. Tune—ALEXANDER. L. M.

- 1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh;  
Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings of the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;  
Make straight the way for God within;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty Guest may come.
- 3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,  
Our Refuge and our great Reward;  
Without Thy grace we waste away  
Like flowers that wither and decay.
- 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

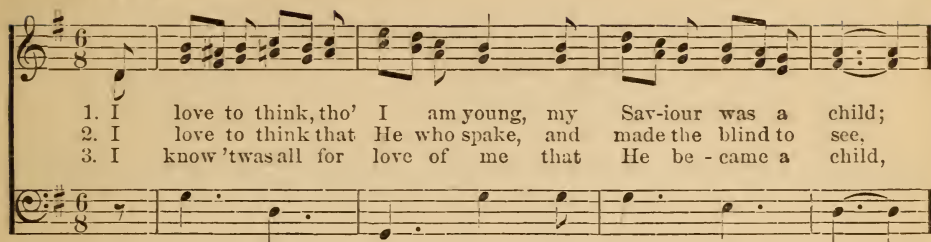
## 55. Tune—HEMINGFORD. S. M.

- 1 O Saviour of our race,  
Welcome indeed Thou art,  
Blessed Redeemer, Fount of grace,  
To this my longing heart.
- 2 Light of the world, abide  
Through faith within my heart;  
Leave me to seek no other guide,  
Nor e'er from Thee depart.
- 3 Thou art the Life, O Lord!  
Sole Light of life Thou art!  
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured  
In vain on my dark heart.
- 4 Star of the East, arise!  
Drive all my clouds away;  
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies  
Into the perfect day.

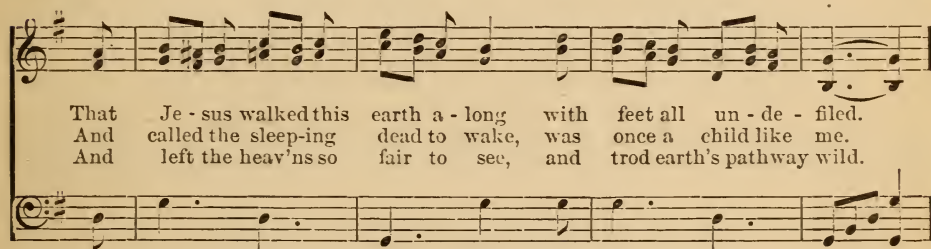
# 53. I love to Think, though I am Young.

E. PAXTON HOOD.

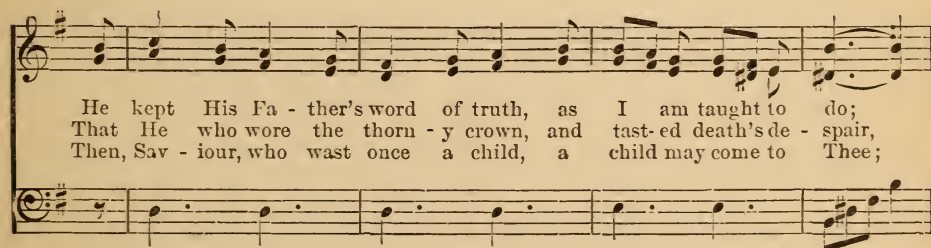
B. L.



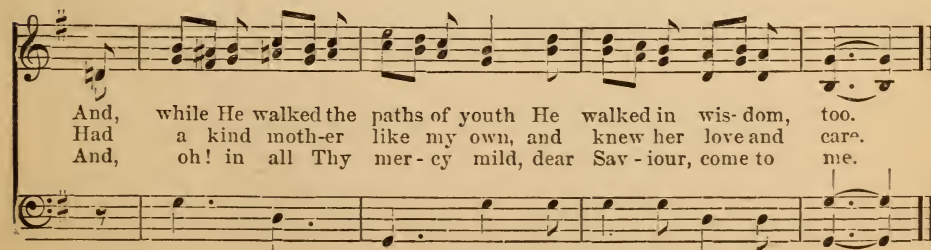
1. I love to think, tho' I am young, my Sav-iour was a child;  
 2. I love to think that He who spake, and made the blind to see,  
 3. I know 'twas all for love of me that He be - came a child,



That Je - sus walked this earth a - long with feet all un - de - filed.  
 And called the sleep-ing dead to wake, was once a child like me.  
 And left the heav'ns so fair to see, and trod earth's pathway wild.



He kept His Fa - ther's word of truth, as I am taught to do;  
 That He who wore the thorn - y crown, and tast-ed death's de - spair,  
 Then, Sav - iour, who wast once a child, a child may come to Thee;



And, while He walked the paths of youth He walked in wis - dom, too.  
 Had a kind moth-er like my own, and knew her love and care.  
 And, oh! in all Thy mer - cy mild, dear Sav - iour, come to me.



57.

## Christian Children.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. We are lit - tle Chris - tian chil - dren; Christ, the Son of God most high,  
 2. We are lit - tle Chris - tian chil - dren; God the Ho - ly Ghost is here,  
 3. We are lit - tle Chris - tian chil - dren, Saved by Him who loved us most;

With His pre - cious blood re - deem'd us, Dy - ing that we might not die.  
 Dwell - ing in our hearts, to make us Kind and ho - ly, good and dear.  
 We be - lieve in God Al - mighty, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

58.

## Christian Children must be Holy.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. Chris - tian chil - dren must be ho - ly, Serv - ing God from day to day;  
 2. He who is our great Ex - am - ple, Let no mo - ment run to loss;  
 3. Soon He sor - row'd, soon He suf - fer'd; We must meek and gen - tle be,  
 4. Soon He show'd a Son's o - be - dience; We must ear - ly learn to do

Nev - er is the time too ear - ly For a Chris - tian to o - bey.  
 Not one pre - cious hour He wast - ed From the cra - dle to the Cross.  
 Lit - tle pain and child - ish tri - al Ev - er bear - ing pa - tient - ly.  
 Not our own will, but our Fa - ther's, And be found o - be - dient, too.

1. O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How greet Thee, Lord, a - right?  
 2. Thy Zi - on palms is strew - ing, And branch - es fresh and fair;

All na - tions long to see Thee, My hope, my heart's de - light!  
 My heart, its powers re - new - ing, An an - them shall pre - pare.

O kin - dle, Lord, most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast,  
 My soul puts off her sad - ness Thy glo - ries to pro - claim;

To do in spirit low - ly All that may please Thee best.  
 With all her strength and gladness She fain would serve Thy Name.

3 Love caused Thy Incarnation,  
 Love brought Thee down to me  
 Thy thirst for my salvation  
 Procured my liberty.  
 O Love beyond all telling,  
 That led Thee to embrace,  
 In love all love excelling,  
 Our lost and fallen race!

4 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,  
 Who sit in deepest gloom,  
 Who mourn o'er joys departed,  
 And tremble at your doom:  
 He who alone can cheer you,  
 Is standing at the door,  
 He brings His pity near you,  
 And bids you weep no more.

60.

## Ride on! Ride on in Majesty!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho -  
 2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride  
 3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies

*cres.*  
 san - na cry! Thine hum - ble beast pur - sues his road, With palms and  
 to die! O Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive  
 of the skies Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see th'ap -

*dim.* *cres.*  
 scat - ter'd garments strow'd: Thine hum - ble beast pursues his road, With palms and  
 death and con - quer'd sin: O Christ, Thy triumphs now be - gin O'er cap - tive  
 proach - ing sac - ri - fice: Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see th'ap -

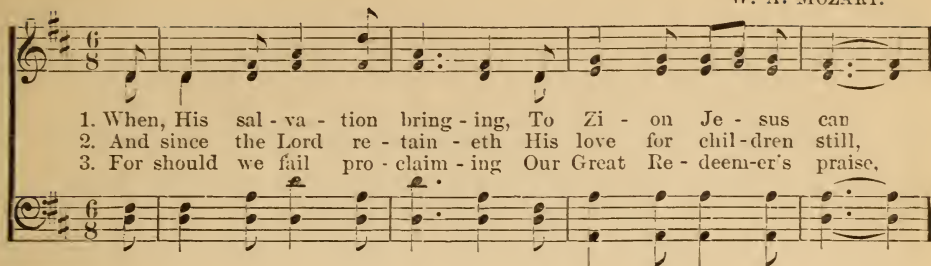
*dim.* *rit.*  
 scat - ter'd gar - ments strow'd: With palms and scat - ter'd garments strow'd.  
 death and con - quer'd sin: O'er cap - tive death and con - quer'd sin.  
 proach - ing sac - ri - fice: To see th'ap - proach - ing sac - ri - fice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
 The Father on His sapphire throne  
 Awaits His own anointed Son:  
 Awaits His own, etc.

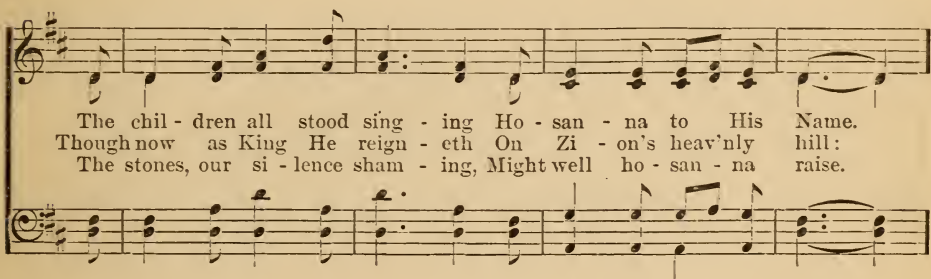
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
 In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
 Then take, O God, Thy power and reign:  
 Then take, O God, etc.

## When His Salvation Bringing.

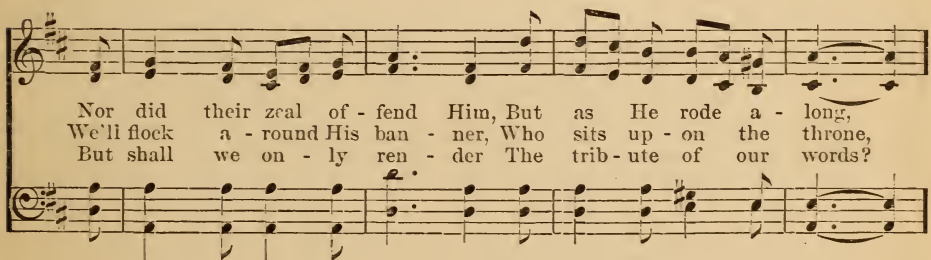
W. A. MOZART.



1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus can  
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still,  
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our Great Re - deem - er's praise,



The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name.  
 Though now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'nly hill:  
 The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Might well ho - san - na raise.

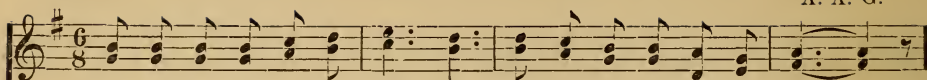


Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,  
 We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne,  
 But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?

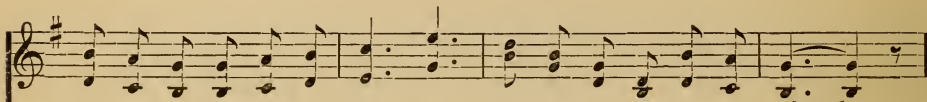
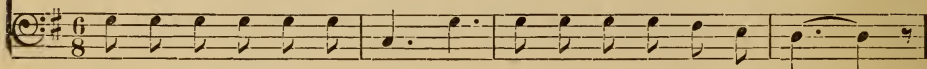


He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.  
 And cry a - loud "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son."  
 No! while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, shall be the Lord's.

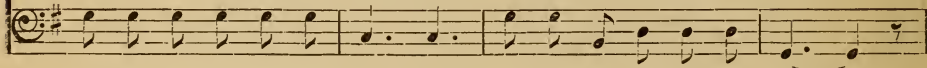




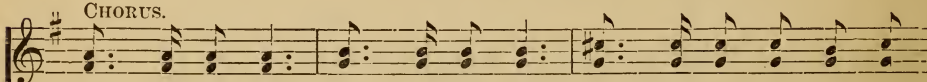
1. Je - sus, how can I but love Thee, Je - sus, so lov - ing and mild!  
 2. There in the day of Thy an - guish, Mock'd by the guilt-y a - round,  
 3. Where are the friends that clung to Thee? Thee they would never dis - own!



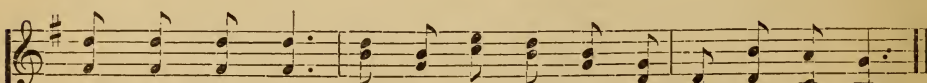
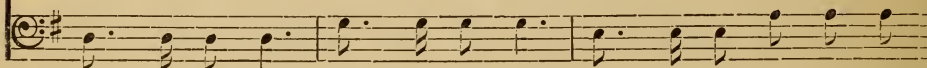
How can Thy cross fail to move me? There didst Thou die for a child.  
 There didst Thou suffer and lan - guish, Bleed-ing from ma - ny a wound.  
 Now from a dis - tance they view Thee Tread-ing the wine-press a - lone.



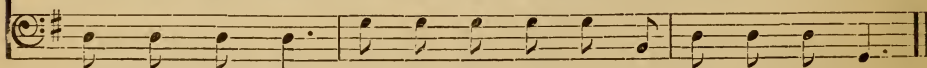
## CHORUS.



Love of the heart, praise of the tongue, Je - sus my Sav - iour de -



- serves from the young, Je - sus my Sav - iour de - serves from the young.



From "Happy Voices," by per.

- 4 Help me, my Saviour, to love Thee  
 Though Thy dear name is reviled;  
 Then at Thy bar I shall prove Thee  
 Saviour and Friend of Thy child.—CHO.

- 5 In that dear cross would I glory  
 Which the proud world may despise,  
 And let the wonderful story  
 Tune my sweet harp in the skies.—CHO.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,  
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God,  
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;  
 4. Were the whole realm of nat-ure mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

## 64. Tune—ADDISON. S. M.

- 1 Behold th' amazing sight,  
The Saviour lifted high!  
Behold the Son of God's delight  
Expire in agony!
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,  
Were all these sorrows borne?  
Why did He feel that piercing smart,  
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us He bled,  
And all in torture died;  
'Twas love that bow'd His fainting head,  
And ope'd His gushing side.
- 4 In sympathy of love  
Let all the earth combine;  
And, drawn by cords so gentle, prove  
The energy divine.
- 5 In Him our hearts unite,  
Nor share His griefs alone,  
But from His cross pursue their flight  
To His triumphant throne.

## 65. Tune—ADDISON. S. M.

- 1 Our heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now;  
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,  
To Thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply  
While by Thy word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,  
From Satan's wiles, defend;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine shall forever be  
Glory and power divine;  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

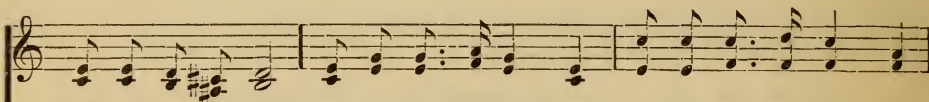
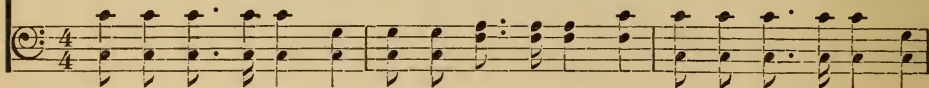
## Bringing in the Sheaves.

J. H. FILMORE.

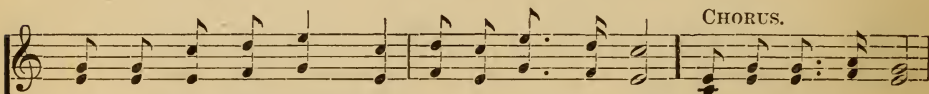
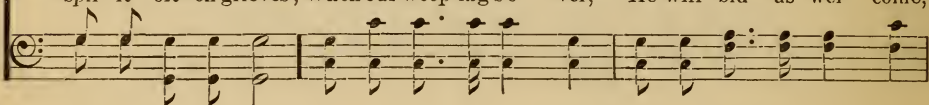
GEO. A. MINOR, by per.



1. Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide
2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

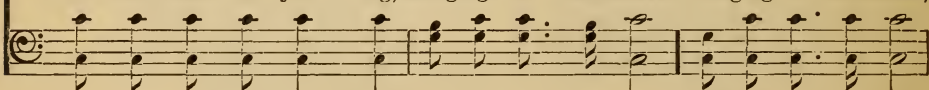


and the dew - y eyes; Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,  
win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,  
spir-it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

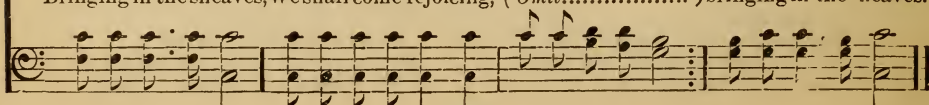


## CHORUS.

We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.  
We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,  
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, ( Omit..... ) bringing in the sheaves.



## He Lives Again.

B. F. ALLEMAN, D.D., by per.

1. How calm and beau-ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sacred tomb, Where Christ the cruci-  
 2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev'ry tear For your de-part-ed Lord: "Be-hold the place, He  
 3. How tranquil now the ris-ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still appears, A ris-en Lord, to  
 4. And when the shades of evening fall, When life's last hour draws nigh, If Je-sus shines up-

fied was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom! O weep no more were Sav-iour slain, The  
 is not here!" The tomb is all un-barr'd: The gates of death were closed in vain, The  
 chase a-way Your un-be-liev-ing fears: O weep no more your comfort slain, The  
 on the soul, How bliss-ful then to die! Since He hath ris'n that once was slain, Ye

## CHORUS.

Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.  
 Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.  
 Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He  
 die in Christ to live a - gain.

lives a - - gain; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He lives a - - gain.



S. H. THAYER.

H. KINGSBURY.

1. "He is ris'n, He is not here; Seek Him not a - mong the dead: He is  
 2. He is ris'n, He is not here; On the earth He walks no more; All His  
 3. He is ris'n, He is not here—Not in - deed to mor - tal eyes; But we

liv - ing, do not fear," So the white-robed angel said. He hath conquer'd ev'ry foe, He hath  
 tri - als, all His toils, All His grief and shame are o'er; All His purpose is ful-filled, All His  
 all who die with Him, Shall again with Him a - rise. 'Tis in Him a-lone we live; And be -

shown His pow'r to save, When He took the sting from death And the victory from the grave.  
 work on earth is done: He whom sinners put to death Sitteth on the great white throne.  
 cause He lives a - gain—Blessed promise, glorious hope!—We shall with Him live and reign.

## CHORUS.

Then with one heart and voice Let all the earth re - joice; Let all the liv - ing

“He is Risen.”—Concluded.

join the strain, And an - gels shout it back a - gain: The Lord is ris'n!

The Lord is ris'n! Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, re - joice!

69. Tell me, Whom my Soul doth Love.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Tell me, whom my soul doth love, Where Thy flocks are feed - ing;  
2. Tell me, shel - ter'd from the heat, Where at noon they rest them;

Where the past - ures which they rove—Thou their foot - steps lead - ing?  
Where at night their safe re - treat—Fold where none mo - lest them?

3 Strong is Thy protecting arm;  
Richly Thou providest;  
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—  
Blest the flock Thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my defence;  
Let no foe ensnare me;  
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—  
In Thy bosom bear me.

## God hath sent His Angels.

*Lively.*

1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bringing joy - ful tid - ings  
 2. In the dreadful des - ert, where the Lord was tried, There the faithful an - gels  
 3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still, Who, in light and dark - ness,

TREBLES.

to the sons of men. They who first at Christmas, throng'd the heav'nly way,  
 gath - er'd at His side. And when in the gar - den, grief and pain and care  
 did His Father's will. And the tomb de - sert - ed shin - eth like the sky,

CHORUS.

Now beside the tomb - door sit on East - er day.  
 Bow'd Him down with anguish, they were with Him there. } Angels, sing His tri - umph,  
 Since He pass'd out from it in - to vic - to - ry.

*Slower.*

as you sang His birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," "Peace, good-will on earth."

- 4 Father, send Thine angels unto us, we pray;  
 Leave us not to wander, all along our way,  
 Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,  
 Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.

71.

## He is Risen! He is Risen!

C. F. ALEXANDER.

1. { He is ris - en! He is ris - en! Tell it with a joy - ful voice; }  
 { He has burst His three days' pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice; }  
 2. { Tell it to the sin - ners, weep - ing O - ver deeds in dark - ness done, }  
 { Wea - ry fast and vig - il keep - ing, Bright - ly breaks their East - er sun; }

Death is con - quer'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry.  
 Blood can wash all sins a - way, Christ has con - quer'd hell to - day.

3 He is risen! He is risen!

He has ope'd th' eternal gate;  
 We are free from sin's dark prison,

Risen to a holier state;

Soon a brighter Easter beam  
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

72.

## Morning Breaks Upon the Tomb.

W. B. COLLYER.

1. Morn - ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus scat - ters all its gloom;  
 2. Ye who are of death a - fraid, Tri - umph in the scat - ter'd shade;  
 3. Chris - tian, dry your flow - ing tears, Chase your un - be - liev - ing fears;

Day of tri - umph thro' the skies, See the glo - rious Sav - iour rise.  
 Drive your anx - ious cares a - way, See the place where Je - sus lay!  
 Look on His de - sert - ed grave, Doubt no more His pow'r to save.



Rev. WM. E. FISCHER, by per.

*With Spirit.*

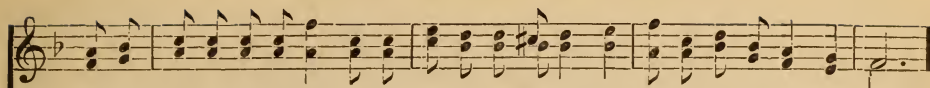
1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, let us sing! Sons of men and an-gels,  
 2. See the vanquish'd hosts of hell flee a-way! In the pres-ence of our  
 3. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, let us sing! He the grave has con-se-

crown Him now your King! Raise your voi-ces high to Him now in praise,  
 King they can-not stay; They had thought to hold him fast with their seals,  
 crat-ed, as our King; He hath ris-en, and we too thus shall rise

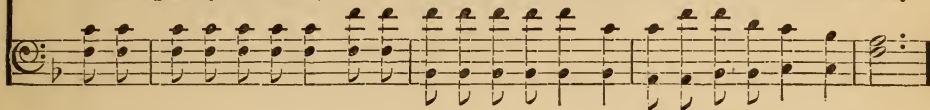
Sing-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus lives! Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Fought the  
 Shatt'ring them He but His pow'r re-veals. O-pen stands to mor-tal eye The burst  
 To be with Him ev-er in the skies. When we sleep, 'tis not to die, But to

fight, the bat-tle won, Je-sus ris-es vic-tor o-ver death and hell.  
 grave in which there lie, Fold-ed care-ful-ly, the "lin-en clothes" a-side.  
 rise and go on high Whith-er Je-sus hath Him-self prepared the way;

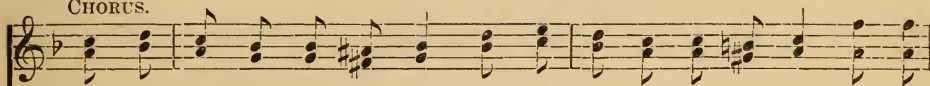
## Christ is Risen.—Concluded.



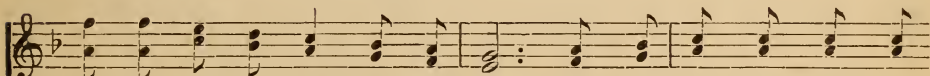
Let us sing with glad acclaim! And the story ev-er tell, That Je-sus as our Conqu'rer came!  
 Let us raise our voices high Till they cleave the vaulted sky, In Christ we now may all abide.  
 Let us glad-ly follow on, Till our work below is done, Then shall we dwell in endless day.



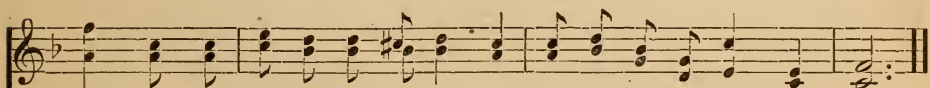
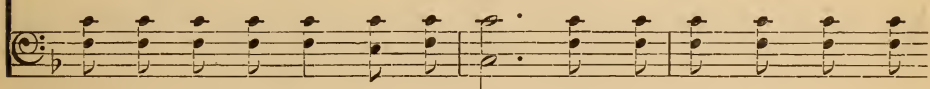
### CHORUS.



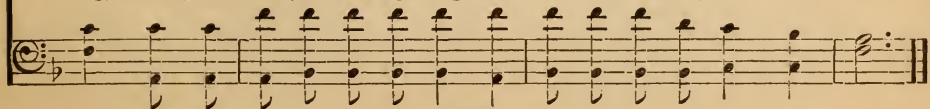
Hal - le - lu - jah let us sing! Let the earth with prais - es ring, Hal - le -



- lu - jah, Je - sus lives, lives to - day! Lives a - gain our glo - rious

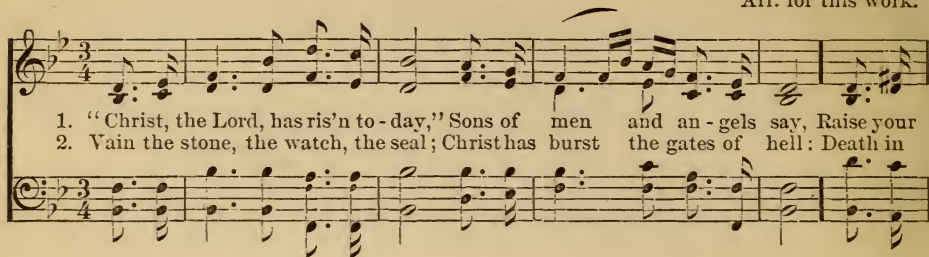


King, Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Sing hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus lives!

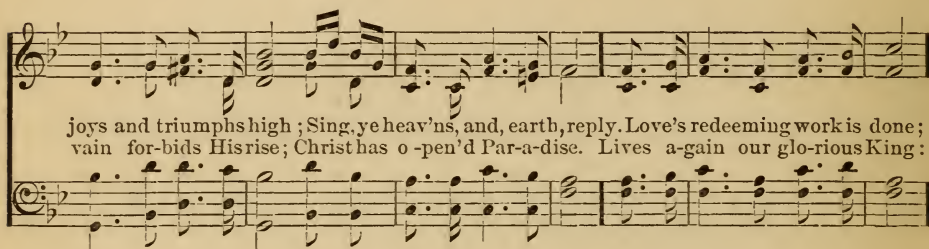


# 74. Christ, the Lord, has Risen to-day.

FRANZ ABT.  
Arr. for this work.

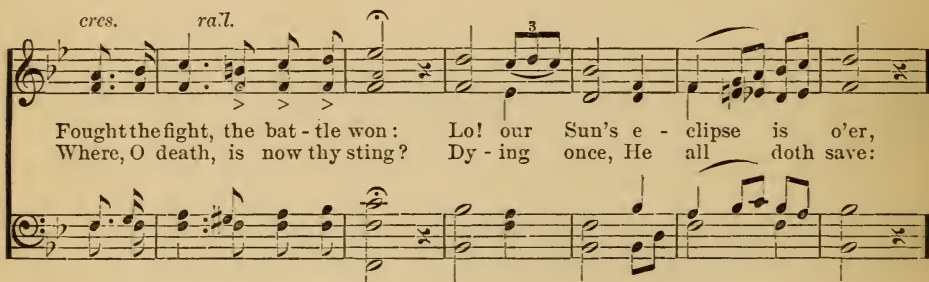


1. "Christ, the Lord, has ris'n to-day," Sons of men and an-gels say, Raise your  
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ has burst the gates of hell: Death in

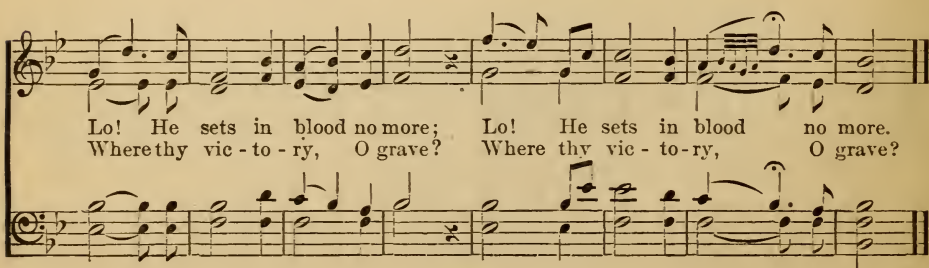


joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and, earth, reply. Love's redeeming work is done;  
vain for-bids His rise; Christ has o-pen'd Par-a-dise. Lives a-gain our glo-rious King:

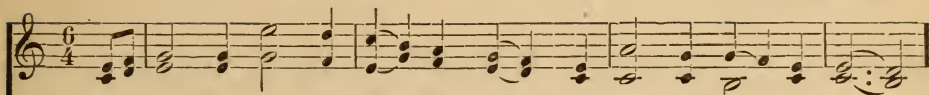
*cres.* *ra.l.*



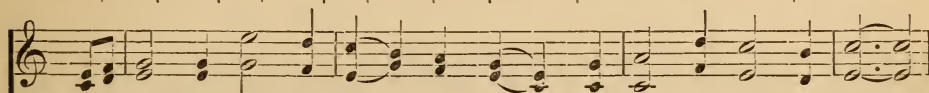
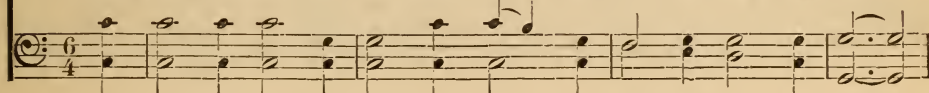
Fought the fight, the bat-tle won: Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er,  
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Dy-ing once, He all doth save:



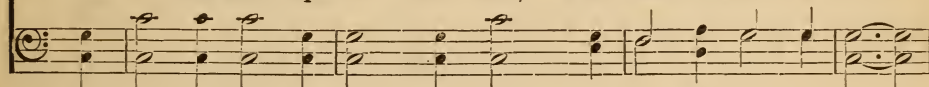
Lo! He sets in blood no more; Lo! He sets in blood no more.  
Where thy vic-to-ry, O grave? Where thy vic-to-ry, O grave?



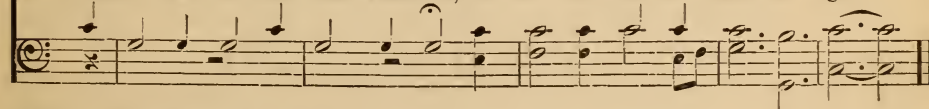
1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn That gilds the sa - cred tomb,  
 2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev' - ry tear For your de - part - ed Lord;  
 3. How tran - quil now the ris - ing day! 'Tis Je - sus still ap - pears,  
 4. And when the shades of ev' - ning fall, When life's last hour draws nigh,



Where once the Cru - ci - fied was borne, And veil'd in mid - night gloom.  
 "Be - hold the place, He is not here," The tomb is all un - barr'd;  
 A ris - en Lord, to chase a - way Your un - be - liev - ing fears:  
 If Je - sus shine up - on the soul, How bliss - ful then to die:



Oh, weep no more the Sav - iour slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.  
 The gates of death were clos'd in vain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.  
 Oh, weep no more your com - forts slain, The Lord is ris'n, He lives a - gain.  
 Since He has ris'n who once was slain, Ye die in Christ to live a - gain.



## 76.

Tune—CRUCIFIX. 7s, 6s.

- 1 The day of Resurrection!  
 Earth! tell it out abroad!  
 The Passover of gladness,  
 The Passover of God!  
 From death to Life eternal,  
 From earth unto the sky,  
 Our Christ hath brought us over,  
 With hymns of victory.
- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection light:

And listening to His accents,  
 May hear, so calm and plain,  
 His own "All hail!"—and hearing,  
 May raise the victor strain.

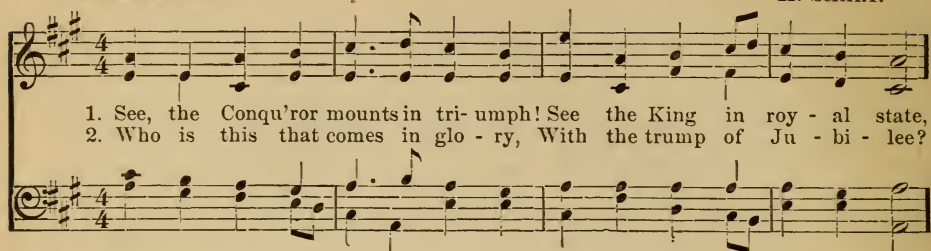
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful!  
 Let earth her song begin!  
 Let the round world keep triumph,  
 And all that is therein:  
 In grateful exultation  
 Their notes let all things blend,  
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
 Our Joy that hath no end.



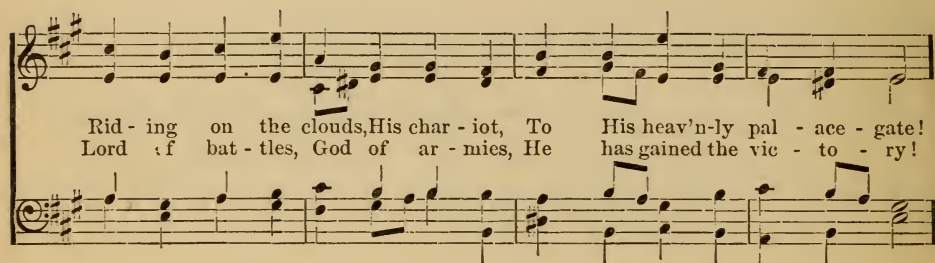
# 77. See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph!

C. WORDSWORTH.

H. SMART.



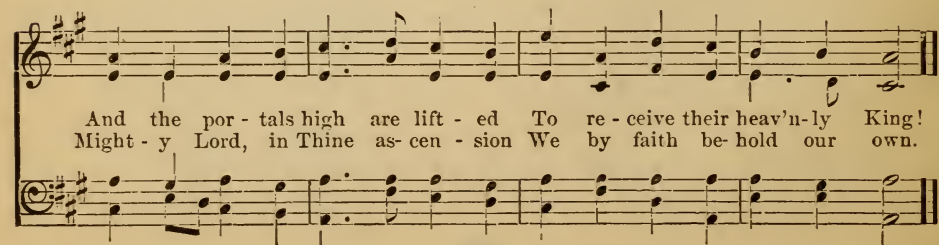
1. See, the Conqu'ror mounts in tri-umph! See the King in roy - al state,  
2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of Ju - bi - lee?



Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav'n-ly pal - ace - gate!  
Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry!



Hark! the choirs of an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful Hal - le - le - jahs sing,  
Je - sus reigns, a - dored by an - gels; Man with God is on the throne:



And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their heav'n-ly King!  
Might - y Lord, in Thine as - cen - sion We by faith be - hold our own.

78.

## Rise, Glorious Conqueror.

M. BRIDGES.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

1. Rise, glo - rious Con - qu'ror, rise In - to Thy na - tive skies—  
 2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell! Cher - u - bic le - gions swell  
 3. En - ter, In - car - nate God! No feet but Thine have trod  
 4. Li - on of Ju - dah, hail! And let Thy name pre - vail,

As - sume Thy right; And where in many a fold The clouds are  
 The ra - diant train: Prais - es all heav'n in - spire; Each an - gel  
 The ser - pent down. Blow the full trum - pets, blow; Wid - er yon  
 From age to age; Lord of the roll - ing years, Claim for Thine

back - ward roll'd—Pass through the gates of gold And reign in light.  
 sweeps his lyre, And sounds Thy prais - es higher, Thou Lamb once slain!  
 por - tals throw; Sav - iour, tri - umph - ant go, And take Thy crown.  
 own the spheres, For Thou hast bought with tears Thy her - it - age.

Copyright, 1885, by W. L. Remsberg.

79.

Tune—St. ALBINUS. 7s, 8s.

1 Jesus lives! no longer now  
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;  
 Jesus lives! by this we know  
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthal us.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
 But the gate of life immortal;  
 This shall calm our trembling breath,  
 When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
 Then, alone to Jesus living,  
 Pure in heart may we abide,  
 Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives! to Him the Throne  
 Over all the world is given:  
 May we go where He is gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

KATE HANKEY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of  
 2. Tell me the sto - ry slowly, That I may take it in, — That wonderful redemption, God's

Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,  
 rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon,

CHORUS.  
 For I am weak and wea - ry, And helpless and de - filed. } Tell me the old, old sto - ry,  
 The "early dew" of morning Has pass'd a - way at noon. }

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

KATE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry. Of un - seen things above, Of Je - sus and His glory,  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it,  
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;  
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me!  
 More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have never heard  
 To hear it, like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my longings As nothing else can do.  
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry;  
 The message of sal - vation From God's own holy word.  
 'Twill be the Old, Old Sto - ry That I have loved so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

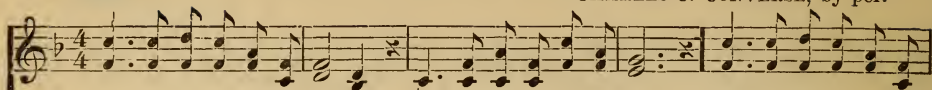


82.

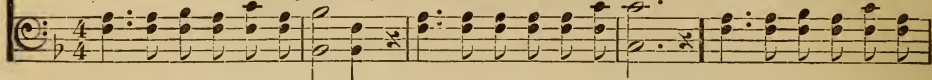
## What a Friend we Have in Jesus.

Anon.

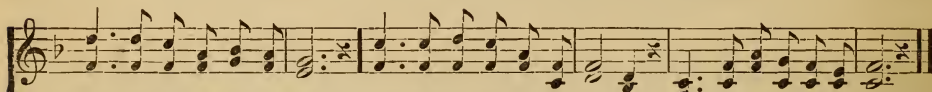
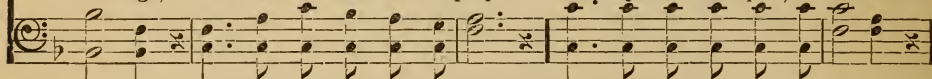
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.



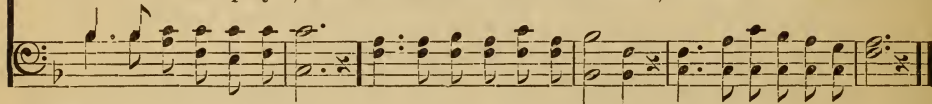
1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv-i-lege to  
 2. Have we tri-als and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be dis -  
 3. Are we weak and heavy la-den, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour still our



- car - ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in pray'r. Oh, what peace we oft - en for-feit,  
 cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
 ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?



- Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not car-ry Ev'rything to God in pray'r.  
 Who will all our sorrows share? Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
 Take it to the Lord in pray'r; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.



83.

- 1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
 Like the wideness of the sea;  
 There's a kindness in His justice,  
 Which is more than liberty.  
 There is welcome for the sinner,  
 And more graces for the good;  
 There is mercy with the Saviour;  
 There is healing in His blood.
- 2 There is no place where earth's sorrows  
 Are more felt than up in heaven;  
 There is no place where earth's failings  
 Have such kindly judgment given.

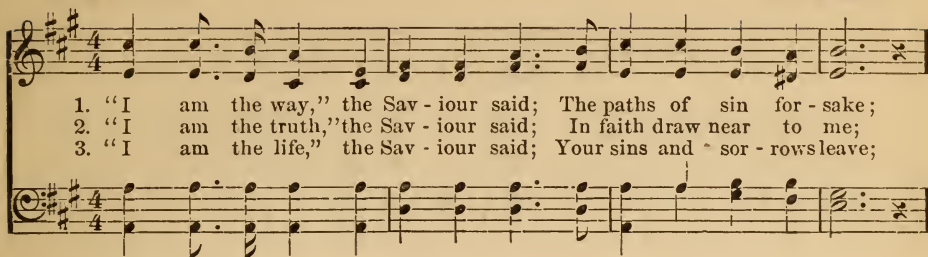
There is plentiful redemption  
 In the blood that has been shed;  
 There is joy for all the members  
 In the sorrows of the Head.

- 3 For the love of God is broader  
 Than the measure of man's mind;  
 And the heart of the Eternal  
 Is most wonderfully kind.  
 If our love were but more simple,  
 We should take Him at His word;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine  
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

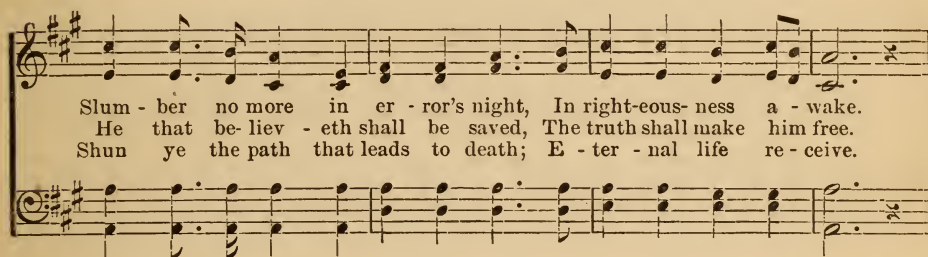
# 84. The Way, the Truth, the Life.

E. R. LATTI.

J. H. TENNEY.

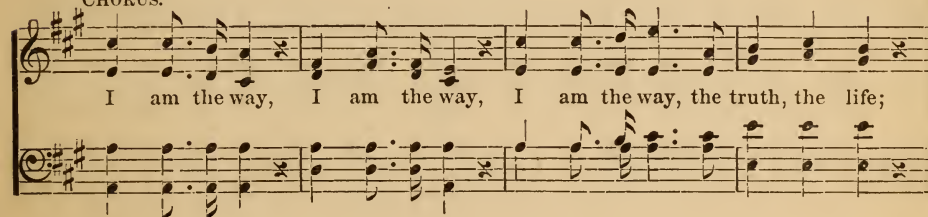


1. "I am the way," the Sav - iour said; The paths of sin for - sake;  
 2. "I am the truth," the Sav - iour said; In faith draw near to me;  
 3. "I am the life," the Sav - iour said; Your sins and sor - rows leave;

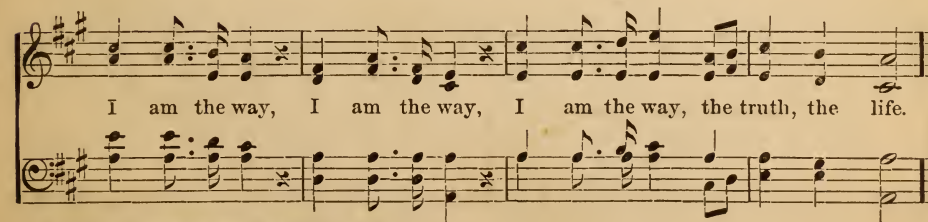


Slum - ber no more in er - ror's night, In right-eous-ness a - wake.  
 He that be - liev - eth shall be saved, The truth shall make him free.  
 Shun ye the path that leads to death; E - ter - nal life re - ceive.

## CHORUS.



I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, the life;



I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the truth, the life.

From "Spiritual Songs for Gospel Meetings," by per.

E. R. LATTÀ.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Be - hold what man - ner of love The Fa - ther hath be - stowed,  
 2. Be - hold what man - ner of love, To pur - chase us with blood,  
 3. Be - hold what man - ner of love, To creat - ures dead in sin,

To send His Son from a - bove To pay the debt we owed; He left the courts of  
 To prom - ise a home a - bove, And call us sons of God; No earth - ly par - ent  
 To o - pen the gates a - bove That we may en - ter in. Fa - ther, for death pre -

glo - ry For sin - ners to be slain, While an - gels told the sto - ry  
 know - eth, Or can such love be - stow, As that the Fa - ther show - eth  
 pare us, And when we pass a - way, Let ho - ly an - gels bear us

CHORUS. an - - gels told,  
 To shep - herds on the plain. }  
 To sin - ners here be - low. } Bright an - gels told the sto - ry To  
 Up to the courts of day.

# What Manner of Love.—Concluded.

Christ had come

shepherds on the plain, That Christ had come from glo-ry For sin-ners to be slain.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

86.

## There is a Fountain.

L. MASON.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And

sinner, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom part is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
Oh, there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save;  
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golded harp for me!
- 7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
And formed by power divine;  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but Thine.



Rev. R. W. TOOD.

HARRY SANDERS, by per.

1. O who is this that com-eth From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with  
 2. O why is Thine ap-par - el With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the  
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, Mine

garments dyed? O tell me now Thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A  
 wine-pressed? O why this blood-y tide? "I the wine-press trod a-lone, 'Neath  
 own arm brought Sal - va - tion in My name; I the blood-y fight have won, Con-

ran - som gave; I that speak in right-eous-ness, Mighty to save."  
 dark-'ning skies; Of the peo-ple there was none Mighty to save."  
 quered the grave, Now the year of joy has come, -Mighty to save."

## REFRAIN.

Might - y to save,..... *f* Might - y to save,..... *cres.*  
 Might - y to save, Might - y to save,

## Mighty to Save.—Concluded.

*ff*

Might - y to save, Lord, I trust Thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

88.

## Rock of Ages!

T. H. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee!  
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands:

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side that flow'd,  
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

Be of sin the doub - le cure; Save me, Lord, and make me pure.  
All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

## Come to the Royal Fountain.

WM. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. See where the liv- ing waters glide, From Da- vid's house they sweetly flow;  
 2. It flows, an ev- er- running stream,—Free as the fountain of His grace  
 3. Down thro' the a- ges flowing wide,—Its vir- tue is to- day the same

Who wash- es in the cleansing tide Is whit- er than the driv- en snow.  
 Who died, that He might thus redeem The fall- en sons of A- dam's race.  
 As when from out His pierc- ed side The min- gled tide of bless- ing came.

CHORUS.

Then, come to the roy- al fount- ain! Ev- er in its stream a- bide;

Come to the roy- al fount- ain, O- pen'd in the Sav- iour's side.

From "Leaflet Gems, No. 1," by per.

4 Whoever will, may drink and live;  
 New life the healing draught inspires:  
 From those who nothing have to give,  
 The royal bounty naught requires.

5 All over Canaan's goodly land,  
 Where saints enjoy a sweet repose,  
 'Mid pastures green, on every hand  
 King David's royal fountain flows.

Arranged for this work.

1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love, O  
 2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought, Thy -  
 3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine; The  
 4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove, In

## CHORUS.

Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove,  
 self the rev - e - la - tion Of love beyond our thought,  
 glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine. } We wor - ship Thee, we  
 end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

bless Thee, To Thee alone we sing; We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our

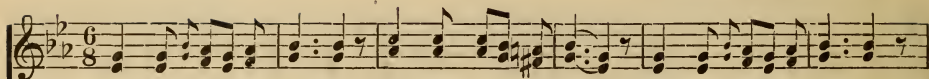
ho - ly Lord and King; We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.



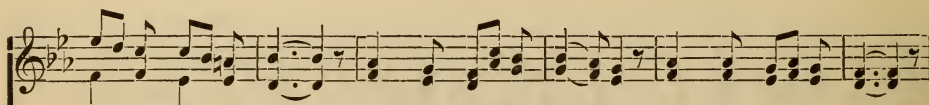
## Holy Spirit, hear us.

LABAT.

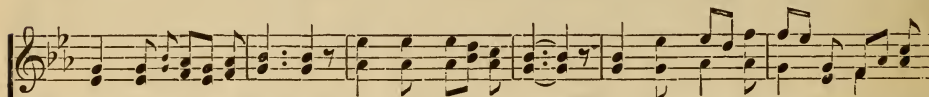
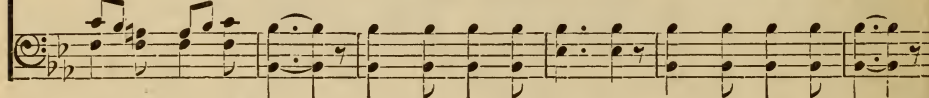
Arranged for this work.



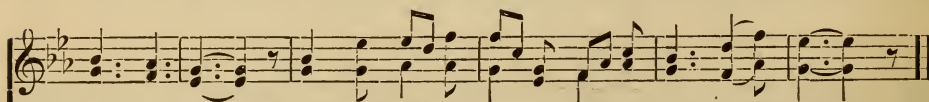
1. Ho - ly Spir-it, hear us On this Sabbath day, Come to us with blessing,  
 2. Come as once Thou camest To the faithful few, Pa-tient-ly a-wait-ing



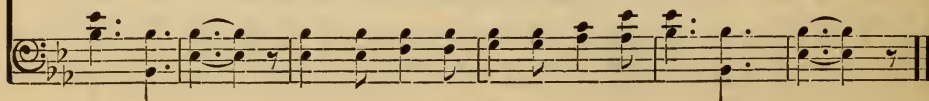
Come with us to stay: Light-en Thou our darkness, Be Thy-self our light;  
 Je-sus' promise true; In our doubt give counsel, In temp-tation aid,

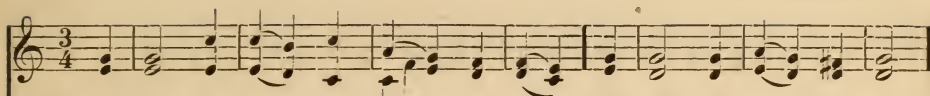


Strengthen Thou our weakness, Spir-it of all might! Be our living Helper, God's own  
 Say to us in dan-ger, "Be not ye a - fraid! I am nigh to help you, Ev-er




ho - ly light; Strengthen Thou our weakness, Spir-it of all might.  
 near to aid; In your hour of dan-ger, Be not ye a - fraid!"





1. Let songs of prais - es fill the sky! Christ, our as - cend - ed Lord,  
 2. The Spir - it, by His heav'n - ly breath, New life cre - ates with - in;  
 3. The things of Christ the Spir - it takes, And to our hearts re - veals;  
 4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove, With Thy ce - les - tial fire;



Sends down His Spir - it, from on high, Ac - cord - ing to His word.  
 He quick - ens sin - ners from the death Of tres - pass - es and sin.  
 Our bod - ies He His tem - ple makes, And our re - demp - tion seals.  
 Come, and, with flames of zeal and love, Our hearts and tongues in - spire.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 Dear Lord! and shall we always live  
At this poor, dying rate?  
Our love so cold, so faint to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

- 1 O Spirit of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,  
Confusion, order, in Thy path:  
Souls without strength inspire with might:  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till ev'ry kindred call Him Lord.
- 4 God from eternity hath will'd  
All flesh shall His salvation see:  
So be the Father's love fulfill'd, [Thee,  
The Saviour's suff'rings crown'd thro'

# 95. Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty.

Bp. REGINALD HEBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God al - might - y!  
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,  
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,  
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God al - might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
 Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!  
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,  
 On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee  
 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

96.

## Holy Father, Hear my Cry.

H. BONAR.

J. BLUMENTHAL. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Saviour, bend Thine ear, Ho - ly Spir - it,  
2. Fath - er, let me taste Thy love; Saviour, fill my soul with peace; Spir - it, come my

come Thou nigh: Father, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear! Father, save me from my sin; Sav - iour,  
heart to move: Father, Son, and Spir - it, bless! Father, Son, and Spir - it—Thou One Je -

I Thy mer - cy crave; Gracious Spir - it, make me clean: Father, Son, and Spir - it, save!  
- ho - vah, shed abroad All Thy grace within me now; Be my Fa - ther and my God!

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## 97. Tune—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

- 1 Come, Thou almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise!  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;  
From all our foes defend,  
Nor let us fall;  
Let Thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on Thee be stay'd;  
Lord, hear our call!

- 3 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour:  
Thou, Who almighty art  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.
- 4 To Thee, great One in Three,  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore!  
Thy sov'reign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore!



P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;  
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life; Words of life and  
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life; All so free - ly  
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life: Je - sus, ou - ly

CHORUS.

beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty; }  
 giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. } Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words,  
 Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. }

Wonderful words of Life; Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.

99.

## Break Thou the Bread of Life.

M. A. LATHBURY.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;  
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst bless the bread By Gali-lee;

Be-yond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for Thee, Oliv-ing Word!  
Then shall all bondage cease, All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All-in-all.

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100.

## Holy Bible, Book Divine!

SCUDAMORE.  
*Moderato.*

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine; Precious treas-ure, thou art mine; Mine, to  
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Sav-iour's love; Mine art  
3. Mine, to com - fort in dis - tress, If the Ho - ly Spir - it bless; Mine, to  
4. Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin-ner's doom; Ho - ly

tell me whence I came; Mine, to teach me what I am; Mine, to teach me what I am.  
thou to guide my feet. Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit; Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.  
show by liv-ing faith Man can tri-umph o - ver death; Man can triumph o-ver death.  
Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine; Precious treasure, thou art mine.

Copyright, 1885, by W. L. Remsberg.

MARGARET SNODGRASS.

J. H. KISSINGER, by per.

1. To Thee we sing, our glorious King, Do Thou, O Sav-iour, hear us;  
 2. What we have heard from out Thy word, En-rich it with Thy bless-ing;  
 3. Wher-e'er we be, still close to Thee, Oh, keep us, Thine for-ev-er;

And as we bow be-fore Thee now, Oh, be Thou ver-y near us.  
 Each wand'-ring tho't while Thou hast taught, We come to Thee con-fess-ing.  
 We would be true in all we do, And lose Thy blessing nev-er.

## CHORUS.

The seed is sown,

The seed is sown, the seed is sown, In faith tho' lit-tle know-ing;

The seed is sown,

The seed is sown, the seed is sown, Oh, care Thou for the grow-ing.



## 102.

## The Hour of Prayer.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. My God! is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star,  
2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve,

As that which calls me to Thy feet— The hour of pray'r.  
When, on the wings of pray'r up - borne, The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

## 103.

## A Sure Retreat.

T. HASTINGS.

1. From ev'-ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a  
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads, A place than all be-

sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.  
sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

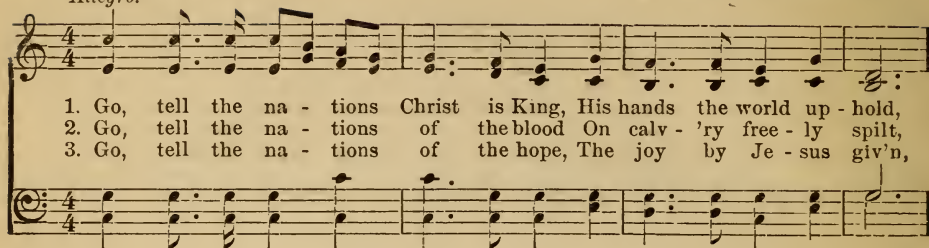
3 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd;  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

4 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,  
And sin and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

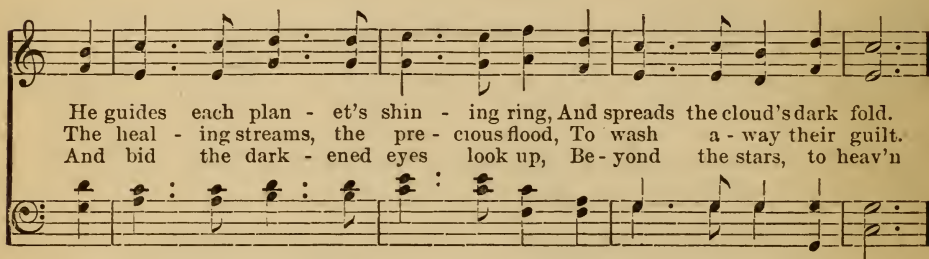


P. J. OWENS.

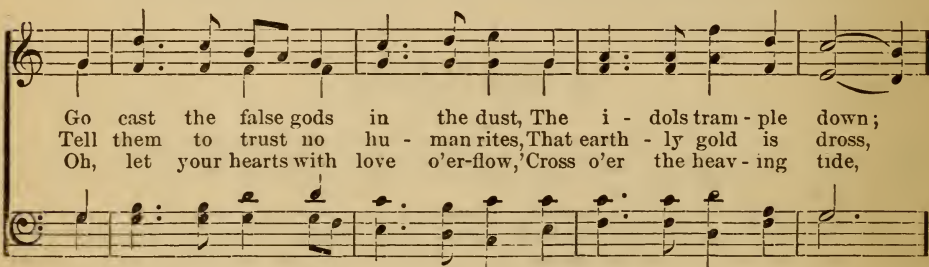
Rev. W. L. REMSBERG.

*Allegro.*


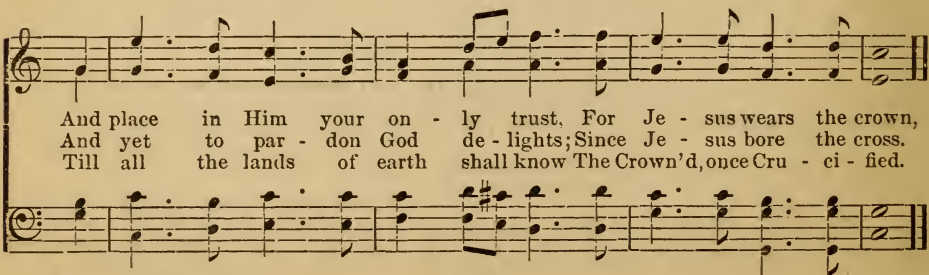
1. Go, tell the na - tions Christ is King, His hands the world up - hold,  
 2. Go, tell the na - tions of the blood On calv - 'ry free - ly spilt,  
 3. Go, tell the na - tions of the hope, The joy by Je - sus giv'n,



He guides each plan - et's shin - ing ring, And spreads the cloud's dark fold.  
 The heal - ing streams, the pre - cious flood, To wash a - way their guilt.  
 And bid the dark - ened eyes look up, Be - yond the stars, to heav'n



Go cast the false gods in the dust, The i - dols tram - ple down;  
 Tell them to trust no hu - man rites, That earth - ly gold is dross,  
 Oh, let your hearts with love o'er-flow, 'Cross o'er the heav - ing tide,



And place in Him your on - ly trust. For Je - sus wears the crown,  
 And yet to par - don God de - lights; Since Je - sus bore the cross.  
 Till all the lands of earth shall know The Crown'd, once Cru - ci - fied.

A. J. POWELL.

1. On - ward! on - ward! men of heav-en, Lift the Gos-pel ban-ner high;  
 2. Where the Arc - tic O - cean thunders, Where the trop-ics fierce-ly glow,  
 3. Rude in speech, or grim in feat-ure, Dark in spir - it, though they be,

Rest not, till its light is giv - en, Star of ev' - ry Pa - gan sky:  
 Broad - ly spread the page of wonders, Bid its heal - ing ra - diance flow:  
 Show that light to ev' - ry creature, Prince or vas - sal, bond or free.

*p* Lift it where the pil - grim stranger Faints in A - sia's burning ray;  
 In - dia marks its lus - tre stealing; Shivering Greenland feels it rays:  
 Lo! they haste to ev' - ry na - tion; Host on host the ranks sup-ply

Bid the red - brow'd for - est ran - ger Hail it, ere it fades a - way.  
 Af - ric's sons, in des - erts kneeling, Pour at length their strains of praise.  
 On - ward! Christ is your sal - va - tion, And your death is vic - to - ry.

Mrs. MARY B. C. SLADE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to the tent where a hea-then boy lay, Dy-ing a-lone, at the  
 2. "Did He so love me, a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to me the good  
 3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he en-ter'd the  
 4. Smil-ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so glad that for

close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we car - ried:—said he,  
 tid - ings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my hand will He hold?  
 val - ley of death; "God sent His Son! who - so - ev - er!" said he;  
 me He was sent!" Whis-per'd while low sank the sun in the west,

REFRAIN.

"No-bod-y ev - er has told it to me!"  
 "No-bod-y ev - er the sto - ry has told!" } Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain!  
 "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"  
 "Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re-peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say, of the

# Tell it Again.—Concluded.

chil- dren of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

## 107. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Miss ANNIE L. WALKER.

L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;  
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;  
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

FINE.

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;  
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.  
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.  
D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.  
D.S.—Work while the night is dark - ning, When man's work is done.

*cres.*

D.S.

Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
Give ev' - ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;  
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



H. C. McCook, D.D.

Arr. by F. L. ARMSTRONG.

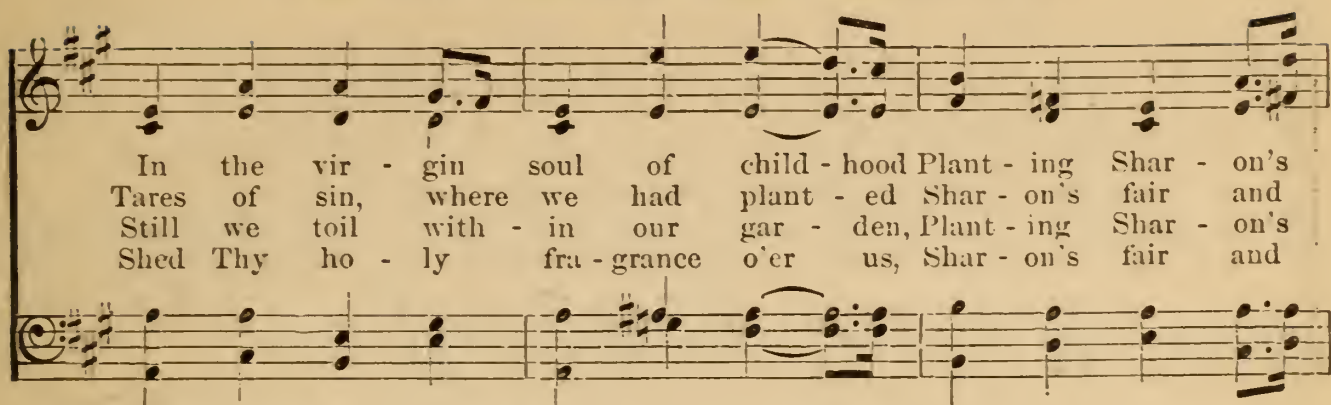
1. Lord, Thou call - est for the work - ers, Glad we come at  
 2. Bless our la - bors, God of heav - en, Aid Thy la - b'ers,  
 3. Ours is toil that knows no sea - son; Day and night to  
 4. Wake, O north-wind! come, O south-wind, O'er our gar - den

Thy com - mand. Give us each the work - er's out - fit -  
 Lord of earth! Oh! 'tis hard to set our gar - den  
 us are one; Win - ter with us blooms as sum - mer;  
 soft - ly blow, Bid the Ros - e's sa - cred per - fume

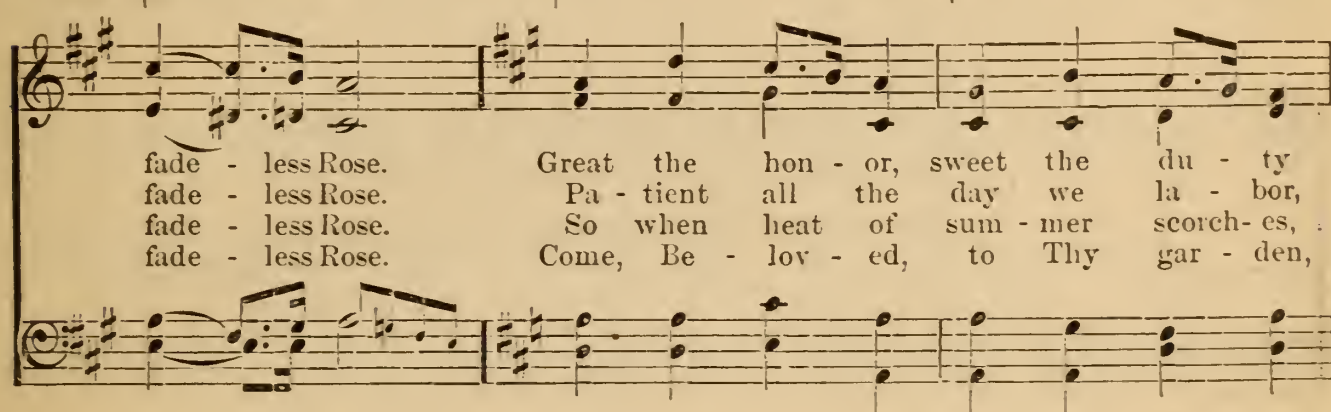
Lov - ing heart and read - y hand. Great the hon - or,  
 With the plant of price - less worth! Pa - tient all the  
 Ours is an E - - ter - nal Sun. So when heat of  
 From our ten - der plants to flow! Come, Be - lov - ed,

sweet the du - ty That Thy love on us be - stows,  
 day we la - bor, Still at night the tempt - er sows  
 sum - mer scorch - es, And when storm of win - ter blows,  
 to Thy gar - den, All its sweets to Thee it owes;

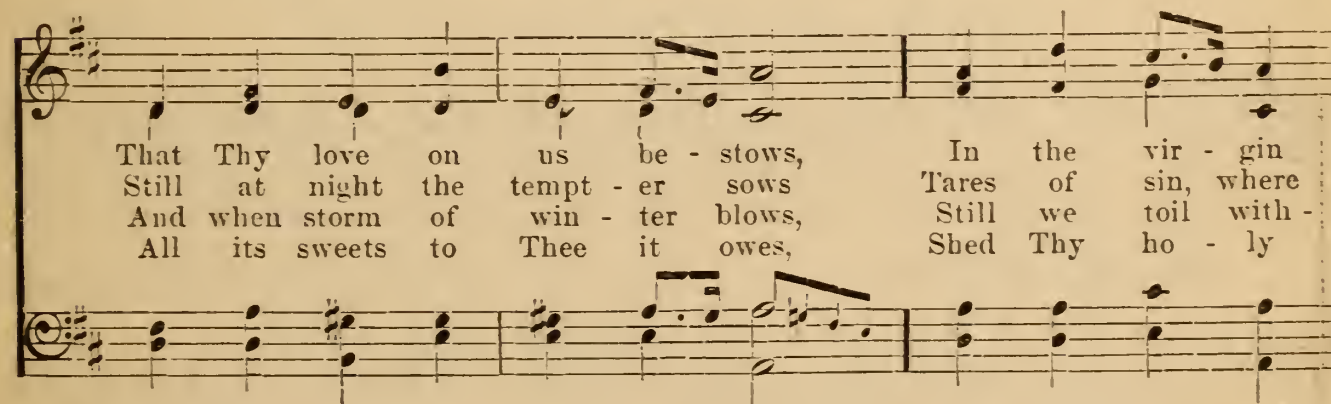
# Planting Sharon's Rose.—Concluded.



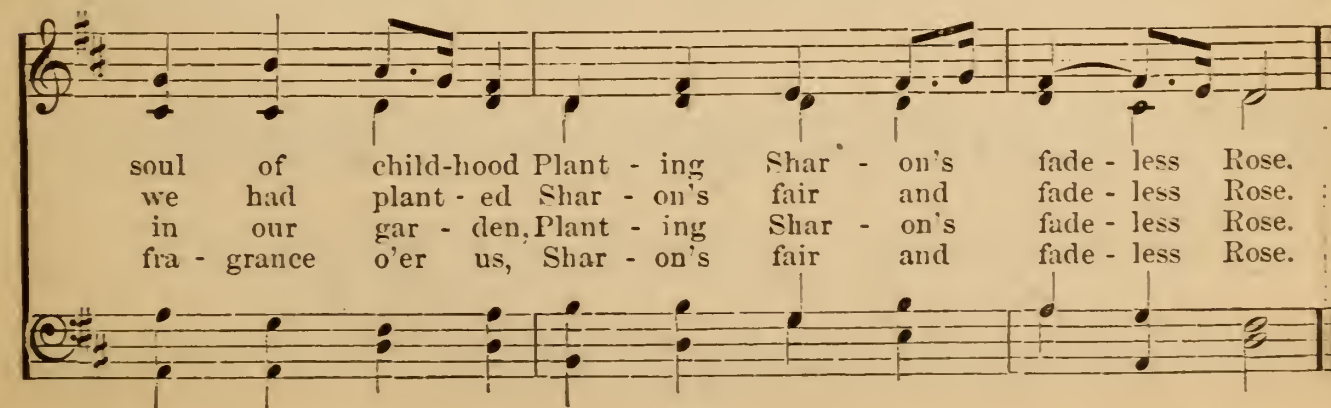
In the vir - gin soul of child - hood Plant - ing Shar - on's  
Tares of sin, where we had plant - ed Shar - on's fair and  
Still we toil with - in our gar - den, Plant - ing Shar - on's  
Shed Thy ho - ly fra - grance o'er us, Shar - on's fair and



fade - less Rose. Great the hon - or, sweet the du - ty  
fade - less Rose. Pa - tient all the day we la - bor,  
fade - less Rose. So when heat of sum - mer scorch - es,  
fade - less Rose. Come, Be - lov - ed, to Thy gar - den,



That Thy love on us be - stows, In the vir - gin  
Still at night the tempt - er sows Tares of sin, where  
And when storm of win - ter blows, Still we toil with -  
All its sweets to Thee it owes, Shed Thy ho - ly



soul of child-hood Plant - ing Shar - on's fade - less Rose.  
we had plant - ed Shar - on's fair and fade - less Rose.  
in our gar - den, Plant - ing Shar - on's fade - less Rose.  
fra - grance o'er us, Shar - on's fair and fade - less Rose.

BOLD.

HAVERGAL.

1. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! that the Lord is King! Tell it out! Tell it out!.....

out! Tell it out among the nations; bid them shout and sing. Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! bid them shout and sing. Tell it

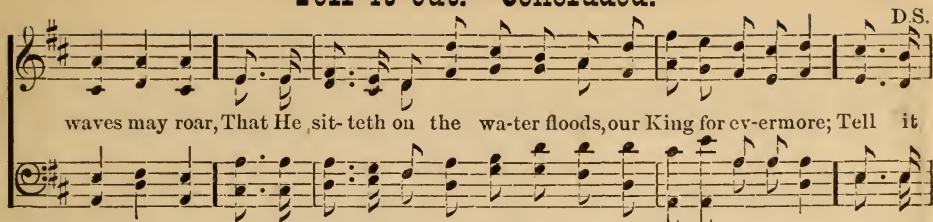
FINE. After 3rd verse.

out! Tell it out! A-MEN. Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,  
Tell it out!  
out! Tell it out! Tell it out.....that He shall increase,

That the mighty King of glory is the King of Peace; Tell it out with jubilation, tho' the



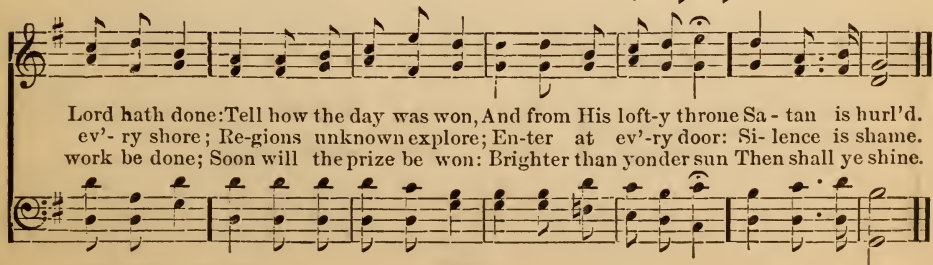
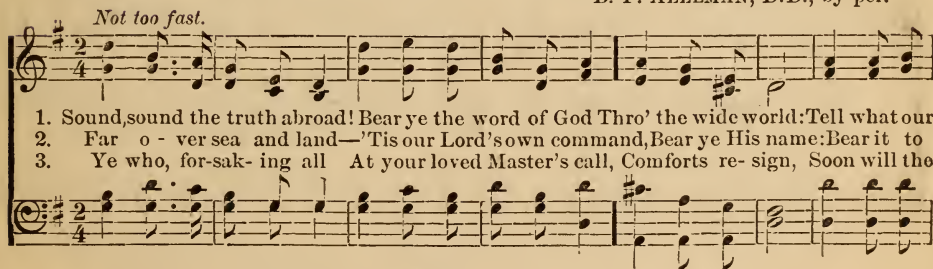
## Tell it out.—Concluded.



- 2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns,  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains,  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;  
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;  
 Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save,  
 Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
- 3 Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above!  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!  
 Tell it out! Tell it out!  
 Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;  
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;  
 Like the sound of many waters let the glad shout be,  
 Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

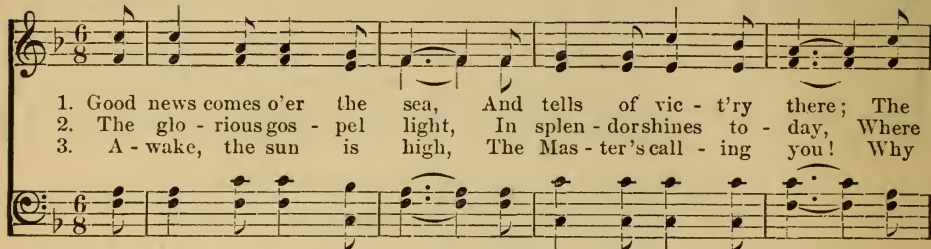
## 110. Sound, Sound the Truth Abroad.

B. F. ALLEMAN, D.D., by per.



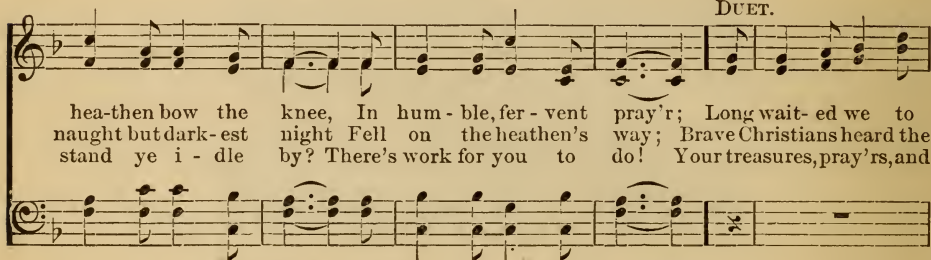


Rev. I. BALTZELI, by per.

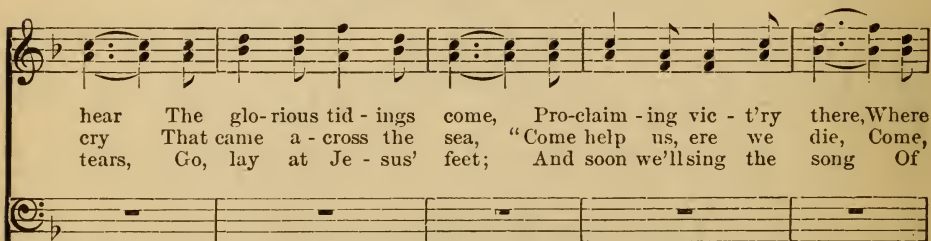
*Moderato.*


1. Good news comes o'er the sea, And tells of vic - t'ry there; The  
 2. The glo - rious gos - pel light, In splen - dor shines to - day, Where  
 3. A - wake, the sun is high, The Mas - ter's call - ing you! Why

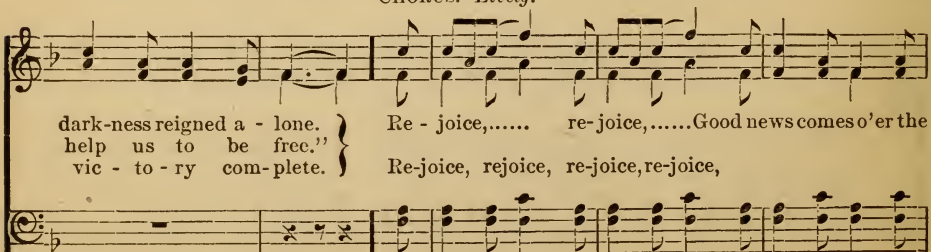
DUET.



hea-then bow the knee, In hum - ble, fer - vent pray'r; Long wait - ed we to  
 naught but dark - est night Fell on the heathen's way; Brave Christians heard the  
 stand ye i - dle by? There's work for you to do! Your treasures, pray'rs, and



hear The glo - rious tid - ings come, Pro - claim - ing vic - t'ry there, Where  
 cry That came a - cross the sea, "Come help us, ere we die, Come,  
 tears, Go, lay at Je - sus' feet; And soon we'll sing the song Of

CHORUS. *Lively.*


dark-ness reigned a - lone. } Re - joice,..... re-joyce,..... Good news comes o'er the  
 help us to be free." }  
 vic - to - ry com - plete. } Re-joyce, rejoice, re-joyce, re-joyce,

# Good News Comes o'er the Sea.—Concluded.

Repeat CHORUS.

sea; Re - joice, re - joice, Good news comes o'er the sea.  
the sea; Re - joice, rejoice, re - joice, rejoice,

112.

## Little Things.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand, Make the mighty  
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty  
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way From the paths of

Coda.

o - cean And the beauteous land, the beau - teous land.  
a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty.  
vir - tue, Oft in sin to stray, in sin to stray.

4 Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden  
Like the heaven above.

5 Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.  
2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude and love;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—  
A nation in a day.  
3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way,  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not, till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home  
Stay not, till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

113.

Tune—WEBB, 7s, 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears:  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar

S. D. PHELPS, D.D.

ROBERT LOWRY.

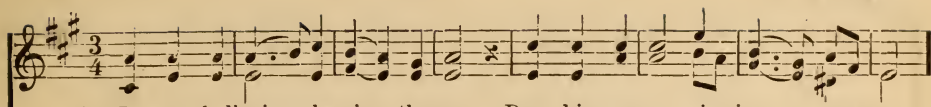
1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,  
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me,  
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart— Like - ness to Thee—  
 4. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free—

Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;  
 My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee;  
 That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see  
 In joy, in grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee;

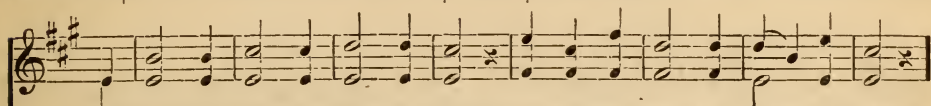
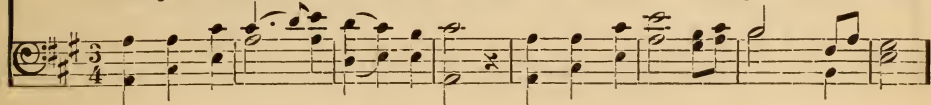
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,  
 Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare,  
 Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done,  
 And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be,

Some off' - ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.  
 Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some - thing for Thee.  
 Some wan - d'r'er sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.  
 Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

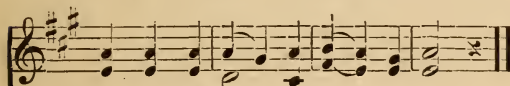
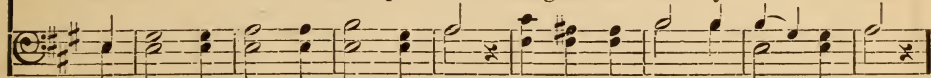
F. VENUA.



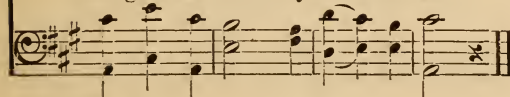
1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;  
2. Peo - ple and realms of ev' - ry tongue Dwell on His love with grate - ful song;



His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more:  
And with u - nit - ed hearts pro - claim That grace and truth by Je - sus came:



Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
That grace and truth by Je - sus came.



- 3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:  
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 4 Where He displays His healing power,  
The sting of death is known no more:  
In Him the sons of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

## 116.

Tune.—Missionary Chant. 7s. &amp; 6s.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand—  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone!

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!



## Willingly Give.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Give, give, will-ing - ly give, Since God hath giv - en to thee  
 2. Give, give, joy - ful - ly give, Of thy most boun - ti - ful store,  
 3. Give, give, grate - ful - ly give, The pre - cious Gos - pel of peace,  
 4. Give, give, speed - i - ly give, Although the gift may be small;

So ma - ny rich to - kens of His love, So boun-teous-ly and so free.  
 To suc - cor the need - y ones of earth, To glad-den the suff - ring poor.  
 That sin - ners may know the Sav - iour's love, The wea - ry may find re - lease.  
 A smile, or a tear, or lov - ing word May sure - ly be giv'n by all.

CHORUS.

*ritard.*

Oh, hast-en to give to the suf-fer-ing ones, Oh, hast-en, your blessing be - stow!

*tempo.*

Re-mem-ber Who makes thee to dif - fer from them, From Whom thy mercies all flow;

## Willingly Give.—Concluded.

*ff*

Give, give, give, 'tis bet - ter to give than re - ceive.

This block contains a musical score for the song 'Willingly Give.—Concluded.' It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The treble staff begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'Give, give, give, 'tis bet - ter to give than re - ceive.' written below the notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

118.

## Work, Give, Sing and Hope.

1. To work for Je - sus and His name, This is the work for me;  
 2. To give for Je - sus and His cause, This is to give, for me;  
 3. To sing of Je - sus and His love, This is the song for me;  
 4. To hope in Je - sus and His cross, This is the hope for me;

This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'Work, Give, Sing and Hope.' It is in G major and 6/8 time. The treble staff shows the melody, and the bass staff shows the accompaniment. The lyrics are listed below the treble staff, corresponding to four different verses of the song.

That they who sit in dark - ness now The Gos - pel light may see;  
 The bless - ed Lord who gave Him - self From sin to set men free;  
 The bless - ed tid - ings fill my soul With heav'n - ly mel - o - dy;  
 'Tis found - ed on His ho - ly word, And sweet be - yond de - gree;

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, continuing the verses from the previous block.

That they who sit in dark - ness now The Gos - pel light may see.  
 The bless - ed Lord who gave Him - self From sin to set men free.  
 The bless - ed tid - ings fill my soul With heav'n - ly mel - o - dy.  
 'Tis found - ed on His ho - ly word, And sweet be - yond de - gree.

This block contains the third system of the musical score, which concludes the piece. It features the final notes of the melody and accompaniment, with the lyrics written below the treble staff.

## Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

By H. R. PALMER.

1. Cast thy bread upon the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant supply, Angel eyes will watch a -  
 2. Cast thy bread upon the wa - ters, Poor and weary worn with care, Often sitting in the  
 3. Cast thy bread upon the wa - ters, You who have abundant store, It may float on ma - ny

bove it, You shall find it by - and - by. He who in His righteous bal - ance  
 shad - ow, Have you not a crumb to spare? Can you not to those a - round you  
 bil - lows, It may strand on many a shore; You may think it lost for - ev - er,

Doth each human action weigh, Will your sacrifice re - member, Will your loving deed repay.  
 Sing some little song of hope, As you look, with longing vision, Thro' Faith's mighty telescope.  
 But as sure as God is true, In this life, or in the oth - er, It will yet return to you.

From "Palmer's Sunday School Book," by per.

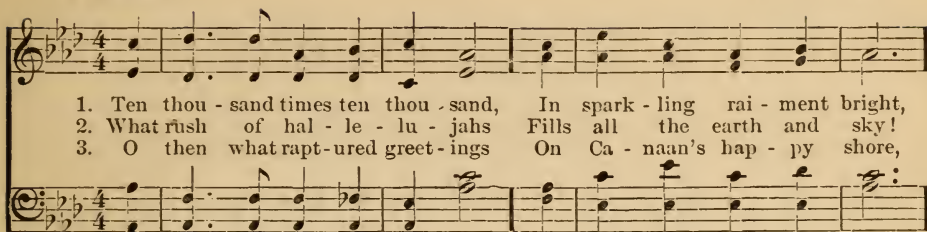
4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
 Far and wide your treasures strew,  
 Scatter it with willing fingers,  
 Laugh for joy to see it go!  
 For if you too closely keep it,  
 It will only drag you down;  
 If you love it more than Jesus  
 It will keep you from your crown.

5 Cast thy bread upon the waters,  
 Waft it on with praying breath,  
 In some distant, doubtful moment  
 It may save a soul from death.  
 When you sleep in solemn silence,  
 'Neath the morn and evening dew,  
 Stranger hands which you have strengthened  
 May strew lilies over you.

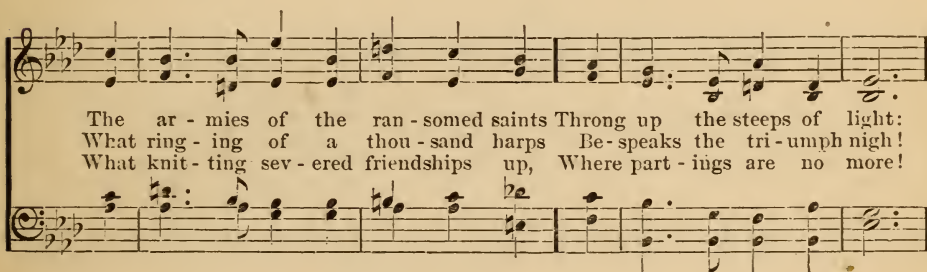
# 120. Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

H. ALFORD.

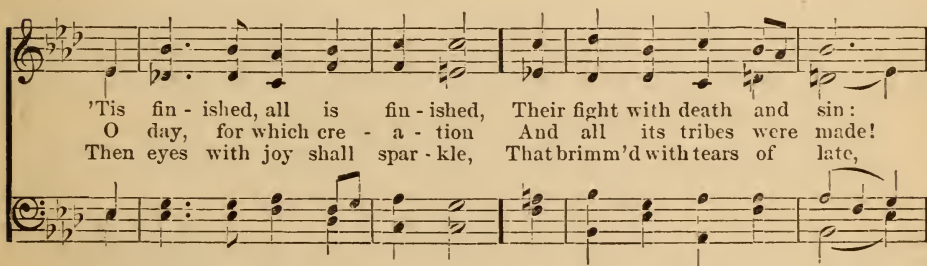
J. B. DYKES.



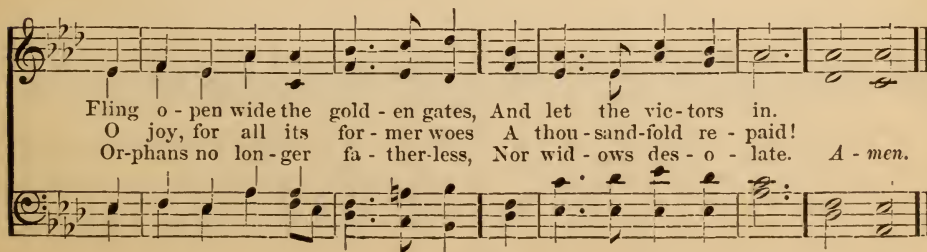
1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand, In spark - ling rai - ment bright,  
 2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fills all the earth and sky!  
 3. O then what rapt-ured greet-ings On Ca - naan's hap - py shore,



The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:  
 What ring - ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!  
 What knit - ting sev - ered friendships up, Where part - ings are no more!



'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:  
 O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!  
 Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brim'd with tears of late,



Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.  
 O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand-fold re - paid!  
 Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late. A - men.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. How sweet-ly o'er the mountain of Zi-on, love-ly Zi-on, The an-them of  
 2. O hap-py, hap-py tid-ings, the kingdom now is opened, The seals are all  
 3. Ho-san-na in the high-est, all glo-ry ev-er-last-ing, The cross and its

a-ges comes sweep- ing a-long; The an-them of the faith-ful, we hear it, and, re-  
 bro-ken; pro-claim it a-far; From bond-age and op-pression by Him we are de-  
 ban-ner tri-umphant shall wave; Ho-san-na in the high-est, all glo-ry ev-er-  
 D.S.—Sweet an- them of the faith-ful, we hear it, and, re-

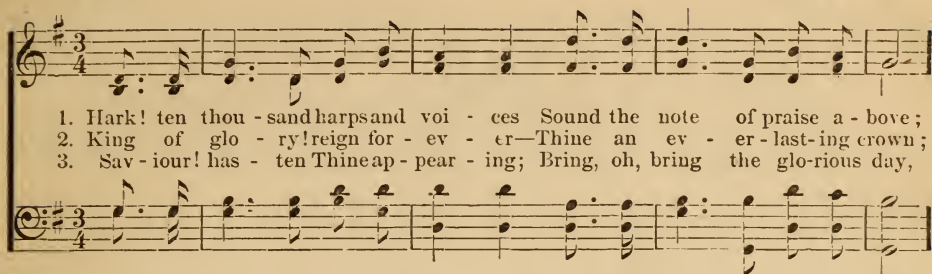
FINE.  
 joic-ing, Our hearts in glad measure keep tune with the song. }  
 liv-ered, The Li-on of Ju-dah, the bright Morning Star. } O the Li-on of  
 last-ing, The Li-on of Ju-dah His peo-ple will save. }  
 joic-ing, Our hearts in glad meas-ure keep tune with the song.

D.S.  
 Ju-dah hath triumphed for-ev-er, O the Li-on of Judah is mighty and strong;

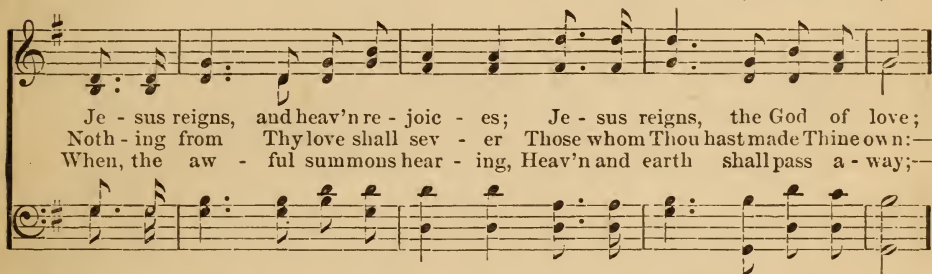
# 122. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

T. KELLY.

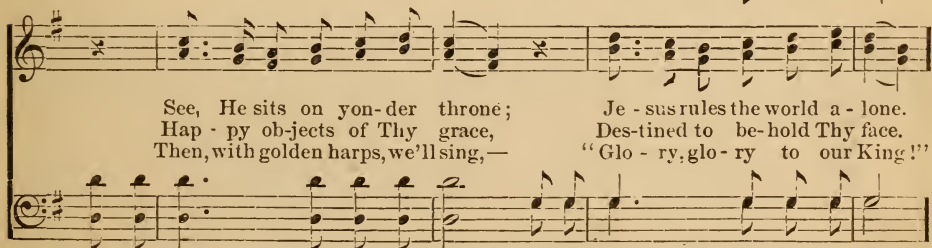
L. MASON.



1. Hark! ten thou - sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;  
 2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er—Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;  
 3. Sav - iour! has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day,

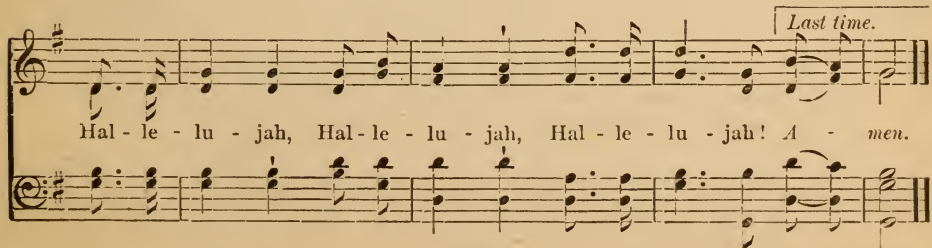


Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joice - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love;  
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:—  
 When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;—

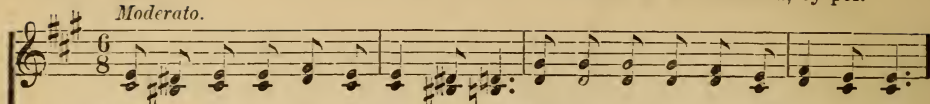


See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.  
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.  
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,— "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

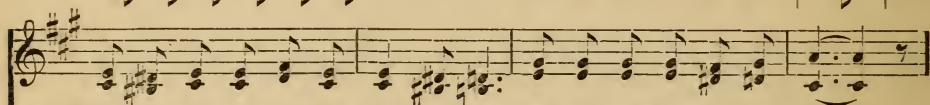
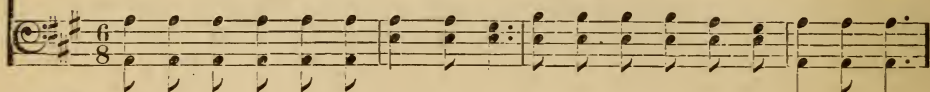
See, He sits on yon - der throne; Jesus rules the world a - lone.  
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Destined to be - hold Thy face.  
 Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing,— "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"



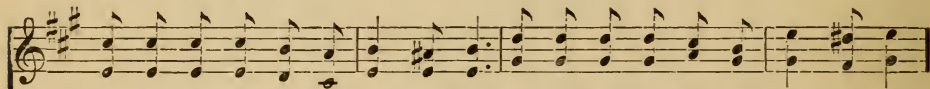
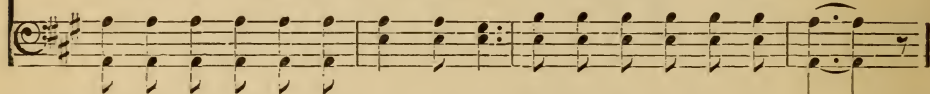
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

*Moderato.*

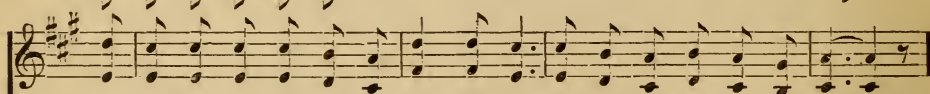
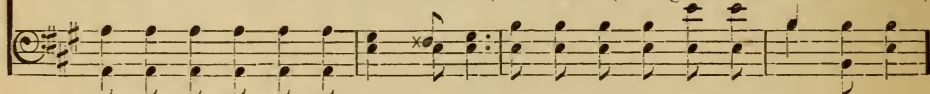
1. What must I do to be sav'd from sin, Where can I turn for that peace within,
2. But I have sin-ned so much and long, That for me I fear there is no song
3. Wea-ry and sad then to Him I go, That of His bless-ing I too may know,
4. Now I be-lieve, and from sin am free! Oh, what new beauties I now do see,



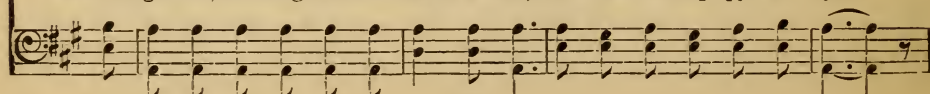
Which my poor soul cries for night and day, And without which I must die?  
 Such as you say the re-deem-ed sing, In the church here and a - bove.  
 And from all sor-row and sin be free, Thro' the dear Sav-iour a - lone.  
 In the dear Book which my God has giv'n To e'en a sin-ner like me:



Who is this One of whom prophets speak, Who up-on earth was seen, great yet meek,  
 What if to Je-sus just now I went, E-ven to Je-sus, whom God hath sent,  
 Oft have I struggled with might and main, That I might qui-et my in-ward pain  
 Now let me tell it to all around, What a dear, strong Saviour I have found,



And aft-er whom multi-tudes loved to go, Is there aught in Him for me?  
 Would He not de-spise such a worm like me, And drive me from Him a-way?  
 Which conscience, unsanc-ti-fied by His blood, Gave me by night and by day.  
 Who sought me, and bought me for heav'n a-bove, There to be hap-py for aye!



# Sought and Found.—Concluded.

REFRAIN. *Strong and with confidence.*

Je - sus, Sav - iour! this is the name of God's own dear Son, Oh, be -  
lieve on Him just now! Je - sus, the Sav - iour of men.

124.

Chant.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and storm - y sea;  
Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whis - per, "Come to Me."

Copyright, 1853, by Wm. B. Bradbury. By per.

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my soul may flee; || Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, | "Come to | Me." ||
- 3 When nature shudders loth to part From all I love, en-| joy, and | see; || When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | Me." ||
- 4 Come, for all else must fall and die, Earth is no resting | place for | thee, || Heaven-ward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy | portion, | "Come to | Me." ||
- 5 O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and | ago-| ny, || Support me, cheer me from above! And gently | whisper, | "Come to | Me." ||



MART B. SLEIGHT.

H. R. PALMER.

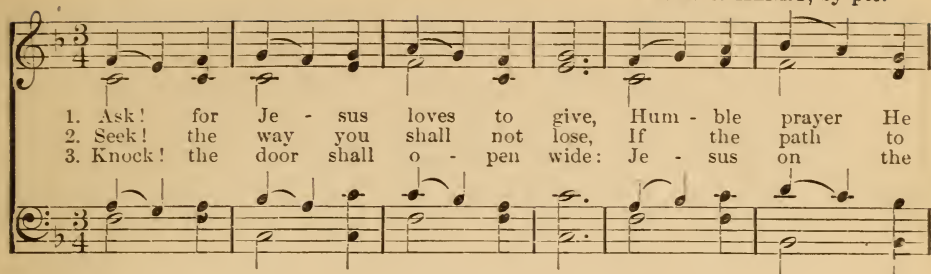
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,"  
 2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,"  
 3. Hark - en lest He plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low Me, fol - low Me,"

Soft - ly through the si - lence fall - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me."  
 Leav - ing all things at His bid - ding, "Fol - low, fol - low Me."  
 Once a - gain, oh, hear Him call - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me."

As of old He called the fish - ers, When He walked by Gal - i - lee,  
 Hark, that ten - der voice en - treat - ing Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea.  
 Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet sum-mons, Ev - er - more, dear Christ, would we

Still His pa - tient voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me."  
 Gen - tly, lov - ing - ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me."  
 For Thy love all else for - sak - ing, Fol - low, fol - low Thee.

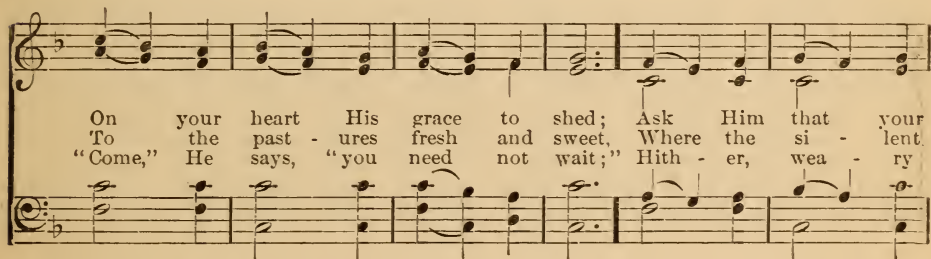
Rev. S. HENRY, by per.



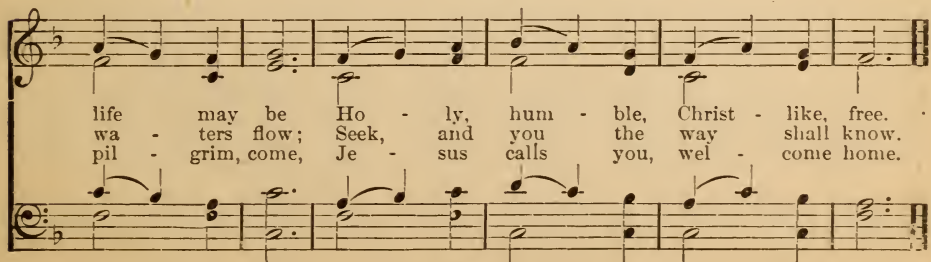
1. Ask! for Je - sus loves to give, Hum - ble prayer He  
 2. Seek! the way you shall not lose, If the path on  
 3. Knock! the door shall o - pen wide: Je - sus on the



will re - ceive; Ask Him for your dai - ly bread:  
 heaven you choose; Christ will lead and guide your feet:  
 oth - er side Hears you at the heaven - ly gate.



On your heart His grace to shed; Ask Him that your  
 To the past - ures fresh and sweet, Where the si - lent  
 "Come," He says, "you need not wait;" Hith - er, wea - ry



life may be Ho - ly, hum - ble, Christ - like, free.  
 wa - ters flow; Seek, and you the way shall know.  
 pil - grim, come, Je - sus calls you, wel - come home.

1. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now, In these thy youth - ful days;  
 2. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now, Seek Him while He is near;  
 3. Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor now, His will - ing serv - ant be;  
 4. Al - might - y God, our hearts in - cline Thy heav'n - ly voice to hear;

He will ac - cept thine ear - liest vow; He loves thine ear - liest praise.  
 For e - vil days will come when thou Shalt find no com - fort here.  
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow, He will re - mem - ber thee.  
 Let all our fut - ure days be Thine, De - vot - ed to Thy fear.

## CHORUS.

Re - mem - ber thou, re - mem - ber thou, He will ac - cept thine  
 Re - mem - ber thou, re - mem - ber thou, For e - vil days will  
 Re - mem - ber thou, re - mem - ber thou, Then, when thy head in  
 Re - mem - ber us, re - mem - ber us; Let all our fut - ure

ear - liest vow; He loves thine ear - liest praise, He loves thine ear - liest praise.  
 come, when thou Shalt find no com - fort here, Shalt find no com - fort here.  
 death shall bow, He will re - mem - ber thee, He will re - mem - ber thee.  
 days be thine, De - vot - ed to thy fear, De - vot - ed to thy fear.

128.

## To-day the Saviour Calls.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wand'ers, come; O,  
2. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Oh, lis - ten now; With-

ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?  
in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;  
Yield to His power:  
Oh, grieve Him not away,  
'Tis mercy's hour.

129.

## Weary Pilgrim, Hither Come.

X. S. V. WARTENSEE.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice,  
2. Thou who, houseless, sole, for - lorn,  
3. Ye, by fierce - er an - guish torn,  
4. Sin - ner, come, for here is found

Come, and make my paths your choice;  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Guilt, in strong re - morse, who mourn,  
Balm that flows from ev - 'ry wound;

I will guide you to your home;  
Long hast roam'd the bar - ren waste:  
Here re - pose your heav - y care;  
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure;

Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.  
Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.  
Conscience wounded who can bear?  
Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.



RAY PALMER.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me! Take me; save me, thro' Thy Son;  
 2. Fruit - less years with grief re - call - ing, Hum - bly I con - fess my sin;  
 3. Once the world's Re - deem - er, dy - ing, Bare our sins up - on the tree;

That which Thou wouldst have me make me: Let Thy will in me be done.  
 At Thy feet, O Fa - ther, fall - ing, To Thy household take me in.  
 On that sac - ri - fice re - ly - ing, Now I look in hope to Thee.

Long from Thee my foot - steps straying, Thorn - y proved the way I trod;  
 Free - ly now to Thee I prof - fer This re - lent - ing heart of mine;  
 Fa - ther, take me, all for - giv - ing, Fold me to Thy lov - ing breast!

Wea - ry come I now, and pray - ing, Take me to Thy love, my God.  
 Free - ly life and soul I of - fer—Gift un - wor - thy love like Thine.  
 In Thy love for ev - er liv - ing, I must be for ev - er blest

131.

## Time will Soon be Over.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

1. Bright-er still and bright-er Glows the western sun, Shed-ding all its glad-ness  
 2. On-ward, ev-er onward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by saints be-fore us,  
 3. High-er then and high-er Bear the ransom'd soul, Earth-ly toils for-got-ten,

O'er our work that's done. Time will soon be o-ver, Toil and sor-row past,  
 Journeying on to God; Leav-ing all be-hind us, May we hast-en on,  
 Sav-iour, to its goal; Where, in joys un-thought of, Saints with an-gels sing,

CHORUS.  
 May we, bless-ed Sav-iour, Find a rest at last.  
 Backward nev-er look-ing, Till the prize is won.  
 Nev-er wea-ry rais-ing Prais-es to their King. } Time will soon be

o-ver, Toil and sor-row past, May we, bless-ed Sav-iour, find a rest at last.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

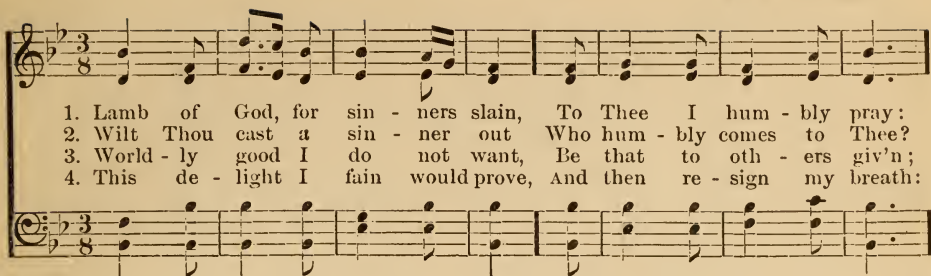
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-  
 2. Dear Je - sus, come down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to  
 3. Dear Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed  
 4. The bless - ing by faith, I re - ceive from a - bove; O glo - ry! my

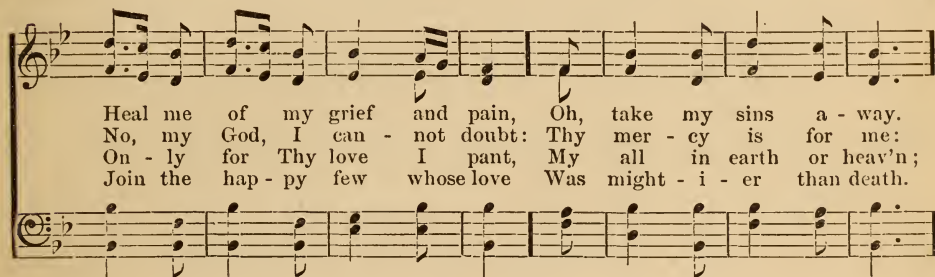
ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry  
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and whatev - er I  
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood  
 soul is made per - fect in love; My pray'r has prevail'd, and this mo - ment I

foe; Now, wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 know—Now, wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 flow—Now, wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.  
 know, The blood is ap - plied, I am whit - er than snow.


CHORUS.  
 snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now, wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



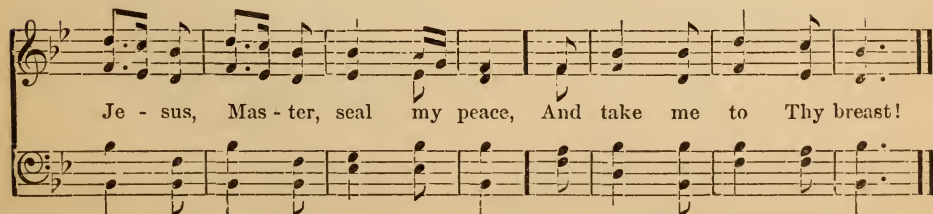
1. Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain, To Thee I hum - bly pray :  
 2. Wilt Thou cast a sin - ner out, Who hum - bly comes to Thee?  
 3. World - ly good I do not want, Be that to oth - ers giv'n;  
 4. This de - light I fain would prove, And then re - sign my breath:



Heal me of my grief and pain, Oh, take my sins a - way.  
 No, my God, I can - not doubt: Thy mer - cy is for me:  
 On - ly for Thy love I pant, My all in earth or heav'n;  
 Join the hap - py few whose love Was might - i - er than death.



From this bond - age, Lord, re - lease; No lon - ger let me be op - prest:  
 Let me then ob - tain the grace, And be of par - a - dise pos - sessed:  
 This the crown I fain would seize, The good wherewith I would be blest:  
 Let it not my Lord dis - please, That I would die to be His guest:



Je - sus, Mas - ter, seal my peace, And take me to Thy breast!



MRS. ELIZ. CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free—  
 2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;

Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me—  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me—  
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—

CHORUS.  
 E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

Copyright, 1862, by Wm. B. Bradbury. | By per.

- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—  
 Magnify them all in me.
- 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
 While the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though toss'd about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 Fightings and fears within, without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down;  
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

## 135. Tune—WOODWORTH. L. M.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

136.

## Jesus, my All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Arr. by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Lord, at Thy mercy-seat, Humbly I fall; Pleading Thy promises sweet, Lord, hear my call;  
 2. Tears of repentant grief Si - lent-ly fall; Help Thou my un-belief, Hear Thou my call.  
 3. Hark! how the words of love Tenderly fall, Ere at the realms above, Heard is my call;  
 4. Still at Thy mercy-seat Humbly I fall; Pleading Thy promises sweet, Heard is my call.

Now let Thy work begin, Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev'ry sin, Jesus my all.  
 Oh, how I pine for Thee! 'Tis all my hope, my plea, Jesus has died for me, Je - sus my all.  
 Now ev'ry doubt has flown, Broken my heart of stone, Lord, I am Thine alone, Jesus my all.  
 Faith wings my soul to Thee: This all my hope shall be, Jesus has died for me, Jesus, my all.

From "Select Songs for the Sunday School," by per.

137.

## Thy Seal, O Lord, the Holy Sign.

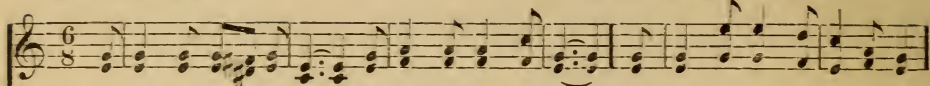
C. EVEREST.

1. Thy seal, O Lord, the ho - ly sign That we, here - aft - er, should be Thine,  
 2. O God, for - bid; be - fore the vain, The proud, the scoff - ing, the profane,  
 3. His strength in weak - ness He dis - plays, From youthful lips He perfects praise,  
 4. Smile on us, Lord, and we will fear Nor scorn, nor shame, whilst Thou art near;

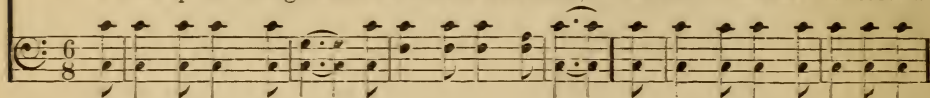
Was placed up - on our in - fant brow, And shall we fear to own it now?  
 We will, thro' grace, our Lord con - fess, His faint but faith - ful wit - ness - es.  
 And we, His faith - ful sol - diers, stand strong in the might of His right hand.  
 Re - proach is glo - ry, suff'ring rest, If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest.

PAUL GERHARDT.

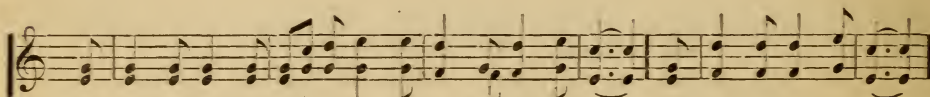
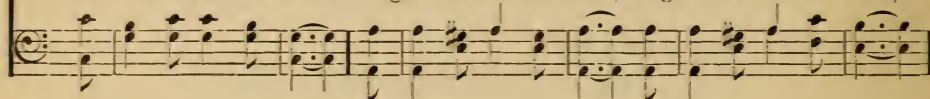
B. F. ALLEMAN, D.D., by per.



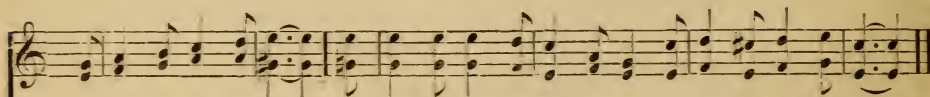
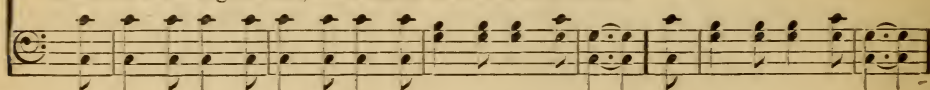
1. If God be on my side, Then let who will oppose, For oft ere now to Him I cried,
2. Here I can firm-ly rest, I dare to boast of this, That God the Highest and the Best
3. I rest up-on the ground Of Jesus and His blood, For 'tis thro' Him that I have found



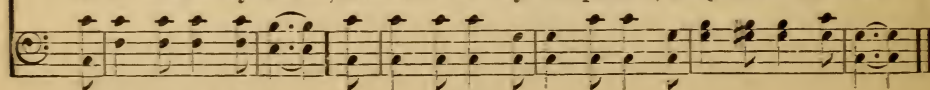
And He hath quell'd my foes. If Je - sus be my Friend, If God doth love me well,  
My Friend and Father is. From dang'rous snares He saves Where'er He bids me go,  
The True E - ter - nal Good. Nought have I of mine own, Nought in the life I lead,



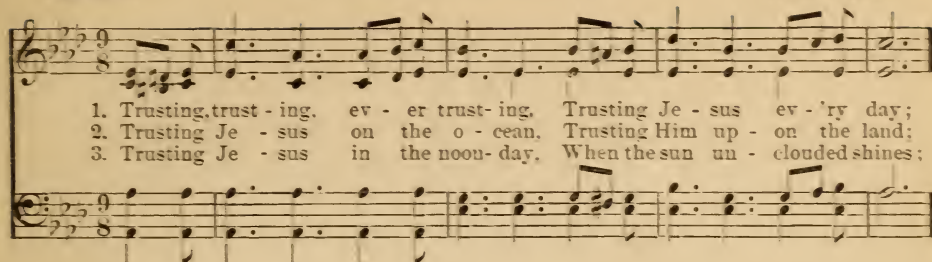
What matters all my foes intend. Tho' strong they be and fell.  
He checks the storms and calms the waves, Nor lets aught work me woe. } If God be on my side,  
What Christ hath given me, that alone Is worth all love indeed.



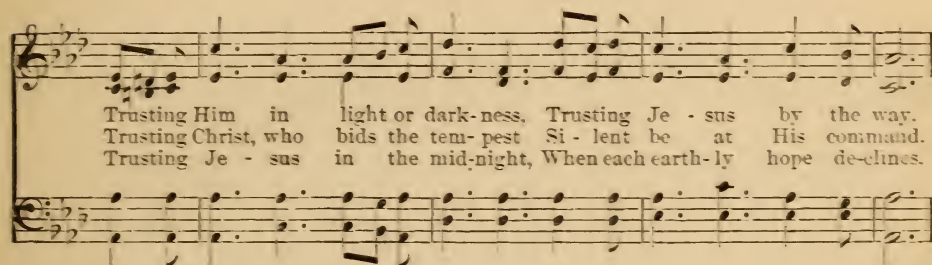
If Je - sus be my Friend, I'm sure He al-ways will provide, And guide me to the end.



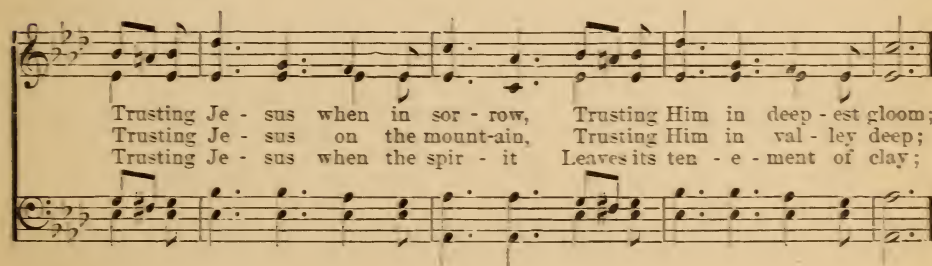




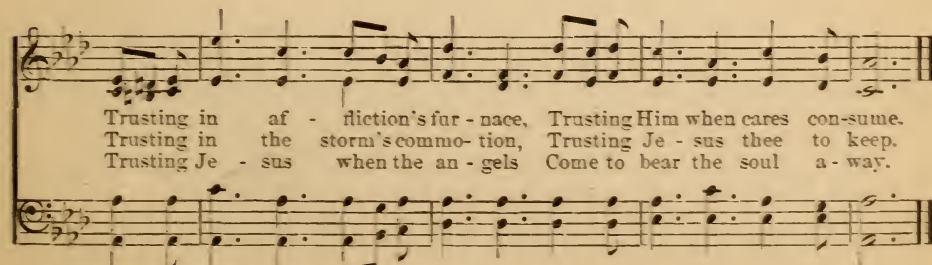
1. Trusting, trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing, Trusting Je - sus ev - 'ry day;  
 2. Trusting Je - sus on the o - cean, Trusting Him up - on the land;  
 3. Trusting Je - sus in the noon - day, When the sun un - clouded shines;



Trusting Him in light or dark - ness, Trusting Je - sus by the way.  
 Trusting Christ, who bids the tem - pest Si - lent be at His command.  
 Trusting Je - sus in the mid - night, When each earth - ly hope de - clines.



Trusting Je - sus when in sor - row, Trusting Him in deep - est gloom;  
 Trusting Je - sus on the mount - ain, Trusting Him in val - ley deep;  
 Trusting Je - sus when the spir - it Leaves its ten - e - ment of clay;



Trusting in af - flict - ion's fur - nace, Trusting Him when cares con - sume.  
 Trusting in the storm's commo - tion, Trusting Je - sus thee to keep.  
 Trusting Je - sus when the an - gels Come to bear the soul a - way.

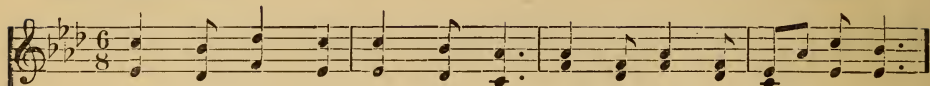


140.

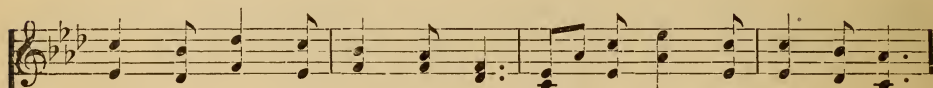
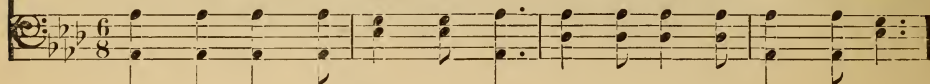
## Trusting Jesus, that is All.

Rev. EDGAR PAGE.

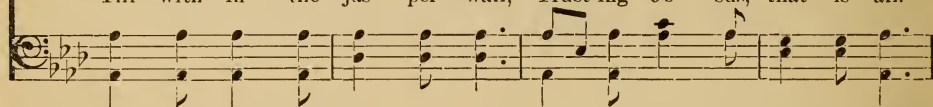
IRA D. SANKEY.



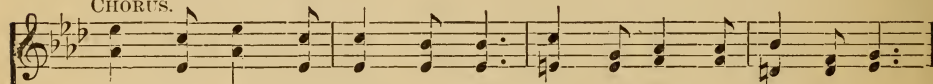
1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day, Trust-ing thro' a storm-y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray-ing, if the path be drear;
4. Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust-ing Him till earth is past;



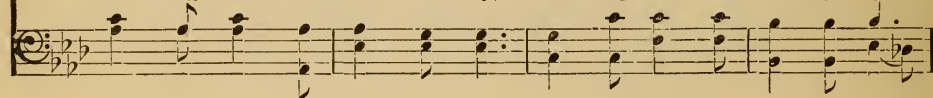
E - ven when my faith is small, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 While He leads I can - not fall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.  
 Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust-ing Je - sus, that is all.



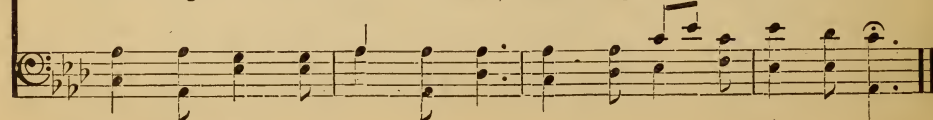
## CHORUS.



Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by;



Trust - ing Him what - e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

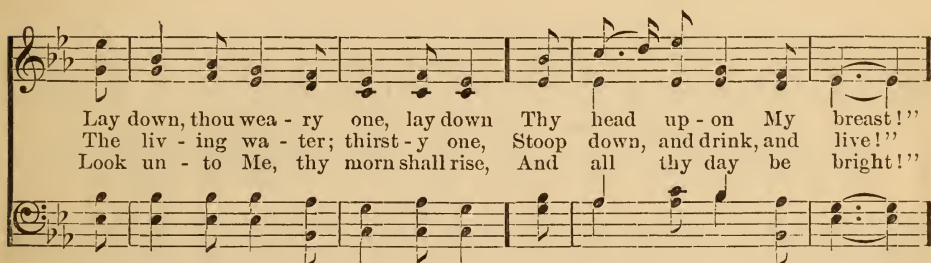


## Come unto Me and Rest.

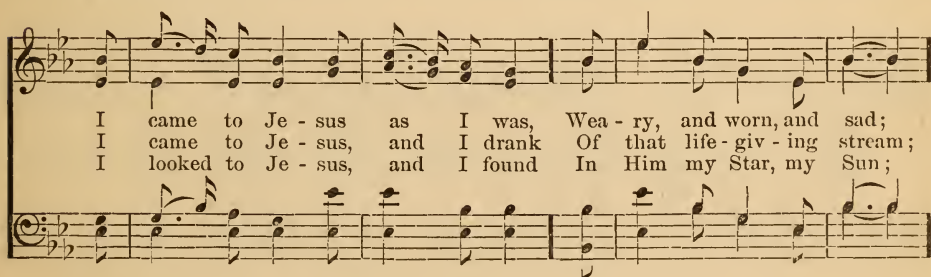
F. GIARDINI.



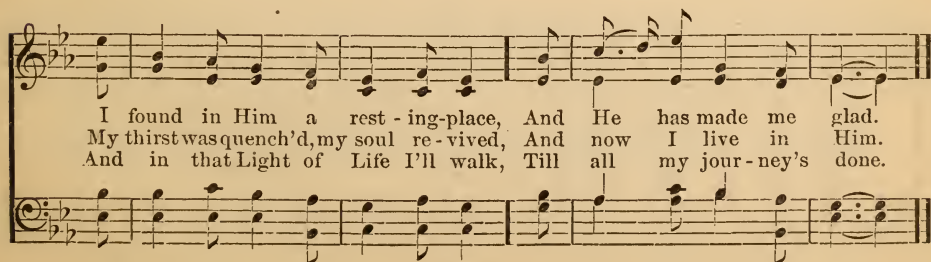
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast!"  
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"  
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk, Till all my jour - ney's done.

W. B. BRADBURY.

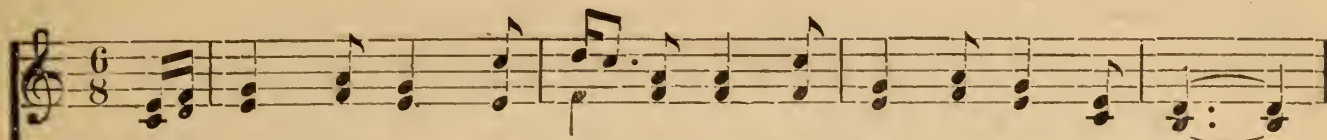
1. Sav - iour, like a Shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;  
 2. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;  
 3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will;

In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare;  
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free;  
 Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bo-soms fill:

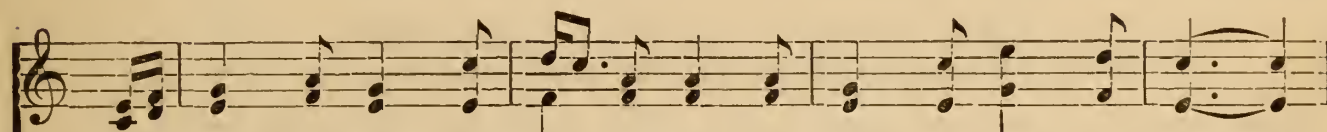
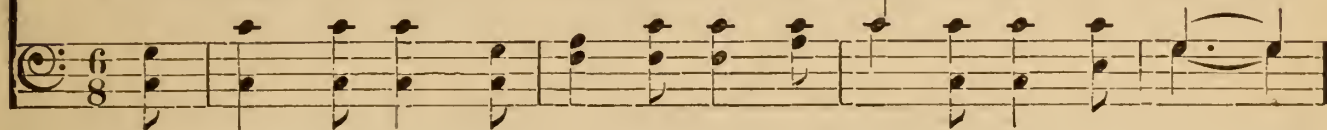
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee.  
 Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.

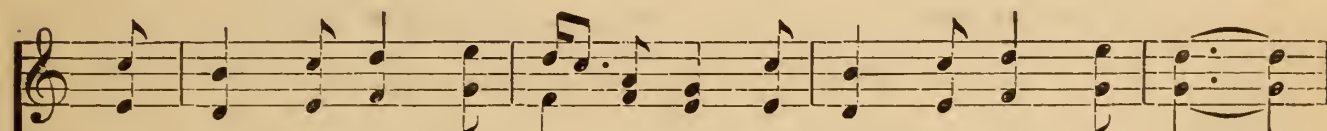
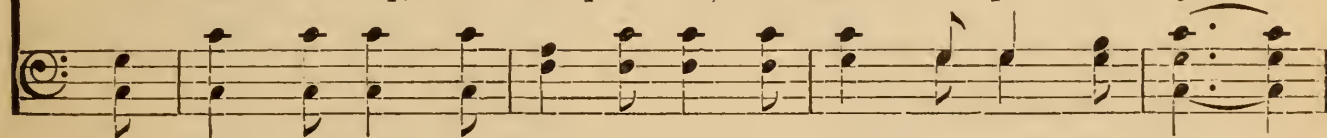




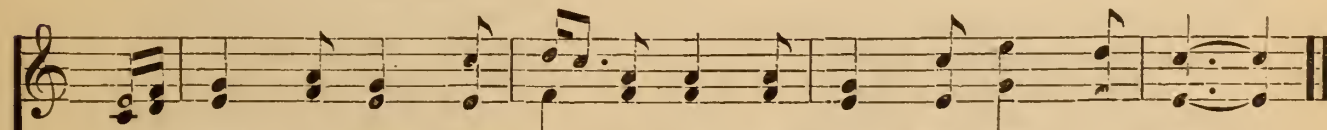
1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be,  
 2. But I have felt Thee in my tho'ts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;  
 3. Yes! when I pray, Thou pray-est, too—Thy pray'r is all for me;



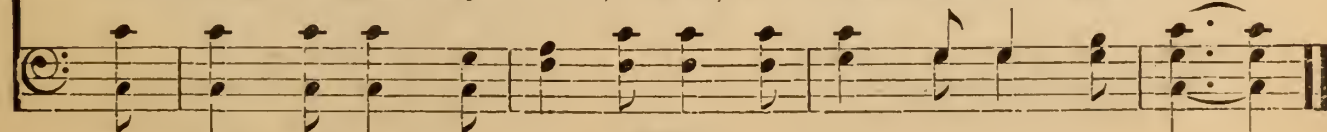
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me.  
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet - ness is from Thee.  
 But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not, But watch - est pa - tient - ly.



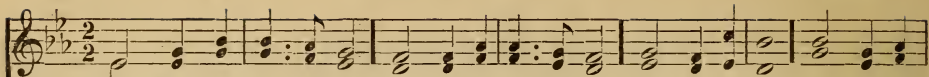
I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres - sure light and mild,  
 And when, dear Sav - iour, I kneel down, Morning and night, to pray'r,  
 To God the Fa - ther glo - ry be, And to His on - ly Son;



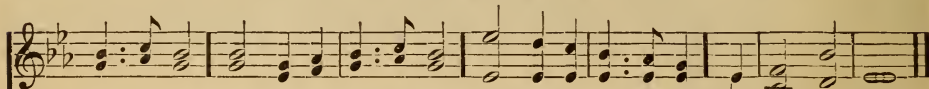
To check me as my moth-er did, When I was but a child:  
 Something there is with - in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.  
 The same, O Ho - ly Ghost, to Thee, While cease - less a - ges run!



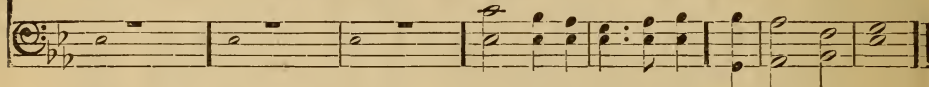




1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me  
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast



while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!  
 died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing fire!



- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my Guide;  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll;  
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
 Oh, bear me safe above,  
 A ransom'd soul.

## 145. Tune—Veni Sancte Spiritus. 6s, 4s.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, in love  
 Shed on us from above  
 Thine own bright ray!  
 Divinely good Thou art;  
 Thy sacred gifts impart  
 To gladden each sad heart:  
 O come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
 Our most delightful Guest,  
 With soothing power:  
 Rest, which the weary know,  
 Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,  
 Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,—  
 Cheer us, this hour!
- 3 Come, Light serene, and still  
 Our inmost bosoms fill;  
 Dwell in each breast:

We know no dawn but Thine;  
 Send forth Thy beams divine,  
 On our dark souls to shine,  
 And make us blest!

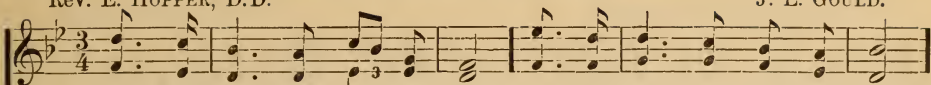
- 4 Exalt our low desires;  
 Extinguish passion's fires;  
 Heal every wound:  
 Our stubborn spirits bend;  
 Our icy coldness end;  
 Our devious steps attend,  
 While heavenward bound.
- 5 Come, all the faithful bless;  
 Let all who Christ confess  
 His praise employ:  
 Give virtue's rich reward;  
 Victorious death accord,  
 And, with our glorious Lord,  
 Eternal joy!

146.

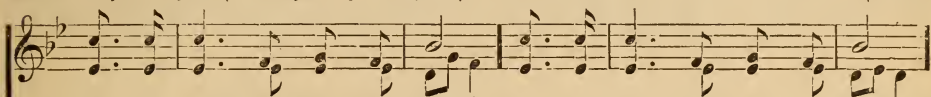
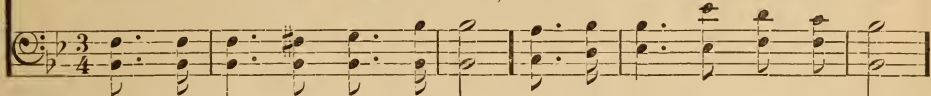
## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. E. HOPPER, D.D.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

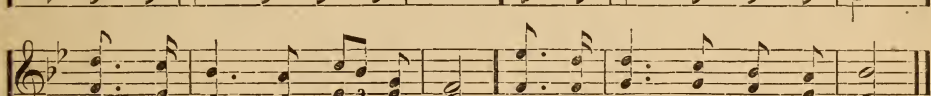
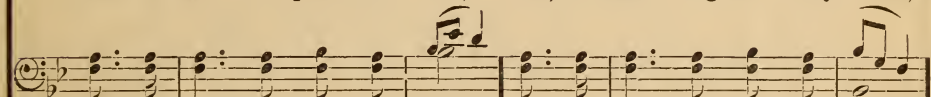
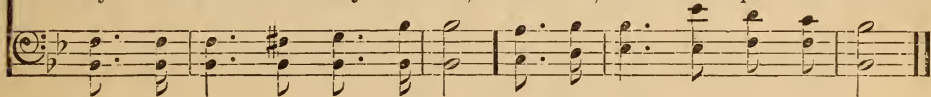


Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



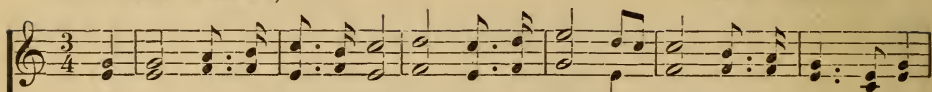
## 147. Tune—HOLBROOK. 7s.

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high:  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Oh, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

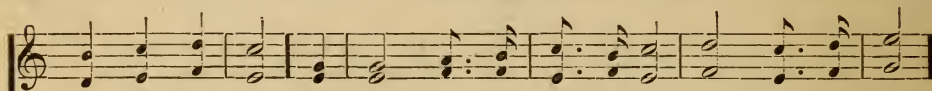
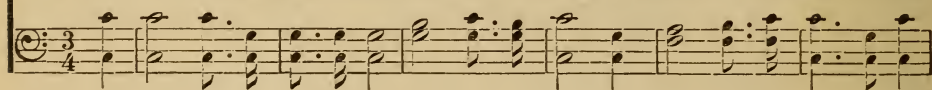
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
 More than all in Thee I find:  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness:  
 False and full of sin I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the Fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of Thee:  
 Spring Thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D.D.

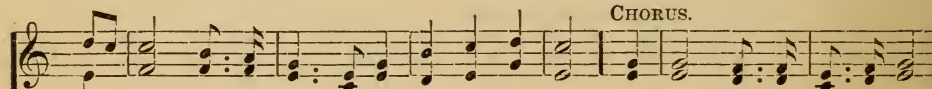
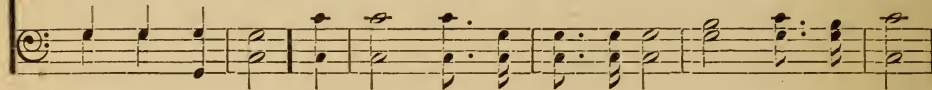
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim - son tide  
 2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, Je - sus is mine, No lon - ger in dread con - dem -  
 3. O Je - sus the cru - ci - fied! Thee will I sing, My bless - ed Re - deem - er, my

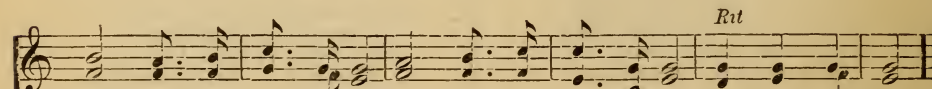


o - pen'd for me; O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand;  
 na - tion I pine; In con - scious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace,  
 God and my King; My soul, fill'd with rapt - ure, shall shout o'er the grave,

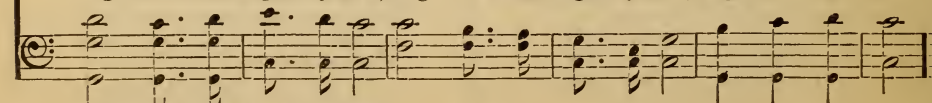


## CHORUS.

And point to the print of the nails in His hand.  
 Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face. } Oh, sing of His mighty love,  
 And tri - umph in death in the "Mighty to Save."



Sing of His might - y love, Sing of His might - y love, Might - y to save.



149.

## I need Thee every Hour.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like Thine Can peace afford.  
 2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
 3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-es In me ful- fil.  
 4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho- ly One; Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

## REFRAIN.

I need Thee; oh! I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

Copyright, 1872, by Robert Lowry. By per.

150.

## My Spirit on Thy Care.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav - iour, I re - cline;  
 2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm - ly rest:  
 3. What - e'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all per - form;  
 4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me;

Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art Love di - vine.  
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.  
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com - ing storm.  
 Se - cure of hav - ing Thee in all, Of hav - ing all in Thee.



Rev. W. E. FISCHER, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. Near to my Sav-iour I ev - er would live, Nev - er de - part from the  
 2. More of Thy spir - it, blest Je - sus, I need, More of Thy gen - tle - ness  
 3. Give me hu - mil - i - ty like un - to Thine, Sym - pa - thy that o'er the  
 4. Sure, I shall yet near my Je - sus a - bide, Nev - er to stray a - gain,

law He has giv'n, Praise Him and to Him my heart wholly give—Ev - er be  
 would I re - ceive, More of Thy love and Thy patience in - deed, More of Thy  
 err - ing will weep; Trust, that thro' tri - als will nev - er de - cline; Meekness, that  
 led by His hand; Sin by the crim - son - flood all wash'd a - side, Je - sus' full

rea - dy to en - ter His heav'n. Bless me, dear Je - sus, from  
 kind - ness and strength to be - lieve. Bless me, dear Je - sus, oh,  
 will Thy dear foot - steps will keep. Hear me, oh Je - sus, then  
 im - age I'll bear in that land. Hear me, oh Je - sus, my

day un - to day, Lead me and keep me and help me to pray.  
 bless me, I pray, Lest I be un - done in go - ing a - stray.  
 hear me, I pray, Near by Thy bless - ed side help me to stay.  
 soul now pre - pare,—That I that day and its glo - ries may share.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross,      There a pre-cious fount - ain,  
 2. Near the cross, a trem-b-ling soul,      I love and mer - cy found me;  
 3. Near the Cross! oh, Lamb of God,      Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait,      Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er,

Free to all, a heal - ing stream,      Flows from Calv - 'ry's mount - ain.  
 There the bright and morn - ing star      Shed its beams a - round me.  
 Help me walk, from day to day,      With its shad - ow o'er me.  
 Till I reach the gold - en strand,      Just be-yond the riv - er.

## CHORUS.

In the Cross, In the Cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,

Till my rapt - ured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

153.

## Lord Jesus! I belong to Thee.

Anon.

Rev. G. G. PHIPPS.

1. Lord, from the depths to Thee I cry, To Thee I lift my  
 2. No home have I in this wide waste, O'er which with trem - bling  
 3. Oh, then be Thou each hour my guide; Ne'er let my faith - less

tear - ful eye : My Sav-iour! let me feel Thee nigh,  
 steps I haste, The joys at Thy right hand to taste,  
 foot - steps slide; But keep me by Thy wound - ed side,

## CHORUS.

Lord Je-sus! I be - long to Thee. Lord, Thou hast bought me,

I'm not mine own, Thy precious blood to my heart is whisp'ring, "Thine, Thine alone."

Copyright, by Russell Bros. By per.

4 In dark temptation's trial hour,  
 When Satan bends his utmost power,  
 My Saviour! be my refuge tower,  
 Lord Jesus! I belong to Thee.

5 And when at length life's pulses fail,  
 And weary feet tread death's dim vale,  
 Breathe to my heart Thine oft-told tale;  
 Lord Jesus! I belong to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;  
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;  
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,  
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

## REFRAIN.

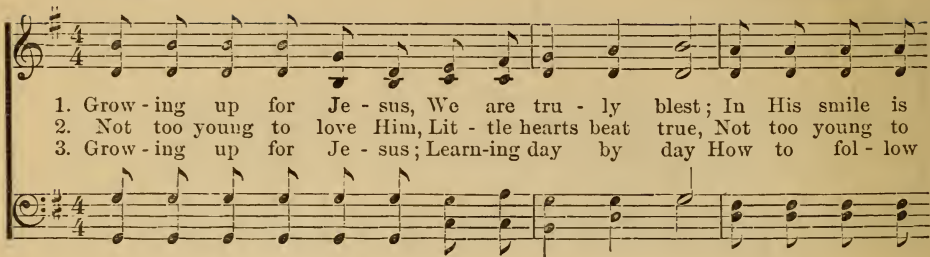
Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;  
 nearer, nearer,

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

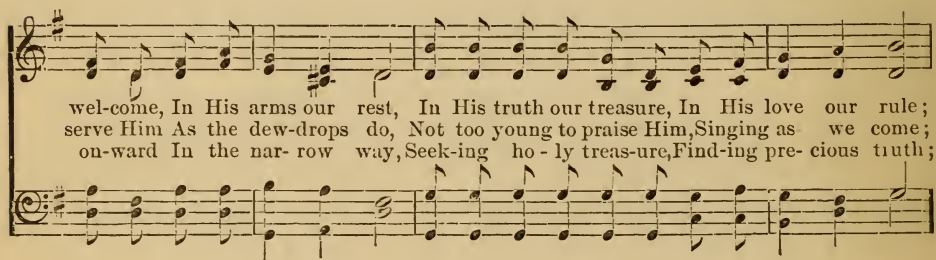


P. J. OWENS.

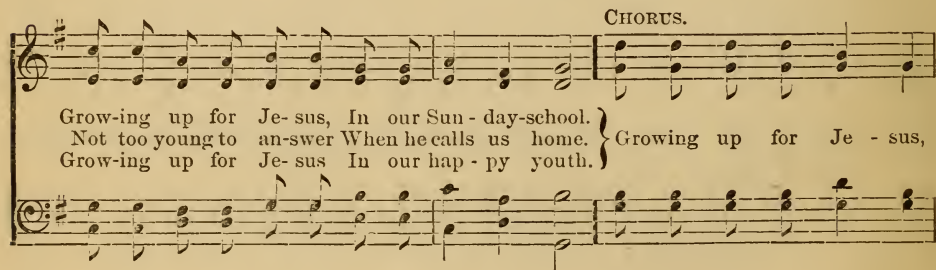
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



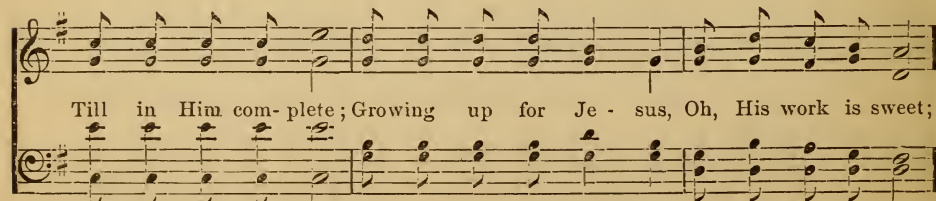
1. Grow - ing up for Je - sus, We are tru - ly blest; In His smile is  
 2. Not too young to love Him, Lit - tle hearts beat true, Not too young to  
 3. Grow - ing up for Je - sus; Learn - ing day by day How to fol - low



wel - come, In His arms our rest, In His truth our treasure, In His love our rule;  
 serve Him As the dew - drops do, Not too young to praise Him, Singing as we come;  
 on - ward In the nar - row way, Seek - ing ho - ly treas - ure, Find - ing pre - cious truth;



CHORUS.  
 Grow - ing up for Je - sus, In our Sun - day - school.  
 Not too young to an - swer When he calls us home. } Growing up for Je - sus,  
 Grow - ing up for Je - sus In our hap - py youth. }



Till in Him com - plete; Growing up for Je - sus, Oh, His work is sweet;

## Growing up for Jesus.—Concluded.

Growing up for Jesus, Till in Him com-plete; Growing up for Jesus, Oh, His work is sweet.

156.

## Bless Me Now.

ALEXANDER CLARK, D.D.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, bless me now; At the cross of Christ I bow;  
 2. Now, O Lord! this ver - y hour, Send Thy grace and show Thy pow'r;  
 3. Now, just now, for Je - sus' sake, Lift the clouds, the fet - ters break;

Take my guilt and grief a - way; Hear and heal me now, I pray.  
 While I rest up - on Thy word, Come and bless me now, O Lord!  
 While I look, and as I cry, Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

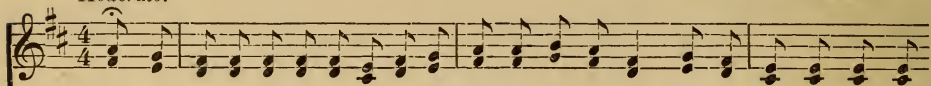
### REFRAIN.

Bless me now, bless me now, Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, bless me now.

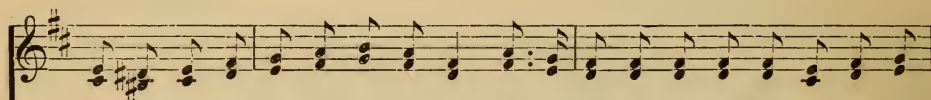
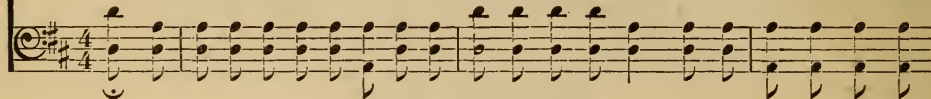
# 157. Lord, a Little Band and Lowly.

*Moderato.*

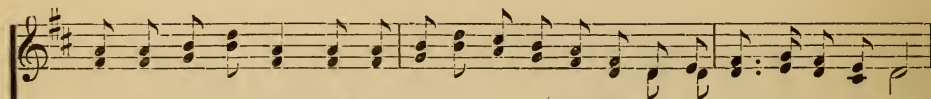
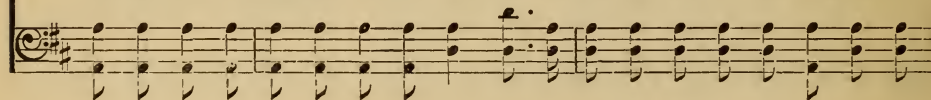
Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.



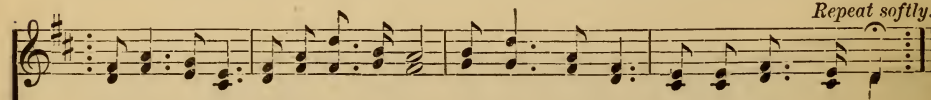
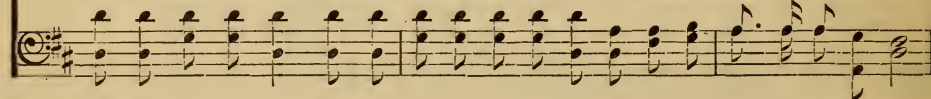
1. Lord, a little band and lowly, We are come to sing to Thee; Thou art great, and high, and
2. For we know the Lord of glory Always sees what children do, And is writ-ing now the



ho - ly, O how ho - ly should we be! Fill our hearts with tho'ts of Je - sus, And of  
sto - ry Of our tho'ts and ac-tions, too. Let our sins be all for - giv - en, Make us

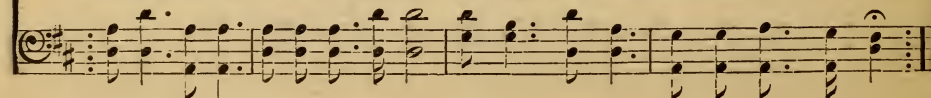


heav'n where He is gone; And let nothing ev - er please us He would grieve to look upon :  
fear what'e'r is wrong; Lead us on our way to heav-en, There to sing a no - bler song :



*Repeat softly.*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly let us be; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly let us be.  
Singing, singing, singing to the Lord; Singing, sing-ing, sing-ing to the Lord.



# 158. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the pray'r I make On bended  
 2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee alone I seek, Give what is  
 3. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their re-  
 4. Then shall my latest breath Whisper Thy praise, This be the part-ing cry My heart shall

knee; This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
 best: This all my pray'r shall be,  
 frain, When they can sing with me,—  
 raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

Copyright, 1870, in "Songs of Devotion." By per.

# 159. Crusader's Hymn.

1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all nat-ure, O Thou of God and man the Son!  
 2. Fair are the meadows, Fair-er still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
 3. Fair is the sunshine, Fair-er still the moonlight, And all the twinkling, star-ry host;

Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown.  
 Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.  
 Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines purer, Than all the an-gels heav'n can boast.



Mrs. M. E. SMITH.

S. A. WILSON, by per.

*With feeling.*

1. I range up - on the verdant plain, Where winds the sil - ver riv - er clear,  
 2. I take no tho't for fut - ure need, But feed up - on the mys - tic bread;  
 3. And tho' I tread the gloomy vale Where death's dark shadows e'er a - bide,

And sing with joy a hap - py strain, As - sured my Shep - herd's ev - er near.  
 And feel that as the days suc - ceed, Thro' fruit - ful vales I shall be led.  
 No fears shall o'er my heart pre - vail, While my good Shep - herd's at my side.

Enclosed with - in His fold se - cure, I dread no ill by night or day;  
 His love I'll ev - er more con - fess, For on He leads my will - ing soul  
 I'll lean up - on His staff and rod, As thro' the gloom He guides my way,

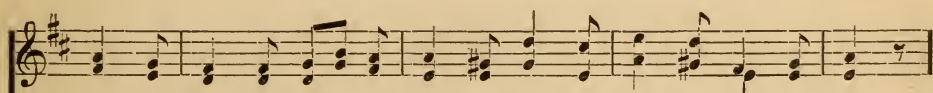
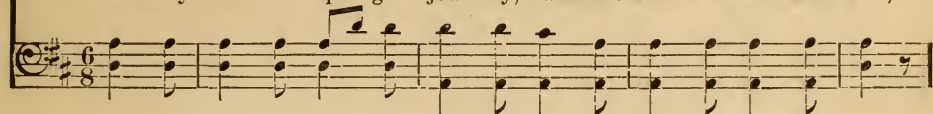
In sor - row beams the moonlight pure, In joy, the sun's re - ful - gent ray.  
 O'er flow'ry paths of righteous - ness, Nor care I for the thun - der's roll.  
 Un - til I reach the heav'nly road Where all is bright with end - less day.

## Light at Evening.

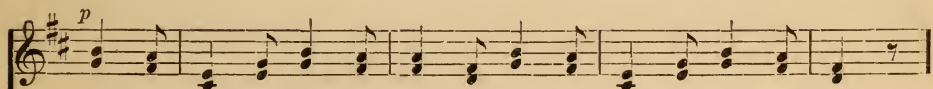
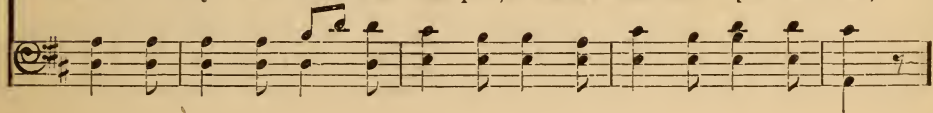
LAMBILLOTTE.  
Arranged for this work.



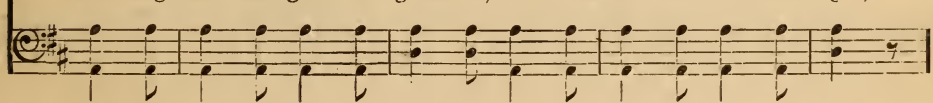
1. Light at eve-ning! bless-ed prom-ise That life's dark - est storm shall flee,
2. In the morn of life the sunbeams Flooded all our path with light,
3. Half - way o'er our pil - grim jour-ney, Half life's storms and sor - rows o'er,



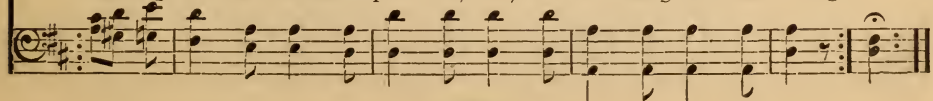
That each bit - ter cloud of sor - row Shall but bright re - flec-tors be  
But the noon-tide found the tem-pest Cloth-ing that same path in night;  
Wist - ful - ly we watch the tem-pest, Which a - bove our spir-its roar;



Of the ra-diance which shall hov - er Round the spir - it's eve - ning time,  
Then a - mid the tu - mult ris - ing We a gen - tle voice may hear,  
Watch-ing for the gold - en glim-mer, Which will ban - ish sor - row's night,



Sing-ing lul - la - bys of heav-en, Which with an - gel harp-ings chime.  
"Hope and trust - be-yond the shad-ows Shall the eve - ning light ap - pear."  
Wait-ing for the bless-ed prom-ise, "Lo, at eve - ning com - eth light!"



F. W. FAER.

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in -  
 2. Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so -  
 3. La - bor is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd; And care is  
 4. For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sin - ful,

- to our minds in - still: And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
 - lu - tion and, re - lease; And bless us, more than in past days,  
 light, for Thou hast cared; Ah, nev - er let our works be soil'd  
 un - to Thee we call; O let Thy mer - cy make us glad;

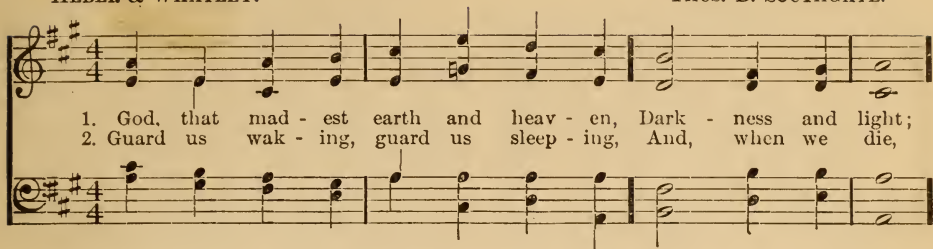
With low - ly love and fer - vent will. Through life's long day and  
 With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace. Through life's long day and  
 With strife, or by de - ceit en - snared. Through life's long day and  
 Thou art our Je - sus, and our All. Through life's long day and

death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.  
 death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.  
 death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.  
 death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light.

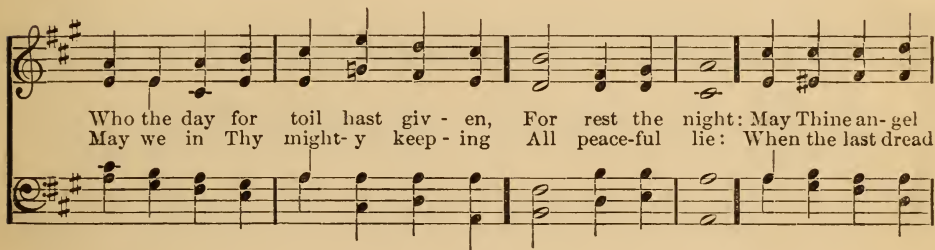
# 163. God, that madest Earth and Heaven.

HEBER & WHATELY.

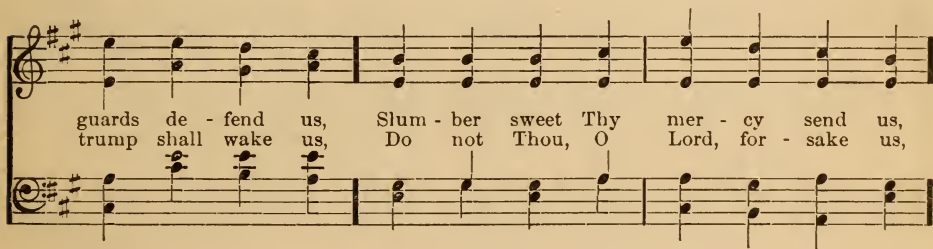
THOS. B. SOUTHGATE.



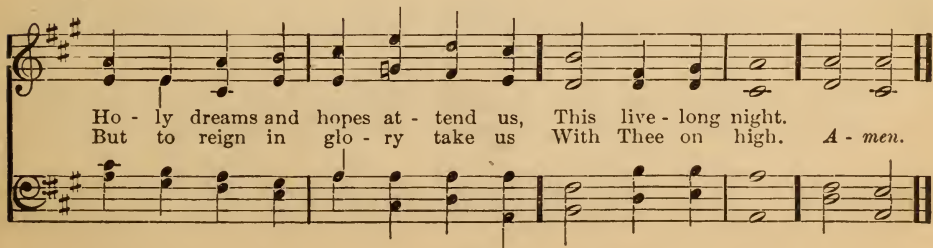
1. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;  
2. Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And, when we die,



Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night: May Thine an - gel  
May we in Thy might - y keep - ing All peace - ful lie: When the last dread



guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,  
trump shall wake us, Do not Thou, O Lord, for - sake us,



Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.  
But to reign in glo - ry take us With Thee on high. A - men.



JOHN RYLAND.

Arr. from FRANZ ABT, by H. P. MAIN.

SOLO OR DUET.

GIRLS.

1. O Lord, I would de-light in Thee, And on Thy care de-pend;  
 2. No good in creat-ures may be found, But may be found in Thee;  
 3. He that has made my heav'n se-cure, Will here all good pro-vide:

SOLO OR DUET.

BOYS.

To Thee in ev'-ry troub-le flee, My best, my on-ly Friend.  
 I must have all things and a-bound, While God is God to me.  
 While Christ is rich, can I be poor? What can I want be-side?

FULL CHORUS.

When all cre-at-ed streams are dried, Thy ful-ness is the same;  
 O that I had a stron-ger faith To look with-in the veil,  
 O Lord, I cast my care on Thee; I tri-umph and a-dore:

May I with this be sat-is-fied, And glo-ry, glo-ry in Thy Name!  
 To cred-it what my Sav-iour saith, whose word, whose word can nev-er fail!  
 Henceforth my great con-cern shall be To love, to love and please Thee more.

Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All!      Blest Sav- iour, hear me when I call;  
 Je - sus, a- las! too cold-ly sought,      How can I love Thee as I ought?  
 Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me      That Thou hast dealt so lov- ing - ly?  
 Je - sus, of Thee shall be my song;      To Thee my heart and soul be - long;

Oh, hear, and from Thy dwelling-place      Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace.  
 And how ex - tol Thy matchless fame,      The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name?  
 How great the joy that Thou hast brought,      Oh, far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought.  
 All that I am or have is Thine,      And Thou, my Sav- iour, Thou art mine.

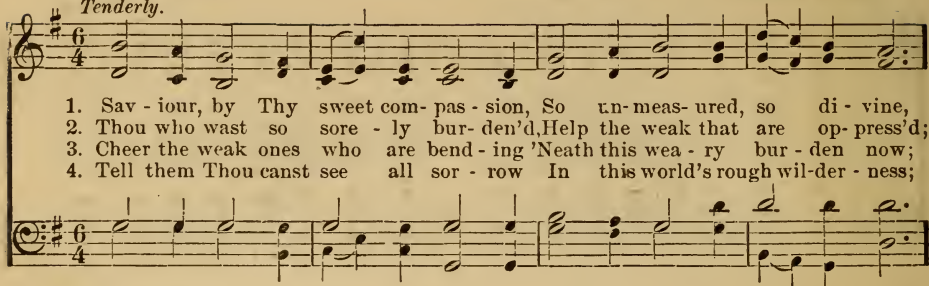
*pp* Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore, *p* Oh,

*f* make me love Thee more, Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

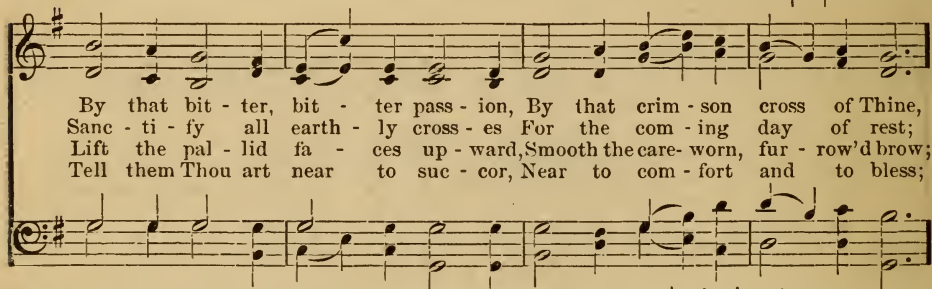
ADA CAMBRIDGE.

*Tenderly.*

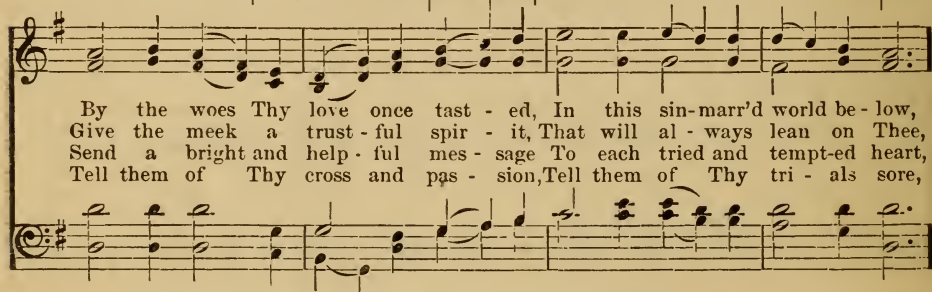
Rev. W. E. FISCHER, by per.



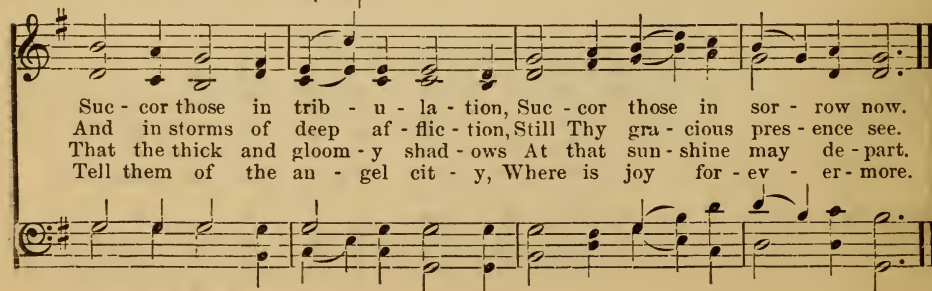
1. Sav - iour, by Thy sweet com - pas - sion, So un-meas - ured, so di - vine,  
 2. Thou who wast so sore - ly bur - den'd, Help the weak that are op - press'd;  
 3. Cheer the weak ones who are bend - ing 'Neath this wea - ry bur - den now;  
 4. Tell them Thou canst see all sor - row In this world's rough wil - der - ness;



By that bit - ter, bit - ter pass - ion, By that crim - son cross of Thine,  
 Sanc - ti - fy all earth - ly cross - es For the com - ing day of rest;  
 Lift the pal - lid fa - ces up - ward, Smooth the care - worn, fur - row'd brow;  
 Tell them Thou art near to suc - cor, Near to com - fort and to bless;



By the woes Thy love once tast - ed, In this sin-marr'd world be - low,  
 Give the meek a trust - ful spir - it, That will al - ways lean on Thee,  
 Send a bright and help - ful mes - sage To each tried and tempt-ed heart,  
 Tell them of Thy cross and pas - sion, Tell them of Thy tri - als sore,



Suc - cor those in trib - u - la - tion, Suc - cor those in sor - row now.  
 And in storms of deep af - flic - tion, Still Thy gra - cious pres - ence see.  
 That the thick and gloom - y shad - ows At that sun - shine may de - part.  
 Tell them of the an - gel cit - y, Where is joy for - ev - er - more.



167.

## Evening Hymn.

CHARLES WESLEY.

German.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild,      Look up - on a lit - tle child;  
 2. Hold me fast in Thine em - brace;      Let me see Thy smiling face;  
 3. Let me, a - bove all, ful - fil      God my Heav'nly Father's will;

Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty;      Suf - fer me to come to Thee.  
 Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;      Pray for me, and I shall live.  
 Nev - er His good Spir - it grieve,      On - ly to His glo - ry live.

168.

## Thine Forever.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

1. Thine for ev - er! God of love,      Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;  
 2. Thine for ev - er! Lord of Life,      Shield us thro' our earth - ly strife;  
 3. Thine for ev - er! O how blest      They who find in Thee their rest;  
 4. Thine for ev - er! Thou our Guide,      All our wants by Thee sup - plied,

Thine for ev - er may we be,      Here and in e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,      Guide us to the realms of day.  
 Sav - iour, Guardian, heav'n - ly Friend,      O de - fend us to the end.  
 All our sins by Thee for - giv'n,      Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.



169.

## My Jesus as Thou Wilt!

Trans. from SCHMOLKE.

Von WEBER. Arr. by H. P. M.

1. My Je - sus as Thou wilt! Oh! may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy  
 2. My Je - sus as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row or thro' joy Con - duct me  
 fut - ure scene I glad - ly trust with Thee: Thus to my home a - bove I trav - el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!  
 calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

By permission.

## 170. Tune—BETHANY. 6s, 4s.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let the way appear  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if on joyful wing  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upwards I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

171.

## Oh, for a Contrite Heart.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!  
 2. A heart re-sign'd, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne;  
 3. Oh, for a low-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean;  
 4. Thy nat-ure, gra-cious Lord, im-part, Come quick-ly from a-bove;

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me!  
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone.  
 Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in.  
 Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

172.

## Let Christ be All in all.

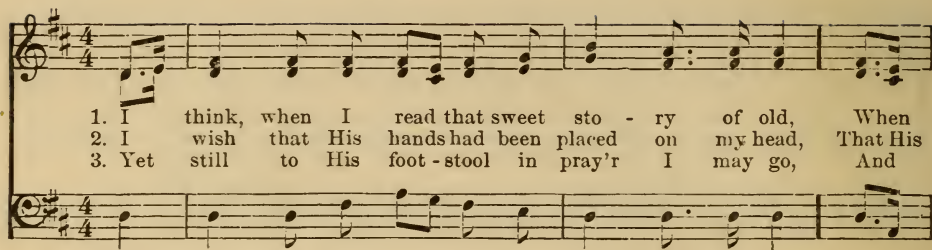
H. C. ZEUNER.

1. My God, ac-cept my heart this day, And make it al-ways Thine,  
 2. Be-fore the Cross of Him who died, Be-hold, I pros-trate fall;  
 3. An-oint me with Thy heav'n-ly grace, A-dopt me for Thine own;  
 4. Let ev-'ry tho't, and work, and word, To Thee be ev-er giv'n:

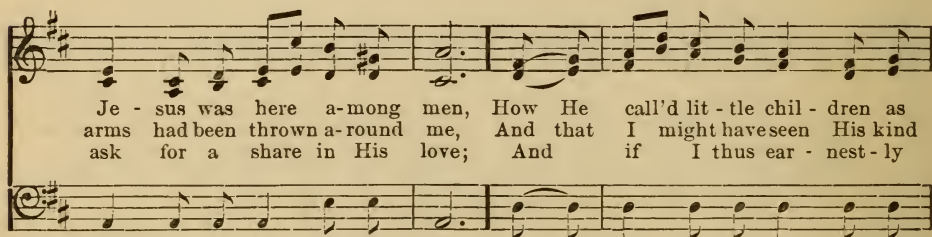
That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de-cline.  
 Let ev-'ry sin be cru-ci-fied, Let Christ be All in all!  
 That I may see Thy glo-rious face, And wor-ship at Thy throne.  
 Then life shall be Thy ser-vice, Lord, And death the gate of heav'n.

173.

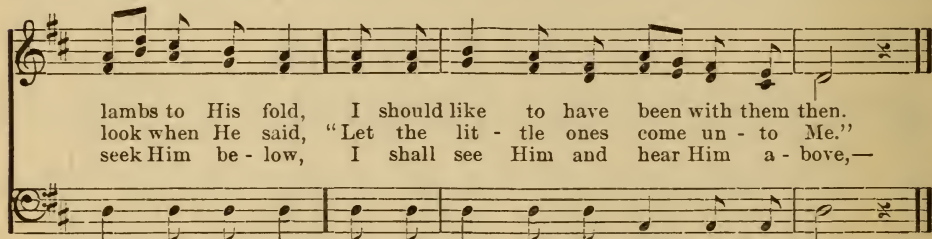
## Sweet Story.



1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
 2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His  
 3. Yet still to His foot - stool in pray'r I may go, And



Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as  
 arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind  
 ask for a share in His love; And if I thus ear - nest - ly

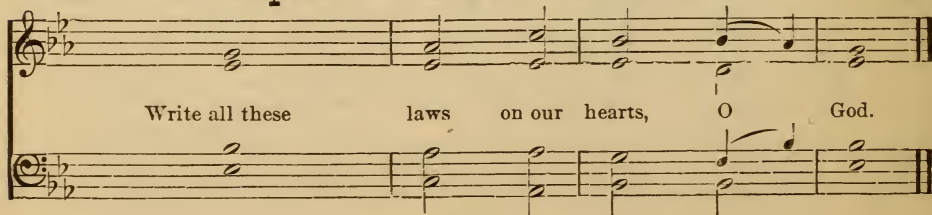


lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."  
 seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove,—

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare | 5 I long for the joys of that glorious time,  
 For all who are wash'd and forgiven; The sweetest, and brightest, and best,  
 And many dear children are gathering there, When the dear little children of every clime  
 "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

174.

## Response to the Commandments.



Write all these laws on our hearts, O God.

175.

## Father, Hear our Prayer

J. GRIGG.

*lib. cres. dim. Con amore.*

1. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! { Thou who art Pit - y where sorrow prevaileth, }  
 { Thou who art Safe - ty when mortal help faileth, }  
 2. Hear! Father, hear our prayer! { Wand'ring unknown in the land of the stranger, }  
 { Be with all travelers in sickness or danger, }

Strength to the fee - ble, and Hope to des - pair, Hear! Fa - ther, hear our prayer!  
 Guide Thou their path, guide their feet from the snare, Hear! Fa - ther, hear our prayer!

From "The Heavenly Choir," by per.

- 3 Dry Thou the mourner's tear!  
 Heal Thou the wounds of time-hallowed affection;  
 Grant to the widow and orphan protection,  
 Be in their trouble a Friend ever near,  
 Dry Thou the mourner's tear!
- 4 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!  
 Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attended;  
 Be with the Pilgrim whose journey is ended;  
 When at Thy summons for death we prepare,  
 Hear! Father, hear our prayer!

## 176. TUNE—CORINTH. C. M.

- 1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
 Thy majesty how bright!  
 How glorious is Thy mercy-seat,  
 In depths of burning light!
- 2 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
 Almighty as Thou art;  
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
 The love of my poor heart.

- 3 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
 No mother half so mild  
 Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done  
 With me, Thy sinful child.
- 4 My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
 Thou everlasting Friend!  
 On Thee I stay my trusting heart,  
 Till faith in vision end.



J. M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo-ry bright, By faith's cleareyes I see, In  
 2. O may I faithful prove, And keep the crown in view, And  
 3. Je - sus, be Thou my guide, My dai - ly steps at - tend; O,  
 4. Be Thou my shield and sun, My Sav - iour and my guard; And

CHORUS.

you - der realms of light, Pre - pared for me.  
 through the storms of life My way pur - sue.  
 keep me near Thy side, Be Thou my friend.  
 when my work is done, My great re - ward. } I'm near - er my home,

near - er my home, near - er my home to - day: Yes!

*Repeat very softly.*

near - er my home in heav'n to - day Than ev - er I was be - fore.

## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus  
 2. Like a might-y ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;  
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,  
 Con-stant will re-main. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or Un-to Christ the King;

## CHORUS.

Forward in-to bat - tle, See His banners go.  
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.  
 We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail. } Onward, Christian sol - diers,  
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

179.

## A Little While Longer.

E. R. LATTA.  
*Not too fast.*

W. O. PERKINS, by per.

1. A lit - tle while lon-ger to la - bor, Be-fore we shall pass to our rest !  
 2. A lit - tle while lon-ger to suf - fer, A lit - tle more sor-row and care,  
 3. A lit - tle while lon-ger to jour-ney A-wea-ry thro' des-erts of sand,

A lit - tle more watching and wait-ing, Ere qui - et shall come to the breast !  
 Be-fore we in - her - it the man - sions The Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare!  
 Be-fore we shall pass o'er the riv - er And en - ter the beau - ti - ful Land !

A lit - tle while lon-ger to scat - ter The seed that shall ri - pen on high,  
 A lit - tle while lon-ger to strug - gle With sin and temp - ta - tion be - low,  
 A lit - tle more meeting and part - ing And all of our tri - als are o'er;

Be - fore with the glo - ri - fied reap - ers We gath - er our sheaves in the sky!  
 Be - fore we shall fi - nal - ly tri - umph, And Je - sus a crown shall be - stow !  
 And then we shall ut - ter the say - ing, "A lit - tle while lon-ger," no more !

## A Little While Longer.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A lit-tle while lon-ger! A lit-tle while lon-ger, A lit-tle while lon-ger to roam!

A lit-tle while lon-ger to jour-ney, Then rest with the an-gels at home.

180.

## Life's Battle-Field.

Unison.

1. Sol-dier on life's bat-tle-field, Be thou val-iant, bold, and strong;
2. Je-sus calls us to the field, He will lead us ev-er-more;
3. Then, in yon-der world of light, We will lay our ar-mor down;

In the strife, with cheer-ful zeal, Urge the Sav-iour's cause a-long.  
'Neath His ban-ner ne'er to yield, Till the might-y con-flict's o'er.  
And, 'mid throngs of an-gels bright, Each re-ceive a star-ry crown.

CHORUS.

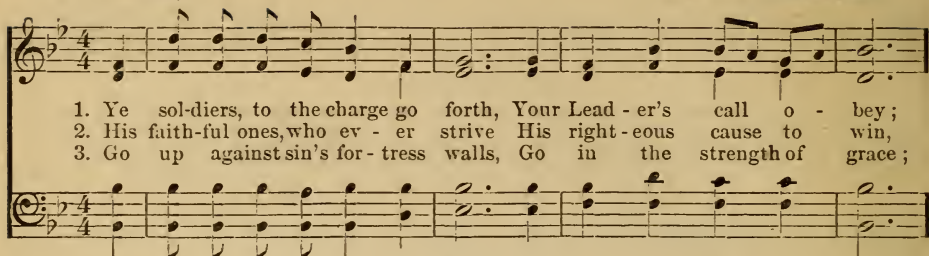
On-ward, on-ward to glo-ry! Yield not to the wi-ly foe;

Vic-t'ry and heav'n are be-fore thee, Shout your tri-umphs as you go.

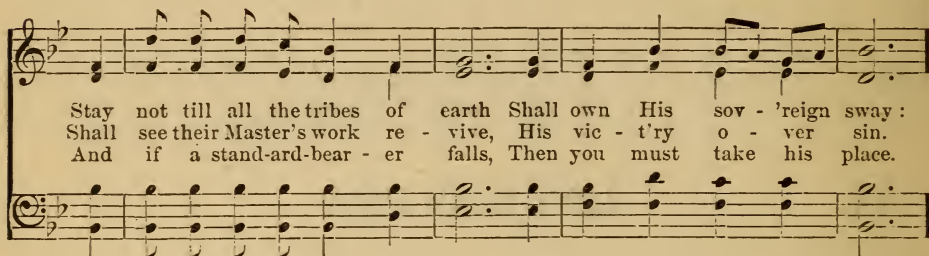


Words arranged.

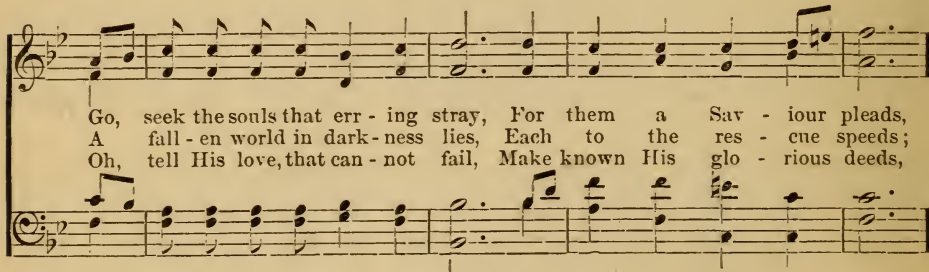
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



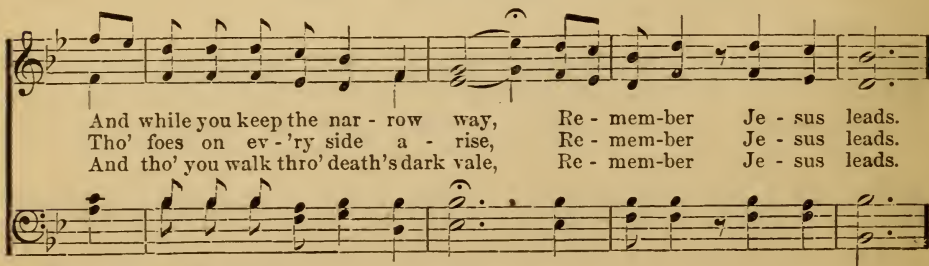
1. Ye sol-diers, to the charge go forth, Your Lead - er's call o - bey;  
 2. His faith-ful ones, who ev - er strive His right-eous cause to win,  
 3. Go up against sin's for - tress walls, Go in the strength of grace;



Stay not till all the tribes of earth Shall own His sov - 'reign sway:  
 Shall see their Master's work re - vive, His vic - t'ry o - ver sin.  
 And if a stand-ard-bear - er falls, Then you must take his place.



Go, seek the souls that err - ing stray, For them a Sav - iour pleads,  
 A fall - en world in dark - ness lies, Each to the res - cue speeds;  
 Oh, tell His love, that can - not fail, Make known His glo - rious deeds,



And while you keep the nar - row way, Re - mem - ber Je - sus leads.  
 Tho' foes on ev - 'ry side a - rise, Re - mem - ber Je - sus leads.  
 And tho' you walk thro' death's dark vale, Re - mem - ber Je - sus leads.

# Remember Jesus Leads.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber, re - mem - ber  
Re - mem - ber Je - sus leads, re - mem - ber Je - sus leads, re - mem - ber, oh, re -

Je - sus leads; Who trust in Him are blest, He  
member Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;

leads to per - fect rest; Oh, re - mem - ber Je - sus leads!  
oh, remember Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads!

## 182. Tune—DURING. C. M.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A foll'wer of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flow'ry beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thine armies shine  
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

183.

## Come Unto Me.

Mrs. C. H. ESLING.

L. MASON, by per.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad heart is  
 2. Large are the man-sions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that  
 3. There, like an E - den blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the

wea - ry and dis - tress, Seek - ing for com - fort from your Heav'n-ly  
 sor - rows nev - er dim, Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic  
 earth too rude - ly press'd; Come un - to me all ye who droop in

Fa - ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.  
 swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.  
 sad - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. A - men.

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184.

## "Farewell! We Meet no More."

T. HASTINGS.

*Affet.*

1. Fare - well! fare - well! We meet no more On this side heav'n; The  
 2. Fare - well! fare - well! My soul will weep While mem'ry lives: From  
 3. Fare - well! fare - well! My stricken heart To Je - sus flies: From  
 4. Fare - well! fare - well! And shall we meet In heav'n a - bove? And

From "Choir Perennial," by per.

# "Farewell! We Meet no More."—Concluded.

part-ingscene is o'er, The last sad look is giv'n. Fare-well! fare - well!  
 wounds that sink so deep No earth-ly hand re - lies. Fare-well! fare - well!  
 Him I'll ne'er de - part; On Him my hope re - lies. Fare-well! fare - well!  
 there in un - ion sweet, Sing of a Sav-iour's love? Fare-well! fare - well!

185.

Chant.

MONK.

1. Now is Christ risen from the dead: and become the first fruits of them that slept.

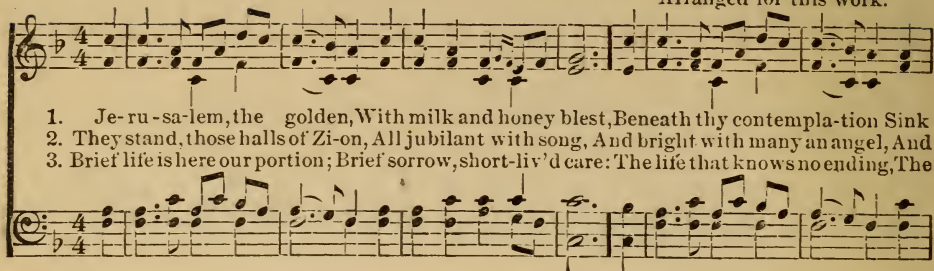
I CORINTHIANS XV.

- 2 For since by | man came | death : || by man came also the resur- | rec-tion | of the | dead. ||
- 3 For as in Adam | all · = | die : || even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | live. ||
- 4 But every man in his own order, | Christ the | first fruits : || afterward they that are | Christ's · = | at His | coming. ||
- 5 Behold, I | show you · a | mystery : || we | shall not | all · = | sleep. ||
- 6 But we shall | all be | changed : || in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye | at the | last · = | trump. ||
- 7 For the | trumpet · shall | sound : || and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and | we · = | shall be | changed. ||
- 8 For this corruptible must put on | incor- | ruption : || and this mortal must | put on | im-mor- | tality. ||
- 9 So when | this cor- | ruptible : || shall have | put on | in-cor- | ruption. ||
- 10 And | this · = | mortal : || shall have | put on | im-mor- | tality, ||
- 11 Then shall be brought to pass the saying | that is | written : || Death is | swallowed | up in | victory. ||
- 12 O death, | where is · thy | sting? || O grave, | where · = | is thy | victory.? ||
- 13 The sting of | death is | sin : || and the | strength of | sin · is the | law. ||
- 14 But | thanks · be to | God : || who giveth us the victory through | our Lord | Je-sus | Christ. ||

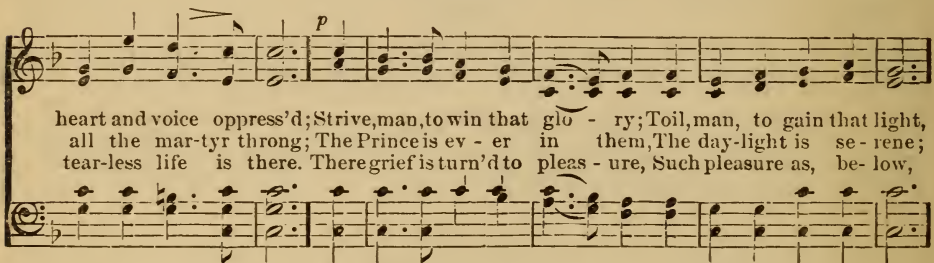
GLORY BE, &c.



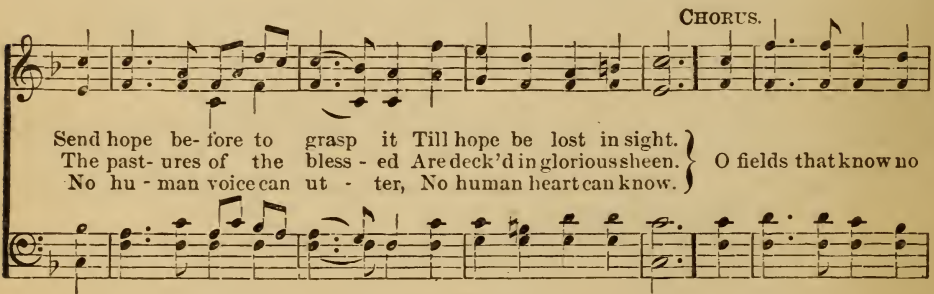
Arranged for this work.



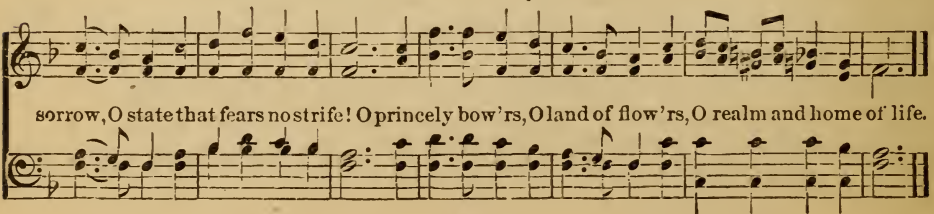
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contempla - tion Sink  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And  
 3. Brief life is here our portion; Brief sorrow, short - liv'd care: The life that knows no ending, The



heart and voice oppress'd; Strive, man, to win that glo - ry; Toil, man, to gain that light,  
 all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;  
 tear - less life is there. There grief is turn'd to pleas - ure, Such pleasure as, be - low,



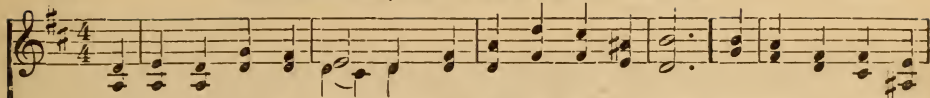
CHORUS.  
 Send hope be - fore to grasp it Till hope be lost in sight. }  
 The past - ures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glorious sheen. } O fields that know no  
 No hu - man voice can ut - ter, No human heart can know. }



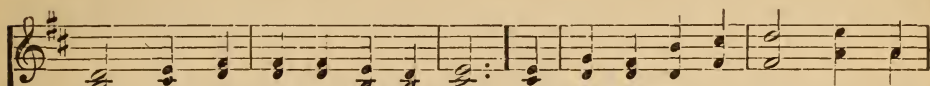
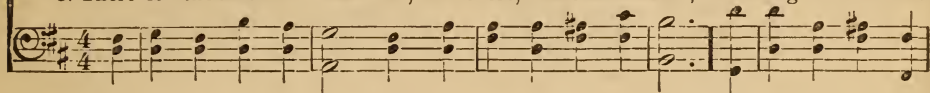
sorrow, O state that fears no strife! O princely bow'rs, O land of flow'rs, O realm and home of life.

187.

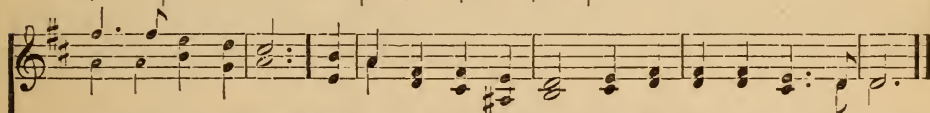
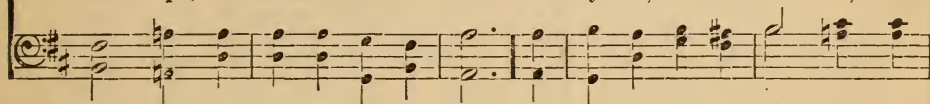
## Jerusalem, the Golden. No. 1. ALEX. EWING.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Beneath thy con - tem -  
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an  
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care released, The song of them that



pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, oh, I know not, What  
 an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them, The  
 tri - umph, The shout of them that feast: And they who, with their Lead - er, Have



so - cial joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond compare.  
 daylight is se - rene; The past - ures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.  
 conquer'd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.



## 188. Tune—PARK STREET. L. M.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness<br/>         My beauty are, my glorious dress;<br/>         'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,<br/>         With joy shall I lift up my head.</p> <p>2 When from the dust of death I rise,<br/>         To take my mansion in the skies,<br/>         E'en then shall this be all my plea—<br/>         "Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."</p> | <p>3 Bold shall I stand in Thy great Day,<br/>         For who aught to my charge shall lay?<br/>         Fully through these absolved I am<br/>         From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.</p> <p>4 This spotless robe the same appears,<br/>         When ruined nature sinks in years:<br/>         No age can change its constant hue;<br/>         Thy Blood preserves it ever new.</p> <p>5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;<br/>         Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!<br/>         Their beauty this, their glorious dress,<br/>         Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness!</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

From a German Air

*Gently.*

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en! I wea - ry for one gleam  
 2. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en! Me-thinks each flow'r that blows,  
 3. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en! Where loft - i - ly they sing,  
 4. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold-en! I toil on day by day;

Of all Thy glo - ry fold - en In dis - tance and in dream!  
 And ev - 'ry bird a - sing - ing, Of Thee some se - cret knows.  
 O'er pains and sor - rows old - en For - ev - er tri - umph - ing;  
 Heart-sore each night with long - ing I stretch my hands and pray,

My tho'ts, like palms in ex - ile, Climb up to look and pray  
 I know not what the flow - ers Can feel or sing - ers see,  
 Low - ly may be the por - tal, And dark may be the door,  
 That mid Thy leaves of heal - ing My soul may find her rest!

*Rit.*

For a glimpse of Thy dear coun - try That lies so far a - way.  
 But all these sum - mer rapt - ures Seem prophe - cies of Thee.  
 The man - sion is im - mor - tal, God's pal - ace for His poor.  
 Where the wick - ed cease from troub - ling, The wea - ry are at rest.



Mrs. E. M. H. GATES.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

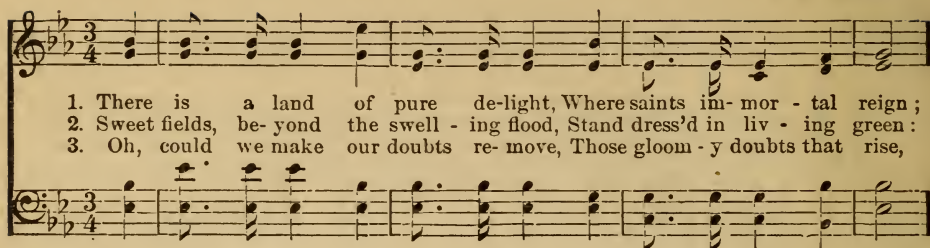
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far - a-way home of the  
 2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams Its bright jasper walls I can  
 3. That unchange - ble home is for you and for me, Where Je - sus of Naz - a-reth  
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-row and

soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e -  
 see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair  
 stands; The King of all king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our  
 pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an -

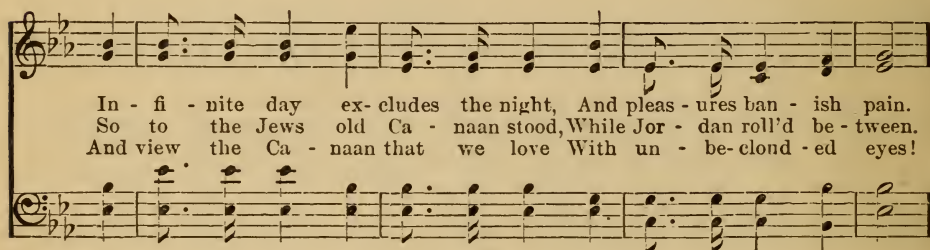
ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er  
 cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but  
 crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King of all  
 oth - er a - gain! To meet one an - oth - er a - gain! With songs on our

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.  
 dim - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.  
 king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.  
 lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain!

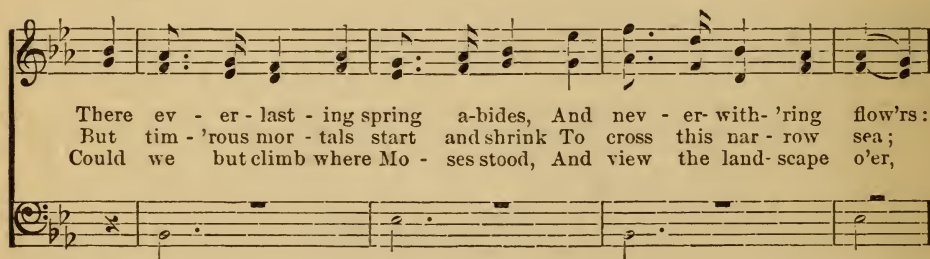




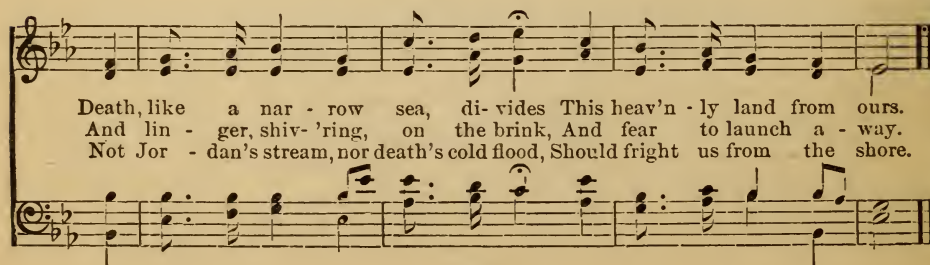
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;  
 2. Sweet fields, be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv-ing green:  
 3. Oh, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise,



In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.  
 So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.  
 And view the Ca-naan that we love With un-be-cloud-ed eyes!



There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with-'ring flow'rs:  
 But tim-'rous mor-tals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea;  
 Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the land-scape o'er,



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours.  
 And lin-ger, shiv-'ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.  
 Not Jor-dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG.

1. We speak of therealms of the blest, That coun - try so  
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its walls deck'd with  
 3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp -

bright and so fair, And oft are its glo - ries con -  
 jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and pleas - ures un -  
 ta - tion, and care, From tri - als with - out and with -

fess'd ; But what must it be to be there !  
 told ; But what must it be to be there !  
 in ; But what must it be to be there !

From "Book of Worship," by per.

- 4 We speak of its service of love,  
 The robes which the glorified wear,  
 The Church of the First-born above ;  
 But what must it be to be there !

- 5 Do Thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,  
 Still for heaven my spirit prepare,  
 And shortly I also shall know  
 And feel what it is to be there.

## 193.

Tune-GUIDE.

- 1 Seeing I am Jesus' lamb,  
 Ever glad at heart I am  
 O'er my Shepherd kind and good,  
 Who provides me daily food,  
 And His lamb by name doth call,  
 For He knows and loves us all.
- 2 Guided by His gentle staff  
 Where the sunny pastures laugh,  
 I go in and out and feed,

Lacking nothing that I need.  
 When I thirst, my feet He brings  
 To the fresh and living springs.

- 3 Shall I not rejoice for this ?  
 He is mine, and I am His :  
 And when these bright days are past,  
 Safely in His arms at last  
 He will bear me home to heaven ;  
 Ah, what joy hath Jesus given !

HORATIUS BONAR.

Rev. W. L. REMSBERG, by per.

*Moderato.**cres.*

1. On the jas - per threshold stand - ing, Like a pil - grim safely land - ing,  
2. What a cit - y! what a glo - ry! Far be - yond the brightest sto - ry

See the strange bright scene expand - ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!  
Of the a - ges old and hoar - y; Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

REFRAIN.

*cres.*

Ah, 'tis heav'n, Ah, 'tis heav'n, Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

Copyright, 1885, by W. L. Remsberg.

3 Now, beneath us all the grieving,  
All the wounded spirits heaving,  
All the woe of hopes deceiving;  
Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

4 Not a tear-drop ever falleth,  
Not a pleasure ever palleth,  
Song to song for ever calleth;  
Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

5 Christ himself the living splendor,  
Christ the sunlight mild and tender,  
Praises to the Lamb we render;  
Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

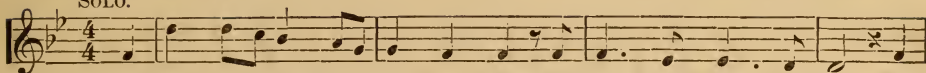
6 Broken death's dread bands that bound us,  
Life, and victory around us;  
Christ, the King, himself hath crowned us;  
Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last!

195.

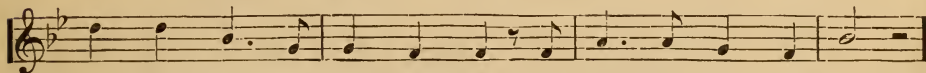
## Give me the Wings of Faith.

Rev. I. WATTS.  
SOLO.

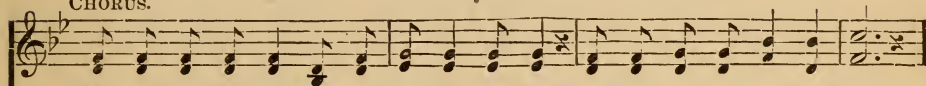
Arr. by WALTER KITTREDGE.



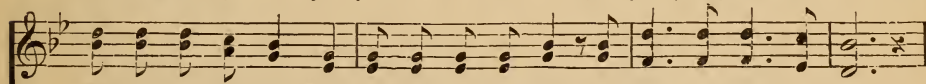
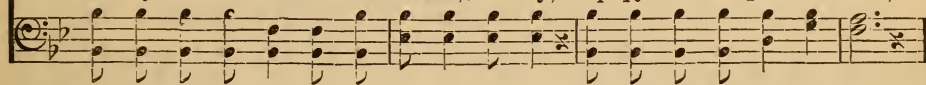
1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, With-in the vail, and see The  
 2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They  
 3. I ask them whence their vic'try came: They, with u - nit - ed breath, As-



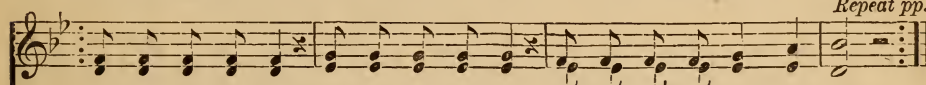
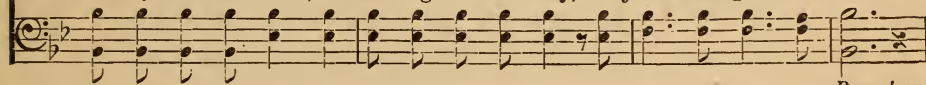
saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.  
 wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.  
 scribe their con - quest to the Lamb, Their tri - umph to His death.  
 CHORUS.



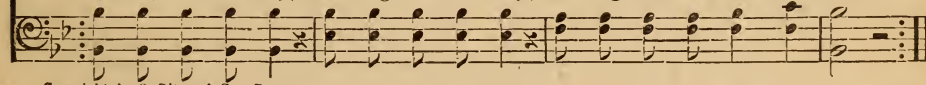
Ma - ny are the friends who are waiting to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand,



Ma - ny are the voi - ces call - ing us a - way, To join their glo - rious band.



Call - ing us a - way, Call - ing us a - way, Call - ing to the bet - ter land.



Copyright, by O. Ditson &amp; Co. By per.

196.

Tune--CADD0.

- 1 O help us, Lord; each hour of need  
 Thy heavenly succor give,  
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
 Each hour on earth we live.  
 2 O help us when our spirits bleed  
 With contrite anguish sore;  
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
 O help us, Lord, the more.

- 3 O help us through the prayer of faith  
 More firmly to believe;  
 For still the more the servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.  
 4 O help us, Jesus, from on high;  
 We know no help but Thee;  
 O help us so to live and die  
 As Thine in heaven to be. AMEN.



W. E. F.

Rev. W. E. FISCHER, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. Beau-ti-ful cit-y of Zi-on, Sweet is my dreaming of thee;  
 2. Oft as I think of this cit-y, Bathed in a ha-lo of light,  
 3. Wea-ry with watching and wait-ing, Pa-tient-ly still would I go,

Beau-ti-ful home of the bless-ed, Home of the pure and the free.  
 Waft-ing the songs of its an-gels Down to this earth full of night,  
 Work-ing for Je-sus, the Sav-iour, Here in this sin-world be-low;

Beau-ti-ful Canaan of prom-ise, Flowing with streams of de-light, .....  
 Up-ward my spir-it then ris-es, Longing for free-dom from sin; .....  
 Faith-ful to Je-sus while liv-ing, Lov-ing-ly true would I be; .....

of de-light;  
 free from sin;  
 would I be;

Beau-ti-ful place of the Sav-iour, Let me be-hold thee by sight.  
 Glad would I en-ter its por-tals, There to go out and go in.  
 Then when the work here is end-ed, Cit-y of God I shall see.

# Beautiful City.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful cit-y of Zi-on! Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful cit-y!

*Ritard.*

Cit-y of light and of won-der, Beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.

198.

## There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

Hindustan Air.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day;

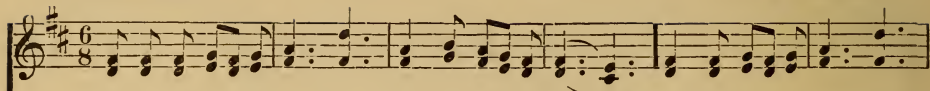
Oh, how they sweetly sing, "Worthy is our Saviour King;" Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,  
Come, come away,  
Why will ye doubting stand,  
Why still delay?  
Oh, we shall happy be,  
When, from sin and sorrow free,  
Lord, we shall dwell with Thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.

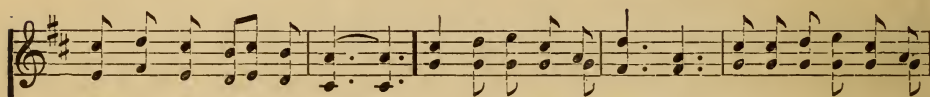
3 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye:  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
Oh, then to glory run;  
Be a crown and kingdom won;  
And bright, above the sun,  
We'll reign for aye.

FRANK FOREST.

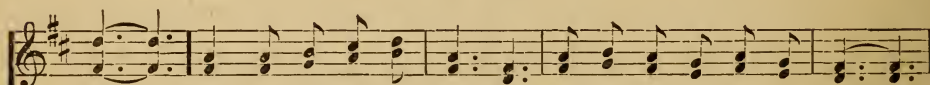
H. R. PALMER.



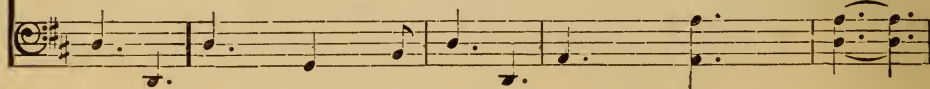
1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright. Where sweet joyssuper - nal
2. Flowers for - ever are springing In that home so fair, Thousands of children are singing
3. Soon shall I join that an - them Far be - yond the sky; Je - sus be - came my ran - som,



Nev - er are dimm'd by night; White - rob'd an - gels are sing - ing Ever around the bright  
 Prais - es to Je - sus there; How they swell the glad an - thems Ever around the bright  
 Why should I fear to die? Soon my eyes will be - hold Him Seated upon the bright



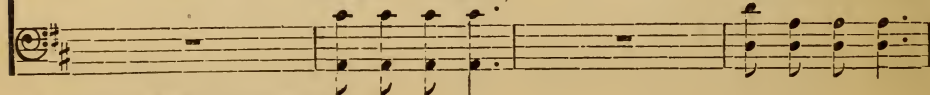
throne; When, O when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?  
 throne; When, O when shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home?  
 throne, Then, O then shall I see thee, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!



## REFRAIN.



Home, beau - ti - ful home, Bright, beau - ti - ful home;  
 Beau - ti - ful home, Beau - ti - ful home;



# Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

*Repeat chorus pp.*

Home, home of our Sav - iour, Bright, beau - ti - ful home.  
Beau - ti - ful,

200.

## I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.

"BUONA NOTTE," Italian Melody.

1. I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night,  
2. There the sunbeams are ever shin-ing, Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there;  
3. Of that country, to which I'm going, My Re-deemer, my Re-deemer is the light:

Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the streamlets are ever flow-ing,  
Here in this coun-try, so dark and dreary, I long have wandered, forlorn and weary:  
There is no sor-row, nor a-ny sighing, Nor a-ny sin there, nor a-ny dy-ing.

CHORUS.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.



1. We shall see the golden cit - y, By and by, by and by; Walk the streets of the  
 2. Wea - ry hearts will be un - burden'd, By and by, by and by; Sore and sor - row - ful  
 3. Jesus says that we shall be with Him, By and by, by and by; Live and reign in Par -

gold - en cit - y, Yes, by and by. We shall meet the beautiful an - gels,  
 hearts un - burden'd, Yes, by and by! We shall part with all our troub - les,  
 a - dise with Him, Yes, by and by. We shall meet and sing for - ev - er,

By and by, by and by, Meet and sing with the beautiful angels, Yes, by and by.  
 By and by, by and by, Change the cross for a crown of glo - ry, Yes, by and by.  
 By and by, by and by, Sing the praises of God for - ev - er, Yes, by and by.

## REFRAIN.

Join and march to that bet - ter coun - try, Seek the prize, the crown of glo - ry,

# By and By.—Concluded.

Cher - ish the hope of the home that waits thee, Yes, by and by.

202.

## Jesus, still Lead on.

Western Melody.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, al-though the  
 2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith - less  
 3. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; Heav'nly Lead - er,

way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less; Guide us by Thy  
 fear so'er - take us, Let not faith and hope for - sake us; For, thro' many a  
 still di - rect us, Still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us, Till we safe - ly

hand To our Fa - ther - land, To our Fa - ther - land.  
 foe, To our home we go, To our home we go.  
 stand In our Fa - ther - land, In our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

1. { A might - y Stronghold is our God, A sure de - fense and  
 He helps us free from ev' - ry need Which hath us now o'er -

2. { In our own strength can naught be done—Our loss were soon ef -  
 There fights for us the Prop - er One, By God Him - self e -

weap - on ; } The old an - gry foe Now means us dead - ly  
 tak - en. }  
 feet - ed ; } Ask you who frees us? It is Christ Je -  
 lect - ed. }

woe ; Deep guile and great might Are his dread arms in fight, —  
 sus— The Lord Sa - ba - oth, There is no oth - er God ;

On earth is not his e - - - qual.  
 He'll hold the field of bat - - - tle.

Organ.

# Ein' Feste Burg.—Concluded.

3 And were the world with devils filled,  
All waiting to devour us;  
We'll still succeed, so God hath willed,—  
They cannot overpower us:  
The Prince of this world  
To hell shall be hurled;  
He seeks to alarm,  
But shall do us no harm;  
The smallest Word can fell him.

4 The Word they still must let remain,  
And for that have no merit;  
For He is with us on the plain,  
By His good gifts and Spirit:  
Destroy they our life,  
Goods, fame, child and wife?  
Let all pass anain,  
They still no conquest gain,  
For ours is still the kingdom.

204.

## Great is the Lord our God.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;  
2. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress;  
3. When kings a - gainst her join'd, And saw the Lord was there,

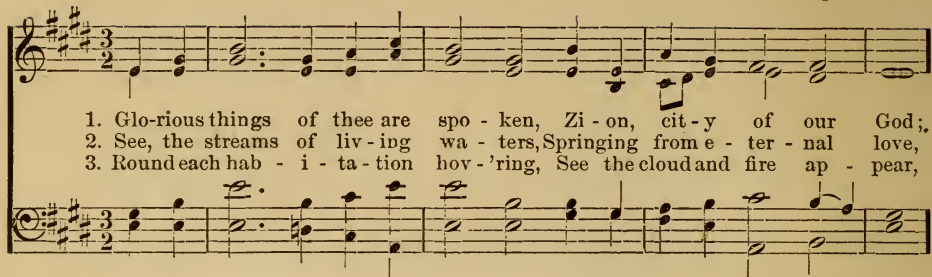
He makes the church His own a - bode,  
How bright has His sal - va - - tion shone  
In wild con - fu - - sion of the mind,

His most de - light - ful seat, His most de - light - ful seat.  
Thro' all her pal - a - ces! Thro' all her pal - a - ces!  
They fled with has - ty fear, They fled with has - ty fear.

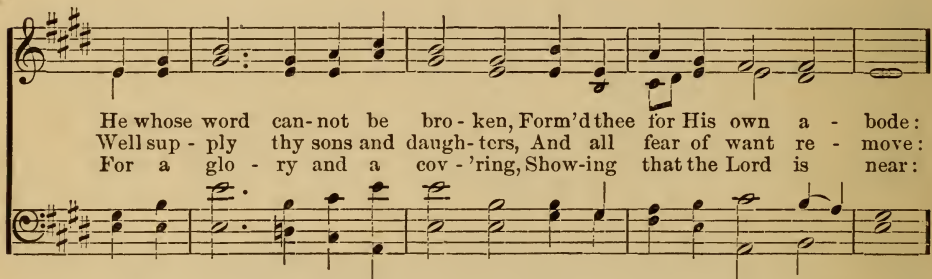
4 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where His own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll call to mind His wondrous grace  
And seek deliverance there.

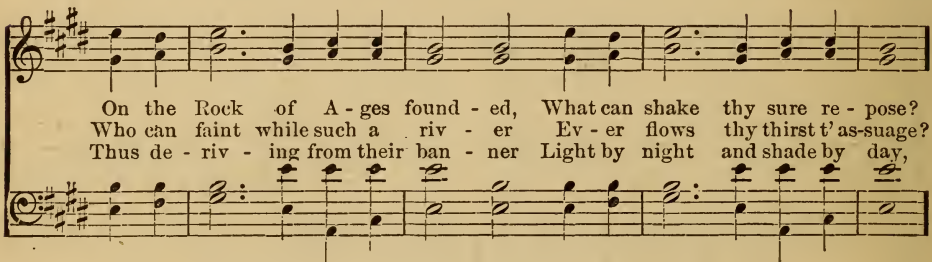




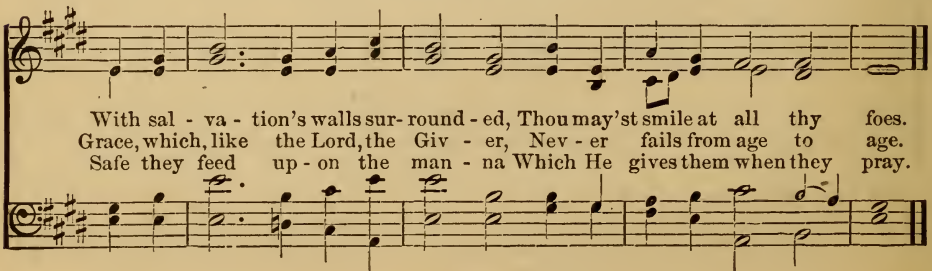
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;  
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,  
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,



He whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;  
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh - ters, And all fear of want re - move:  
 For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near:



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?  
 Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows thy thirst t'as - suage?  
 Thus de - riv - ing from their ban - ner Light by night and shade by day,



With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.  
 Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.

1. Come, children, and join in our festival song, And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;  
 2. Our Father in heaven, we lift up to Thee Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;  
 3. And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some lov'd one among us in death shall repose,

We'll join our glad voices in one song of praise, To God, who has kept us, and lengthen'd our days.  
 Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray, That from Thy blest precepts we never may stray.  
 Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell, In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Halle-lu-jah! to the Lamb, Halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah! A-men.  
 Halle-lu-jah, to the Lamb!

*Instead of the REFRAIN this CHORUS may be used when appropriate.*

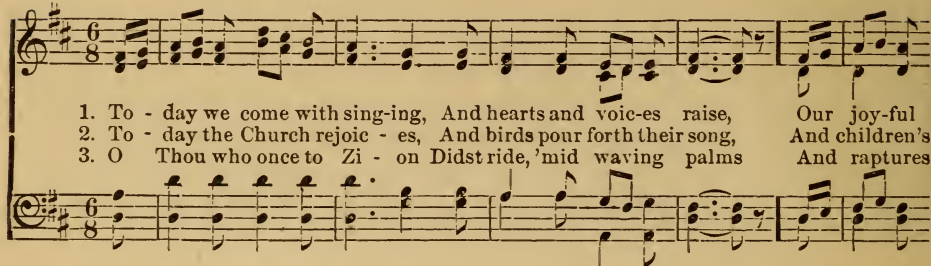
CHORUS.

Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting to all! Happy greeting, happy greeting, happy greeting to all!  
 Happy greeting, to all! Happy greeting,

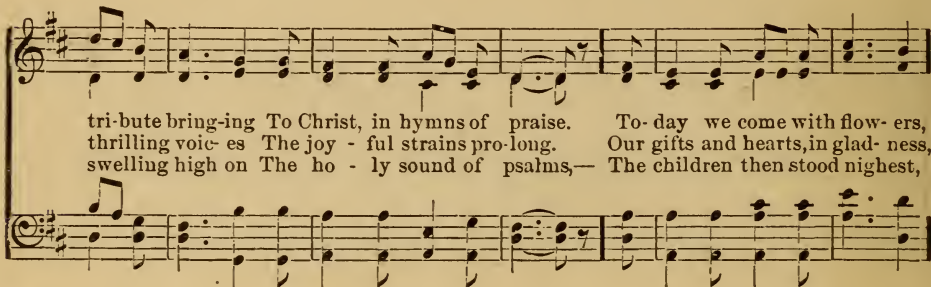
# 207. To-day we Come with Singing.

Rev. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D. D.

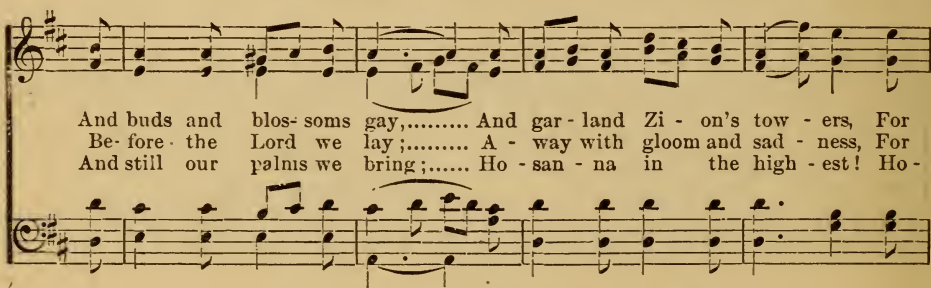
From a German Air.



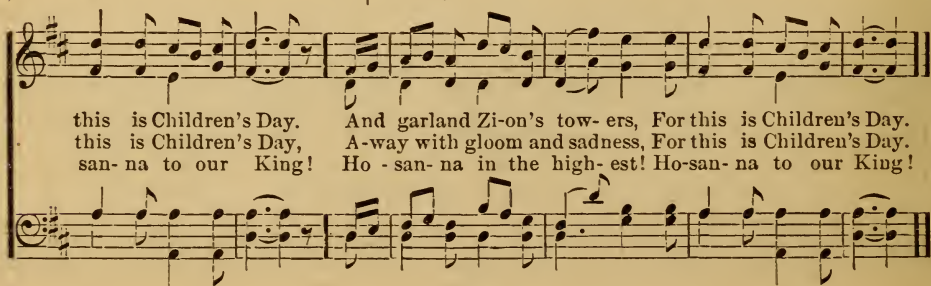
1. To - day we come with sing-ing, And hearts and voic-es raise, Our joy-ful  
 2. To - day the Church rejoic - es, And birds pour forth their song, And children's  
 3. O Thou who once to Zi - on Didst ride, 'mid waving palms And raptures



tri-bute bring-ing To Christ, in hymns of praise. To-day we come with flow-ers,  
 thrilling voic-es The joy - ful strains pro-long. Our gifts and hearts, in glad-ness,  
 swelling high on The ho - ly sound of psalms,— The children then stood nighest,



And buds and blos-soms gay,..... And gar-land Zi-on's tow-ers, For  
 Be-fore the Lord we lay;..... A-way with gloom and sad-ness, For  
 And still our palms we bring;..... Ho-san-na in the high-est! Ho-



this is Children's Day. And garland Zi-on's tow-ers, For this is Children's Day.  
 this is Children's Day, A-way with gloom and sadness, For this is Children's Day.  
 san-na to our King! Ho-san-na in the high-est! Ho-san-na to our King!



208.

## Hosanna, be the Children's Song.

*Joyous.*

1. Ho - san - na, be the chil-dren's song To Christ, the chil-dren's King ;  
 2. Ho - san - na, on the wings of light O'er earth and o - cean fly ;  
 3. Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King ;

His praise to whom their souls be - long, Let all the chil-dren sing.  
 Till morn to eve, and noon to night, And heav'n to earth re - ply.  
 This is the chil-dren's ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil-dren sing. *A - men.*

209.

## Lord, this Day Thy Children Meet.

*Joyous.*

1. Lord. this day Thy child-ren meet, In Thy courts with will - ing feet ;  
 2. Help us un - to Thee to pray, Hal - low - ing our hap - py day ;

Un - to Thee this day they raise Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.  
 From Thy presence thus to win Hearts all pure and free from sin. *A - men.*

3 All our pleasures here below,  
 Saviour, from Thy mercy flow ;  
 Little children Thou dost love ;  
 Draw our hearts to Thee above.

4 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine  
 With all lowly grace, like Thine ;  
 Then, through all eternity,  
 We shall live in heaven with Thee.



S. A. WILSON, by per.

1. We meet a - gain in glad - ness, And thank - ful voic - es raise;  
 2. We'll thank Him for the Sab - bath, This day of ho - ly rest;  
 3. We'll thank Him for our coun - try, The land our fa - thers trod - land,  
 4. Soon may Thy gra - cious scep - ter Ex - tend to ev - 'ry

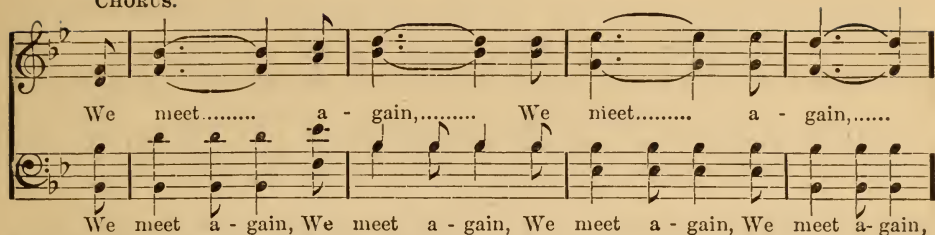
To God, our heav - en - ly Fa - ther, We'll tune our grate - ful praise:  
 And for the bless - ed Bi - ble, The book that we love best -  
 For lib - er - ty of con - science, And right to wor - ship - God.  
 And all, as will - ing sub - jects, Sub - mit to Thy com - mand.

'Twas His kind hand that kept us Through all this chang - ing year;  
 For Sab - bath - schools and teach - ers, To us so kind - ly given,  
 O Lord, our heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Ac - cept the praise we bring,  
 Send forth the gos - pel tid - ings, And has - ten on the day

His love it is that brings us A - gain to wor - ship here.  
 To guide us in the path - way That leads to joys in heaven.  
 And tune our hearts and voic - es Thy glo - rious name to sing.  
 When ev - 'ry isle and na - tion Shall own Mes - si - ah's sway.

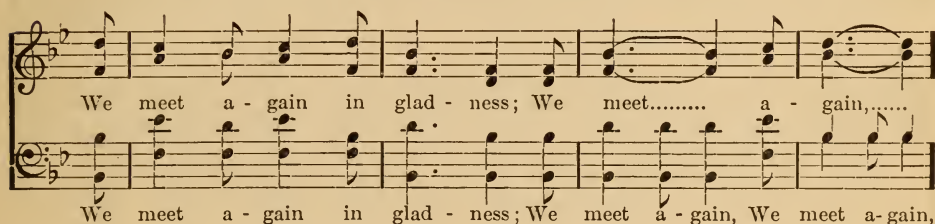
# We Meet Again.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.



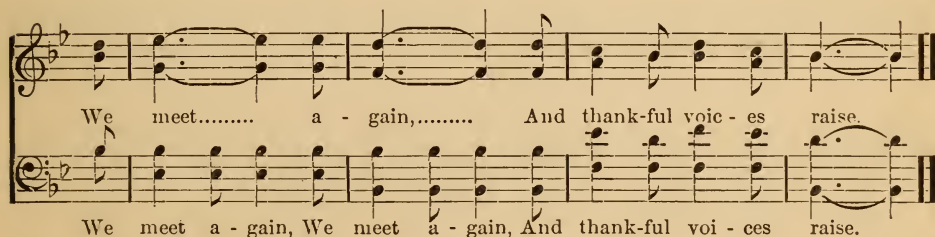
We meet..... a - gain,..... We meet..... a - gain,.....

We meet a - gain, We meet a - gain, We meet a - gain, We meet a - gain,



We meet a - gain in glad - ness; We meet..... a - gain,.....

We meet a - gain in glad - ness; We meet a - gain, We meet a - gain,



We meet..... a - gain,..... And thank-ful voi - ces raise.

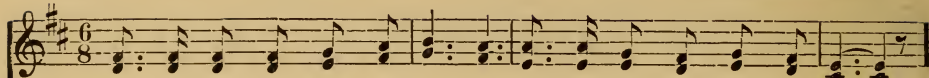
We meet a - gain, We meet a - gain, And thank-ful voi - ces raise.

## 211. Tune—HAYDN or MORNINGTON.

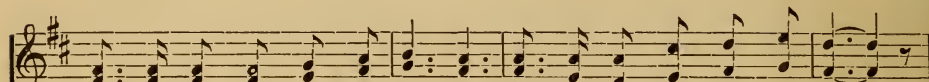
- 1 Rejoice, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;  
Your festal banner wave on high,  
The Cross of Christ your King.
- 2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,  
Strong men and maidens meek,  
Raise high your free exulting song,  
God's wondrous praises speak.
- 3 With all the angel choirs,  
With all the saints on earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth.
- 4 Your clear Hosannas raise,  
And Alleluias loud;  
Whilst answering echoes upward float,  
Like wreaths of incense cloud.
- 5 Yes on, through life's long path,  
Still chanting as ye go,  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.
- 6 Still lift your standard high,  
Still march in firm array,  
As warriors through the darkness toil  
Till dawns the golden day.
- 7 At last the march shall end,  
The wearied ones shall rest,  
The pilgrims find their Father's House,  
Jerusalem the blest.
- 8 Then on, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;  
Your festal banner wave on high,  
The Cross of Christ your King.

MARY E. KAIL.

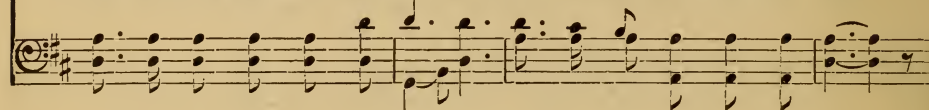
J. H. LESLIE, by per.



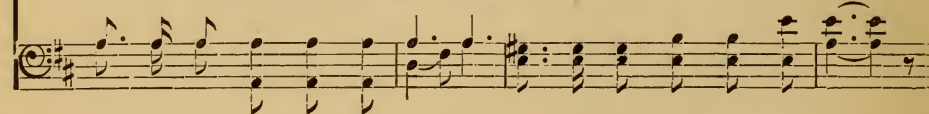
1. Grand - ly our ar - mies are ris - ing, Ris - ing all o - ver the land;  
 2. Deep in the ter - ri - ble wine-cup, Un - der its ven - om - ous blow,  
 3. Ye who are tempt - ed and fall - en, Look to the Sav - iour a - bove;



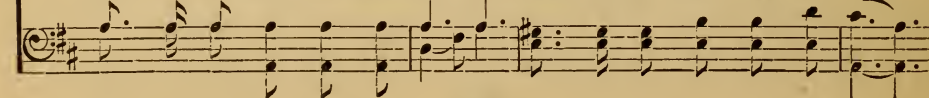
"Welcome," the peo - ple are shout - ing, Wel - come the Tem - per - ance band.  
 Mis - er - y lurks like a de - mon, Plot - ting dis - as - ter and woe.  
 Turn from your sin and find shel - ter Un - der the ban - ner of love.



Send the glad news on the breez - es, While we go march - ing a - long,  
 Wom - en and chil - dren are weep - ing, Weep - ing in sor - row and pain;  
 Turn from dis - grace and the wine - cup, Bid them for - ev - er a - dieu,

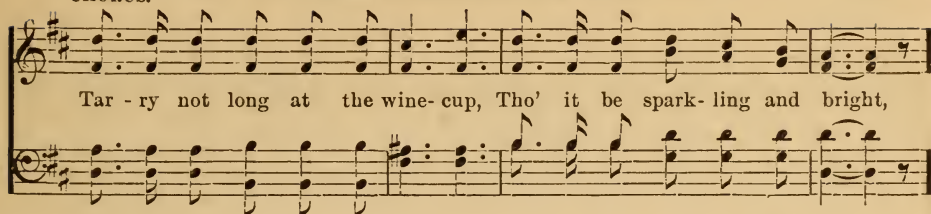


Riv - ers and mount - ains and val - leys Ech - o the tem - per - ance song.  
 Pit - y the voice of their plead - ing, Let them not suf - fer in vain.  
 Plac - es of hon - or and prof - it Sure - ly are wait - ing for you.



# Tarry not Long at the Wine.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Tar - ry not long at the wine-cup, Tho' it be spark-ling and bright,



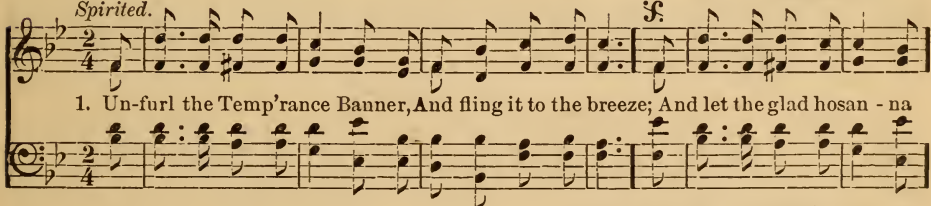
Death and de-stuc-tion are hid-den Un-der its glit-ter-ing blight.

213.

## The Temperance Banner.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

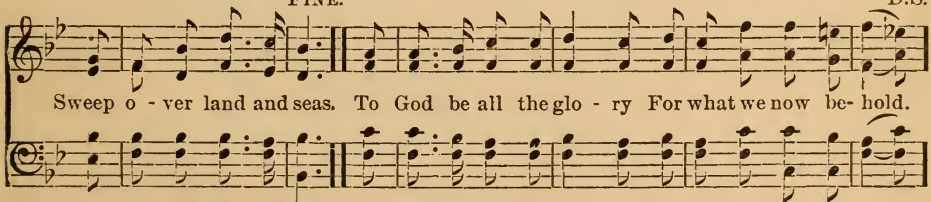
*Spirited.*



1. Un-furl the Temp'rance Banner, And fling it to the breeze; And let the glad hosan-na

*D.S.—Oh, let the cheering sto-ry*  
*D.S.*

FINE.



Sweep o-ver land and seas. To God be all the glo-ry For what we now be-hold.

*In ev'-ry ear be told.*

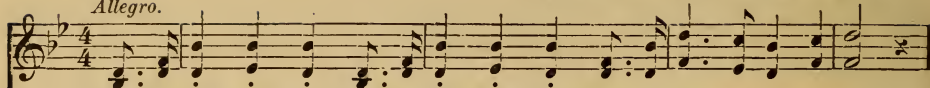
- 2 Come, join the noble army,  
Enlist now for the fight;  
Maintain our nation's honor,  
Firm stand ye for the right.  
Promote the cause of Temperance,  
To aid poor fallen man;  
Put on the glorious armor,  
Be foremost in the van.

- 3 Then rally round the standard,  
And let the work go on  
Until the last dim vestige  
Of intemperance is gone.  
Be earnest in the battle,  
Your weapons boldly wield;  
You'll surely gain the victory,  
And make the monster yield.

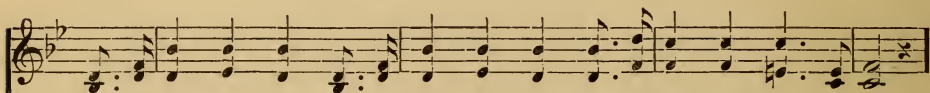
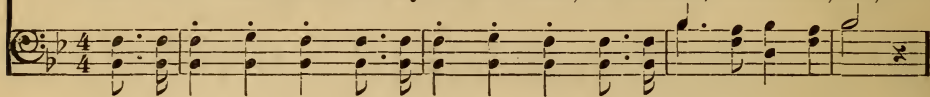


## The Temperance Call.

FRANZ ABT. Arr. by Rev. W. L. R.

*Allegro.*

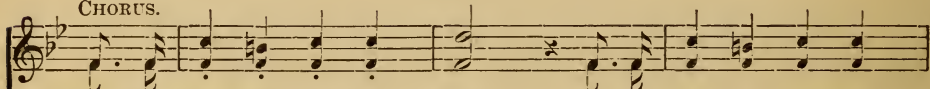
1. Hear the temp'rance call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry,
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearth warm; To the polls! the land to save;
3. Hail our Fa - ther - land! Here thy children stand, All resolved, u - nit - ed, true,



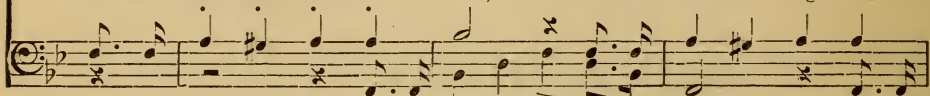
See your na - tive land Lift its beck'ning hand, Sons of free - dom, come ye nigh;  
 Let your lead - ers be True and no - ble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave;  
 In the Temp'rance cause Ne'er to faint or pause! This our pur - pose is and vow;



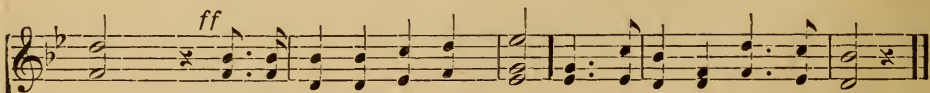
CHORUS.



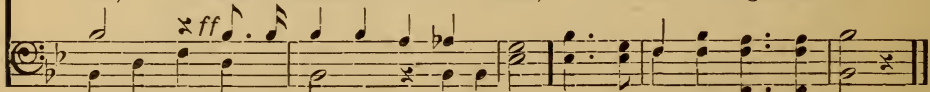
Chase the mon - ster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be



Chase the mon - ster from our shore, Let his



o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er.



cru - el reign be o'er; from our shore,

215.

## My Country, 'tis of Thee.

HANDEL.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble, free—  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
 Thy name I love. I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and  
 Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring.  
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.  
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break—The sound pro - long.  
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

216.

1 God bless our native land!  
 Firm may she ever stand,  
 Through storm and night;  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of wind and wave,  
 Do Thou our Country save  
 By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
 To God, above the skies;  
 On Him we wait:  
 Thou who art ever nigh,  
 Guarding with watchful eye,  
 To Thee aloud we cry,  
 God save the State!

J. H. McNAUGHTON, by per.

1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in  
 2. Kind-ly heav-en smiles a - bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is  
 3. Je - sus, show Thy mer- cy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweetly whisper,

ev'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on  
 fill'd with love, When there's love at home. Sweeter sings the brooklet by, Brighter beams the  
 I am Thine, Then there's love at home. Source of love, Thy cheering light Far exceeds the

ev'-ry side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home,  
 azure sky; O, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home. Love at home,  
 sun so bright, Can dispel the gloom of night; Then there's love at home. Love at home,

love at home; Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.  
 love at home; O, there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.  
 love at home; Can dis-pel the gloom of night; Then there's love at home.

1. O come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - pos - ing! Let bus - y care a -  
 2. From toil and from cares on which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve brings

while for - bear; O come, come a - way! Come, come our so - cial joys re - new, And  
 sweet re - priev; O come, come a - way! Come, come where love will smile on thee, And

share our trust and friendship too, While true hearts welcome you, O come, come a - way.  
 round the earth will gladness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly; O come, come a - way.

## 219. Tune—Kind Words Can Never Die.

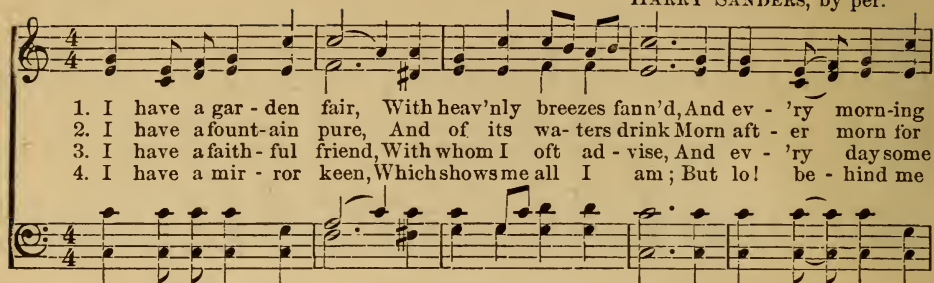
- 1 Kind words can never die:  
 Heaven gave them birth;  
 Wing'd with a smile, they fly  
 All o'er the earth.  
 Kind words the angels brought,  
 Kind words our Saviour taught:—  
 Sweet melodies of thought!  
 Who knows their worth?  
 Kind words can never die, &c.
- 2 God's word can never die;  
 Though fallen man  
 Oft dares its truth deny,—  
 Dares it in vain.

God's word alone is pure  
 His promises are sure;  
 Trust Him, and rest secure  
 Heaven you shall gain.  
 God's word can never die, &c.

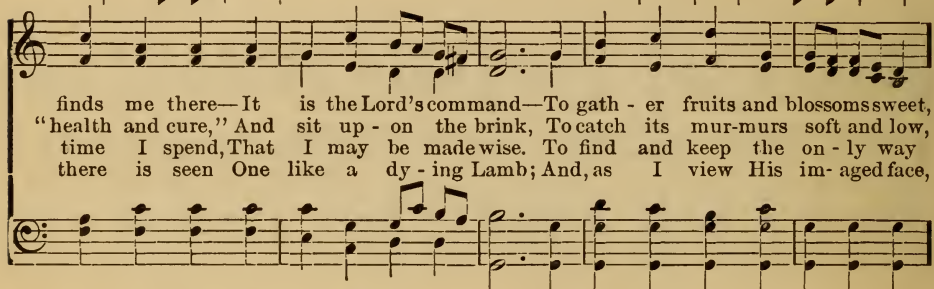
- 3 Our souls can never die:  
 God's word we trust;  
 He to our bodies said,  
 "Dust unto dust."  
 Saviour, our souls prepare  
 Thy happy home to share;  
 Us to Thy mansions bear  
 When life is past.  
 Our souls can never die, &c.



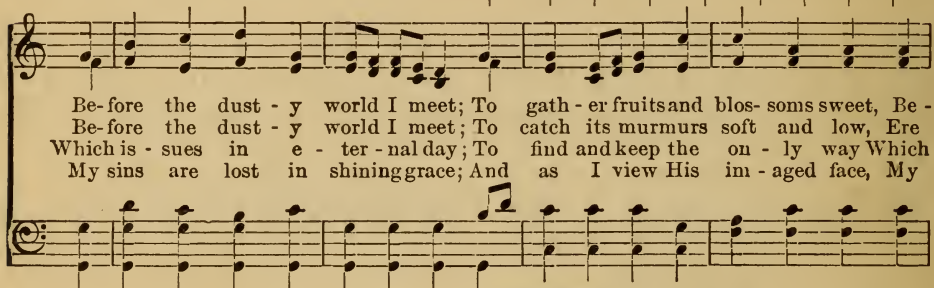
HARRY SANDERS, by per.



1. I have a gar - den fair, With heav'nly breezes fann'd, And ev - 'ry morn-ing  
 2. I have a fount-ain pure, And of its wa-ters drink Morn aft - er morn for  
 3. I have a faith-ful friend, With whom I oft ad - vise, And ev - 'ry daysome  
 4. I have a mir - ror keen, Which shows me all I am; But lo! be - hind me

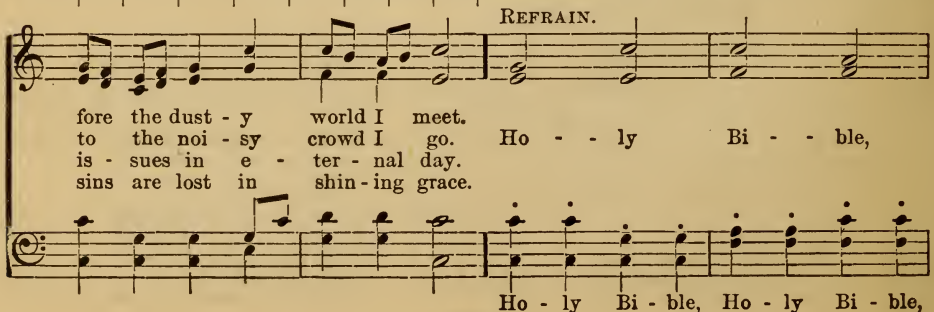


finds me there—It is the Lord's command—To gath - er fruits and blossomssweet,  
 "health and cure," And sit up - on the brink, To catch its mur-murs soft and low,  
 time I spend, That I may be made wise. To find and keep the on - ly way  
 there is seen One like a dy - ing Lamb; And, as I view His im - aged face,



Be-fore the dust - y world I meet; To gath - er fruits and blos - soms sweet, Be -  
 Be-fore the dust - y world I meet; To catch its murmurs soft and low, Ere  
 Which is - sues in e - ter - nal day; To find and keep the on - ly way Which  
 My sins are lost in shining grace; And as I view His im - aged face, My

REFRAIN.



fore the dust - y world I meet.  
 to the noi - sy crowd I go. Ho - - ly Bi - - ble,  
 is - sues in e - ter - nal day.  
 sins are lost in shin - ing grace.

Ho - ly Bi - ble, Ho - ly Bi - ble,

## Precious Bible.—Concluded.

Full of truth and love; Pre - - cious Bi - - ble, Gift from God a - bove.

Precious Bi - ble, Precious Bi - ble,

221.

## Kyrie.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us; Christ, have mer - cy up - on us;

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us. A - - - men.

222.

## Nunc Dimittis.

- 1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de-|part in|peace : || ac-|cording|to Thy|word. ||
- 2 For mine|eyes have|seen : || Thy!— — sal-|vation,||
- 3 Which Thou|hast pre-|pared : || before the|face of |all|people ; ||
- 3 To be a light to|light·en the|Gentiles : || and to be the glory of Thy|people|

Isra-|el. ||

Glory be to the Father, and|to the|Son : || and|to the|Holy|Ghost ; ||

As it was in the beginning, is now, and|ever·shall|be : || world without|end. | A— — |men.||

ORGAN.

*Maestoso con spirito.*

*mf* TRUMPET.

ECHO.

*f* *p* *f*

## VOCE SOLO.

1. With glo - ry lit the mid-night air Re -  
 2. Then sweet - ly spoketh'an - gel - ic voice: "Fear  
 3. The choirs of heav'n still bless the morn When

ECHO.

*p* *f*

# Christmas Hymn.—Continued.

veal'd bright an - gels    hov-'ring there;    In fear    be-held the raptur'd  
 not, let heav'n and    earth re - jice;    The Child,    in Bethl'hem's crib that  
 God through love for    man was born;    That God    we hum-bly bow be -

*mf*

swains                      When    rose    the heav'n in-spir - ed strains.  
 lies,                        Is    God, de-scend - ed from the skies."  
 fore,                        And    praise with an - gels and a - dore.

TRUMPET.



# Christmas Hymn.—Continued.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to God, and

*f* TRUMPET. *mf* *p*

*dolce.*  
peace on earth, and *mf* peace on earth, *f* Made

TRUMPET. *f*

glo - ri-ous by the Saviour's birth, by the Sav - iour's birth.

# Christmas Hymn.—Continued.

CHORUS.

And peace on

*ff* Glo - ry to God, *p* glo - ry to God, *p* And peace on

*ff* *p* And peace on

*ff* *p*

earth, and peace on earth, Made *ff*

*p* and peace on earth, *f* Made glo - ri - ous by the

earth, and peace on earth, Made

earth, and peace on earth, Made

*mf* *ff*

# Christmas Hymn.—Concluded.

glo - ri-ous by the

Sav - iour's birth, the Sav - iour's birth, by the Sav - iour's birth.

glo - ri-ous by the Saviour's birth, by the Saviour's birth.

by the Sav - iour's birth.

*Sinfonie.*

*mf*

*f*

*ff*

*D.S.*

# ORDER OF SERVICE.

---

## Matins.

---

Morning School or Early Service.

---

### Hymn.

O Lord, open Thou my lips,  
And my mouth shall shew forth Thy  
praise.

Thou Lord, art good, and ready to forgive;

And plenteous in mercy unto them that  
call upon Thee.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the  
beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end. Amen.

(Then may be said or sung the Invitatory: (see p. 7.)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let  
us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our  
salvation.

Let us come before his presence with  
thanksgiving: and make a joyful noise  
unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God: and a  
great King above all gods.

*In his hand are the deep places of the  
earth: the strength of the hills is his also.*

*The sea is his, and he made it: and his  
hands formed the dry land.*

*O come, let us worship and bow down:  
let us kneel before the Lord our maker.*

*For he is our God: and we are the  
people of his pasture, and the sheep of his  
hand.*

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the  
beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end. Amen.*

### Hymn.

### Psalmody.

(The selection of Psalms may be read or sung re-  
sponsively, (see pages 7-18) and at the close it is  
usual to sing the *Gloria Patri* (see page 3).

### The Lesson.

(When several Scripture lessons are read, each one  
may be followed by a response, a canticle or a hymn.)

### Prayer.

(A free prayer may be used in connection with the  
following prayers or instead of them.)

*Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have  
mercy upon us! Lord, have mercy upon us!*



*Our Father, who art in Heaven; Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

*Hide Thy face from my sins,  
And blot out all mine iniquities.  
Create in me a clean heart, O God,  
And renew a right spirit within me.  
Cast me not away from Thy presence,  
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.  
Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation,  
And uphold me with Thy free Spirit.*

### **Creed.**

*I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.*

*And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

*I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Christian Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.*

Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, mercifully hear the supplications of Thy people, and grant us Thy peace all the days of our life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

O Lord, our heavenly Father, almighty and ever living God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day, help us by Thy mighty power that we fall into no sin. Grant that in all our thoughts, words and deeds we may please Thee and do Thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise,  
And with Thy honour all the day.

# ORDER OF SERVICE.



## Vespers.

Afternoon School or Evening Service.

### Hymn.

Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in  
Zion:

*And unto Thee shall the vow be per-  
formed.*

(Or Psalm 141, 2; 51, 15.)

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer;

*And attend to the voice of my supplica-  
tions.*

*Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the  
beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end. Amen.*

### Psalmody.

(The selection of Psalms may be read or sung re-  
sponsively, (see pages 7-18) and at the close it is  
usual to sing the *Gloria Patri* (see page 3).)

### The Lesson.

(If desired, a hymn may also precede the lesson.  
At the evening service, one, two or three Scripture  
lessons may be read, and after each lesson a re-  
sponse or hymn may be sung.)

## Summary or Sermon.

## Collection of Offerings.

### Hymn.

(Then may be sung the *Magnificat*, (see page 15,) or  
the *Nunc Dimittis*, LUKE 2: 29-32, (see page 193).  
After each canticle may be sung the *Gloria Patri*  
(see page 3).

*Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant de-  
part in peace: according to Thy word.*

*For mine eyes have seen: Thy salvation.*

*Which Thou hast prepared: before the  
face of all people.*

*A light to lighten the Gentiles: and the  
glory of Thy people Israel.*

### Prayer.

(A free prayer may be used in connection with the  
following prayers or instead of them.)

*Lord, have mercy upon us! Christ, have  
mercy upon us! Lord, have mercy upon us!*

*Our Father, who art in Heaven; Hal-  
lowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come;  
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in  
heaven; Give us this day our daily bread;*

*And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.*

Lord, be merciful unto me,

*Heal my soul, for I have sinned against Thee.*

Turn Thee again, O Lord, at the last:  
*And be gracious unto Thy servants.*

Let Thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us,  
*According as we hope in Thee.*

Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance.

*Feed them also, and lift them up for ever.*

Remember Thy congregation  
*Which Thou hast purchased of old.*

Let us pray for our absent brethren:

*O Thou my God, save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.*

Let us pray for those who are in trouble and sorrow:

*Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.*

(Then may follow a general prayer and one or more collects.)

O God, from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed, give unto Thy servants that peace, which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee we being defended from the fear of our enemy, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, Who of Thy tender love towards us sinners hast given us Thy Son, that believing on Him we might have everlasting life; grant us, we beseech Thee, Thy Holy Spirit, that we may continue steadfast in this faith to the end, and may come to everlasting life; through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord. *Amen.*

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. *Amen.*

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